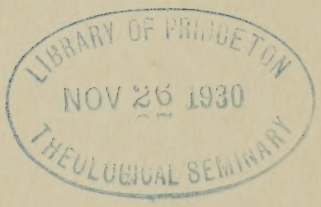

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The Fool in Christ

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The Fool in Christ: Emanuel Quint

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PREFACE

When a writer turns from the work through which he has established his fame, in order to demonstrate his mastery in another field of literature, he usually proves only his versatility. The novelist who becomes a poet invariably remains a great novelist; the poet who writes a novel convinces us that poetry is his *métier*, and the critic who forsakes his last is triumphantly reminded of the Latin warning: *ne sutor. . . .* There attaches always a certain interest and an intrinsic merit to these exceptional performances, but, on the whole, their success is one of esteem. The under-rated plays of Henry James do not establish him as a dramatist, nor does the over-rated poetry of Thomas Hardy convince us of error when we persist in thinking of him as the first of the modern English novelists. Bernard Shaw is a playwright, despite the fact that *The Irrational Knot*, *Love Among the Artists*, *An Unsocial Socialist*, and *Cashel Byron's Profession* possess claims upon the intelligent reader of fiction which are not shared by many contemporary novels of greater pretensions.

Gerhart Hauptmann is an interesting exception to this rule. *Der Narr in Christo: Emanuel Quint* was his first novel, and it not only captured public favor both at home and abroad, but it also established his position in the front rank of German novelists. When the book first appeared, in 1910, Hauptmann's fame as the greatest living dramatist was secure, and he had long since been accepted as a writer whose medium was

primarily the theatre, although his verse was by no means negligible. Narrative prose, however, seemed to be the remotest of his preoccupations. Ever since 1889, when he made his *début* at the *Freie Bühne* with *Vor Sonnenaufgang,* he had steadily advanced as a dramatist, and by the time this first novel was published he had produced the vast majority of the plays upon which his fame rests.

His attempts at fiction, on the other hand, were meagre, and they belonged to the years of his apprenticeship. In 1892 he had issued in book form two novelettes, *Bahnwärter Thiel* and *Der Apostel,* and his only other works of fiction were two fragments from two novels which were never continued and were not included by him in the canon of his writings, although published elsewhere. For all practical purposes, therefore, *The Fool In Christ* may be regarded as having no predecessor save that volume of two short stories written more than twenty years earlier. In that long interval of incessant dramatic productivity, when it must have seemed as if all his creative energy were centred upon the theatre, Hauptmann was preparing this masterpiece in a *genre* so different from the strict economy of the drama form. Yet those two decades of play-writing were the two decades during which the Naturalistic school of fiction in Europe, under Zola's ægis, invaded the field of the novel, and Hauptmann was a Naturalist or nothing in that phase of his career.

By 1910, however, he had moved on from the crude Naturalism of the *Freie Bühne* dramas, and that technique, which was present in the early novelettes, is here abandoned. One of those stories, *The Apostle,* reads like a preliminary sketch for *The Fool in Christ.* It is an objective study of a pathological case of religious

mania, set down with the scrupulousness of a case history, in so far as every element is excluded which does not bear directly upon the problem. Hauptmann had equipped himself for this task by studying at Zürich under Forel, and his subsequent interest in religious problems is attested by the plays which preceded *The Fool in Christ*, such as *Hannele*, *The Sunken Bell*, and *Michael Kramer*. In his youth he had planned a Christ epic which afterwards developed into a diary of Judas Iscariot, and in *The Apostle* he transported his subject to the field of psychiatry. It was not until twenty years after that he succeeded in shaping his theme to its final form. Since then he has not recurred to a question which had obtruded itself in various guises throughout most of his writings.

Too often we have learnt by dreadful experience what happens to the Anglo-evangelical mind when it conceives the idea of re-creating the character of Christ. In the theatre we have had *The Passing of the Third Floor Back* and that more recent and more formidable confection *The Fool*. I cannot recall a single novel, even of the second or third class, written by an American or an English novelist on this theme. Wallace's *Ben Hur* need not detain us, nor the late Miss Marie Corelli's *Barabbas*, nor the estimable *Christian* of Mr. Hall Caine. The name of Olive Schreiner alone stands out above the list of sticky "juveniles" and mediocre shockers like *When it was Dark*. Yet, who would care to say that the author of *The Story of an African Farm* did more than imperil her reputation when she brought Christ to Mashonaland in *Trooper Peter Halket?* Evidently, the English-speaking world takes its religion too seriously to create from it imaginatively.

The heathen of Continental Europe have this advan-

tage, at least, over us—that their writers have essayed the subject, rather than their manufacturers of trade goods for the booksellers and circulating libraries. Even the wicked Balzac wrote *Jesus Christ in Flanders*, and in Portugal Eça de Queiroz produced *The Sweet Miracle*, while Hauptmann was forestalled by Peter Rosegger's *I.N.R.I.*, and by Gustav Frenssen's *Holyland*,—all of which were duly rendered into English for our benefit. Frankly, however, none of these can compare with *The Fool in Christ*, which has only one analogy, *The Idiot*, by Dostoevsky, and here, of course, the parallel is not very close. Whether the treatment of the theme be avowedly antiquarian in setting, as in Rosegger, or modern, as in Frenssen, Hauptman has more completely and more artistically achieved his life of Christ than any other novelist.

His method is apparently simple. Emanuel Quint's story follows in almost every detail that of Christ, but instead of the stage dummy which our popular writers try to galvanize into life, Hauptmann sets before us the illegitimate son of a priest and a carpenter's wife, establishes an heredity explaining his religious leanings, and then allows him to tread the path that leads to calvary. Characters corresponding to those in the Gospel narratives are also described: Hedwig and Marie Krause, Joseph, the disciple who betrays Emanuel, and the various disciples: the Schubert family, the brothers Scharf, the Hassenpflugs, Schwabe, the tailor, and Ruth Heidebrand. All these types, this swarming world through which Emanuel passes, has its own reality: they are not lay figures dragged in to illustrate a thesis, nor are they abstractions set up to personify the problems which this saviour has to face. Hauptmann tells the vivid story of a religious mystic who sets his

whole world against him, and the narrative is at once realistic and symbolical, symbolical in its correspondence to the life of Christ.

Hauptmann's biographers have identified most of the leading figures with men and women well known in the author's life, and there is reason for believing that Tolstoy, who died the year the book was published, suggested the character of Emanuel. In an address to Tolstoy after his death Hauptmann uses words which have often been quoted as indicating a definite association in his own mind: "Many people thought that Tolstoy was a fool. Jesus the Saviour, was also regarded as a fool. He was a man. He was our brother. The consuming fire of love, of humanity burned in him. The Holy Synod mistook that fire for the flames of hell." And so we get this study of the religious mystic, who is a man consumed by the fire of love. Emanuel Quint is a simple creature, who is regarded at first as harmless. His predilection is for the poor and the unhappy, but he has nothing to offer them but his humanity. Socialists use him, but he has no bond with them, for he has no intellectual panacea, and is unconcerned about the fate of society in the material sense. He is torn all his life between his consciousness of his own human weakness and the conviction of his mission. In the end he is defeated and disappears.

Think of *In His Steps, or What would Jesus do?*, that treasured morsel of modern evangelical art, and then observe the way in which a superior man and a superior artist can actually set before us the same question, yet leave us with our admiration increased and our self-respect intact. Hauptmann takes no sides in the conflict which he describes. He calls Emanuel Quint a "fool," but we know what shades of meaning he

saw in that term. He does not, however, browbeat the reader into believing that Quint is right. He leaves the facts to speak for themselves, and stands aside, the sympathetic, sceptical chronicler, too sure an artist to permit himself to become a proselytizer, tract in hand. Since *The Fool in Christ* Gerhart Hauptmann has increasingly found in narrative fiction an instrument of expression which he had neglected until he was nearly fifty years of age. That novel was followed by *Atlantis;* then came *The Heretic of Soana,* a short novel, which ranks with *The Fool in Christ* as his best prose work. *Phantom* and *The Island of the Great Mother* conclude the list of this curiously belated novelist's contributions to a field in which he achieved and has held his supremacy by his first novel.

The Fool in Christ

THE FOOL IN CHRIST

CHAPTER I

On a Sunday morning in the month of May, Emanuel Quint arose from his bed on the floor of his father's little hut. He washed himself outside at the stone trough in clear water from a mountain spring, holding his hollowed hands under the crystal jet that flowed from a decayed, moss-grown wooden spout. During the night he had scarcely slept, and now, without waking the family or taking anything to eat, he started off in the direction of Reichenbach. An old woman coming toward him on a path through the fields stopped short when she caught sight of him from afar. For the swinging stride with which Emanuel walked and his remarkably dignified bearing contrasted strangely with his bare feet, bare head, and the poverty of his garments.

The greater part of the morning Emanuel kept to the fields aloof from people. At eleven o'clock he crossed the small wooden bridge spanning the brook and made straight for the market-place of the little village, then very lively because services at the Protestant church were just over, and the people were streaming out. The poor man mounted a stone block and steadied himself by holding to a lamp-post with his left hand. This attracted some of the crowd, he drew others by

signs. They approached, astonished, amused, or curious, or looked on from a distance, and he began to speak in a loud voice:

"Ye men, dear brethren; ye women, dear sisters! Repent! For the kingdom of heaven is at hand!"

These words instantly showed that the man was a fool or half-fool, a very strange sort of fool, a sort of fool that had not appeared in that extended valley district for many long years. The good folk were filled with amazement. And when the simple, tattered fellow kept on speaking, and his voice resounded louder and louder in the market-place, many became horrified at the unheard-of sacrilege. The tramp, as it were, dragged what was holiest in the mud of the streets. So off they ran and notified the town officials.

When the sheriff appeared at the market-place with a gendarme, he found it in a state of incredible excitement. The hostlers stood before the inns, the cab-drivers shouted to one another and pointed with the butt end of their whips to a knot of men over whom Quint, preaching, towered. With each second the throng about Quint increased. Boys signalled to one another with shrill whistles, and at times wild bellowing and laughter rose above the voice of the strange preacher. But he kept on speaking, eagerly, insistently.

He had just mentioned the prophet Isaiah and had thundered against the rich and the rulers who "turn aside the needy from judgment, and take away the right from the poor," he had prophesied that God would break the sceptre of the rulers, and then in moving words he was winding up by again exhorting the whole world to repent, when he was firmly seized by his collar and held in the inescapable grasp of the six-footer Krautvetter, the gendarme, who, amid the gibes and

jeers of the bystanders, hauled him down from his exalted post.

Emanuel was now led by Krautvetter diagonally across the market-place, followed by the sneers of the crowd.

The sheriff was a nobleman by birth and an unsuccessful lawyer. A Protestant minister of the neighbourhood was dining with him, and when he told him at table of the scandalous occurrence, the minister expressed the wish to see the crazy fellow. The divine was the very type of his kind, a man of herculean build and Luther face, the Lutherlike character of which was detracted from only by his pitch-black, oily hair and cunning black eyes. He had no liking for extra-Evangelical enthusiasts. "What are sects good for?" he would say. "They produce division, disloyalty, discontent."

About an hour after Emanuel was placed in the lock-up, he was fetched out and led into the presence of the pastor. Nobody was in the room beside the gendarme, the pastor, and the sheriff. Emanuel stood there, his arms hanging at his sides, an immobile expression on his colourless face, which was neither challenging nor intimidated. The fine line of his mouth could be seen through the thin, reddish, crisply curling beard on his upper lip and chin. His mouth drooped at the corners, and for a man of his youth, the furrows running from his nostrils to each side of his mouth were strongly accentuated. His eyelids were inflamed. His somewhat prominent eyes, though wide open, seemed not to observe the things about him. But his inner emotions played on the freckled skin of his face from his fair forehead to his chin, like invisible winds on a calm lake reflecting the yellow heavens at eventide.

"What is your name?" asked the pastor.

Quint looked at the pastor and told his name in a high-pitched, resonant voice.

"What is your trade, my son?"

Quint remained silent an instant. Then he began, quietly enunciating sentence after sentence, divided by short pauses for reflection.

"I am a tool. It is my trade to lead men to repent — I am a worker in the vineyard of the Lord! I am a minister of the word! I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness! A disciple of the gospel of Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour, who ascended to heaven and will return to earth again, as we have been promised."

"All very well," said the pastor — his name was Schimmelmann — "your faith does you credit, my son. But you know the Bible says, 'In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread.' What do you do besides? I mean what work do you do for a living?"

Emanuel was silent.

Sergeant Krautvetter cleared his throat, moved his sword a bit so that it jingled, and, seeing that Emanuel would not speak, said he had learned that in his village Emanuel was known as a do-nothing, a burden upon his poor hard-working mother. And he had already attracted attention by carrying on in the same w .y as in the morning. Only, in the villages, the people had got used to him and no longer were surprised at his foolish behaviour.

Now the pastor arose from his chair in all his length and breadth. He looked at Emanuel sharply, and said with grave emphasis:

"Pray and work, we are told, my dear son. God divided men into classes. He gave each class its bur-

den to carry and its privileges. He placed each man in a position according to his class and his education. It is my vocation to be a minister of God. Now, as the ordained minister of God I say to you, you are misguided. I say to you, you are wandering in wrong ways. I say this to you as the ordained minister of God. Do you understand me? I say it to you as one whose calling has given him a deeper insight into God 's plans and intentions than you possess. Should *I* take your plane in my hands and work with it, my son? And should you ascend my pulpit in my place? Tell me, what would that mean? That would mean trampling upon God's regulations. There we are, my dear Baron "— he turned toward the sheriff —" we cannot be too determined and energetic in putting our foot down on it when laymen encroach upon the province of professional ministers of the gospel. It is unwholesome. It is usurpation. It disquiets the people.

" A layman is irresponsible. All due respect to Herrnhut. But whether the harm that emanates from Herrnhut does not outweigh the good, is an open question. We should not sow seeds in the people's souls which would grow into rank weeds without the watchful eye of the gardener. How easily a rank growth saps the nobler juices from the soul and blossoms into a poisonous flower. Think of the dangerous enthusiasts at Luther's time! Remember Thomas Münzer! Remember the Anabaptists! And how many stray sheep there have been in all countries even recently, stray sheep that turned into ravening wolves. Remember the inflammable material heaped up everywhere this very day, ready for the spark to ignite it and send it up in the air in a terrific explosion. We must not play with fire. For God's, for Christ's sake let us not. There

is a little plant, the finest, the most delicate there is. We must water and care for that little plant in the people's soul above everything else. That little plant is obedience to authority. Therefore, my son, read the Bible. Do that if your work leaves you half an hour free in the evening. Read the Bible when you go from church on a Sunday, read it, unless you prefer to stroll in God's woods and fields. But do not forget to read again and again the passage where it is said, ' Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers.' In spiritual matters I am your higher power, in temporal matters the Baron here is. Therefore, I as your spiritual master say to you: Keep modestly within the bounds that God set you. It is not in your place to preach. Preaching requires a clear, cultivated mind. Now, your mind is neither clear nor cultivated. It cannot be. Nobody's in your class is. At bottom you do not seem to be a bad fellow. So I advise you in all good faith, do not throw dust in your own eyes. Do not overtax the undeveloped powers of your weak understanding. Do not burrow in the Bible, a sin of which I suspect you. It were better to set the Bible aside for a time than to give the devil a chance to lead you to ruin through God's own pure book."

After he had pronounced this speech with the sure delivery of a pulpit orator, the pastor seemed to wait a few moments for an answer. But the admonished man, who had listened without any display of feeling, maintained a meditative silence. Then the sheriff said to the pastor with an ill-humoured expression on his face:

" What shall I do with him? "

At which the divine heaved a sigh and shook his head to express his displeasure again, and then drew the baron by his sleeve into another room. He told his

friend in a few words what he thought — that it would be better not to make too much of the incident. They agreed to dismiss Emanuel with a severe reprimand. Something in them spoke strongly in favour of the simple fellow who had merely meant to do overmuch good.

They returned to the office, and the baron, taking the pastor's place, adopted a different tone. He administered one of those sharp, curt rebukes for which he stood in favour with the higher authorities. He said: "Look out, I warn you!" He said, "Keep your nose to your plane if you are a carpenter, and do not rob the Lord of his days." He said, "If you create such a disturbance again — it's nonsense, it's blasphemy — we will lock you up, you may be sure. Now, off with you! You understand? Make yourself scarce!"

When Emanuel Quint stepped out on the street, idlers, who had gathered, received him with a hoot. That pleased him. His whole being was penetrated with a feeling of proud satisfaction that at last he was honoured by being permitted to suffer for the gospel of Jesus Christ. Quint, like all fools, took his folly to be wisdom and his weakness to be strength. His eyes shining with tears of the profoundest happiness, he passed through the rough mob, and failed to notice that two men, who had stood hidden among the others, parted from the crowd and followed him.

They were brothers, named Scharf, linen weavers, decent young men. They had listened to the sermon in the market-place. But while everybody about them was hooting and cutting capers, the whole affair made a deep impression upon them. In their village they were called the bigots, and, like Quint, they were considered not quite right in their minds, because, along with their father, they lived a life apart from the

other villagers, often singing and praying aloud in their dilapidated hut.

Emanuel Quint went his way without looking to right or left. As soon as he had crossed the railroad tracks and had reached the highroad outside the village, the brothers accosted him. They asked him if he was not the man who a few hours before had preached repentance in the market-place and had spoken of the coming of the kingdom of heaven. Emanuel assented. For a time the three walked along in silence through the desolate valley country. Then the older brother, Martin, evidently in great perturbation, began to ply the Fool with anxious questions, every now and then gazing up at the grey, threatening clouds. He wanted to know what one must do to be protected against the terrors of the last days and be assured of eternal bliss.

Anton Scharf, who was walking at the Fool's left side, as pale and red-haired as his brother, also looked at Quint tensely. The man with his strangely solemn demeanour, which drew a laugh from most persons, had from the instant he began to preach in the market-place exercised decided power over the brothers, akin to him in spiritual poverty and stress. And without knowing it, he had bound both of them to him with chains of love.

As Quint stepped along between the two strangers, intoxicated with the sense of his divine mission and triumphant in his first deed, he heard their words and questions as in a dream. It seemed to him it must perforce be so — that if he just cast the net, fish would swim in. Without astonishing him this filled him with happiness. So, turned toward the two men whose souls were hungry for the word of God, he said:

"Watch!"

At a certain point in the way, where the mountains began to rise on each side and the road ascended between, Martin Scharf after some hesitating and stammering brought forth a request. In the rude speech of those parts he urged Emanuel to go with them and if possible heal their old father, who had a fever and was confined to his bed. Emanuel said that rested with God. But at the parting of their ways, though something like a refusal had lain in his answer, he went along with the brothers, because they besought him hard and because a curious confidence was conveyed to him from their looks and entreaties. His soul now completely obsessed with enthusiasm was drawn almost against its will into the intoxication of the miraculous.

As they walked along the rough road between blocks of granite, Emanuel kept praying to himself. He suddenly saw himself after his first trial faced by another, greater one. He had followed the call of the Saviour. He had given public testimony to the truth of the gospels, but now he was to prove that God deemed him worthy of the complete imitation of Christ by healing the sick and raising the dead.

It would be wrong to say that the foolish man had been governed by a spirit of arrogance. He was full of humility. He never failed to add, "Not my will, but Thine, be done," to the ardent prayers he offered up in silence, beseeching the Saviour to sanctify him entirely. And so, unconscious of wrong-doing, inwardly trembling with strong expectations, he approached the spot which was to reveal to him clearly how high he stood in God's grace and how near he already was to his Lord and Master. In his infatuation he failed to remember the pastor's words, much less

the sheriff's warning. He had learned to read from the Bible. Engrossed in it in a wrong-headed way for weeks, months, and years, he had been dulled to the material ills of life, and he was not easily to be frightened by the threat of earthly weapons.

The old man Scharf was lying doubled up on the straw of his wretched couch. When his sons entered he groaned, painfully opened his little, running, red-rimmed eyes, moved his toothless mouth, and without seeming to realize who had come in, aimlessly clutched at the air with his withered, stiffened hands, and whimpered and wheezed and groaned again.

The younger son, Anton, went over to his father and spoke to him a long time. There was unwonted excitement in his voice. The old man's pains seemed to redouble. He uttered distressing cries as if clamouring for help. His breast rose and fell convulsively, and his throat rattled. Now Emanuel stepped up to the bed. But scarcely did the old man perceive him when he started up gasping with fear and horror. He stared at the Fool as if turned to stone and finally burst out with, "Help, Lord Jesus Christ!" He seemed to be seeing the devil incarnate. It was in vain that the brothers tried to relieve him of his fears. He merely drew back trembling. Then alarm turned into horror, and horror into frenzy. Finally, as if beating away an apparition, he hit at Emanuel desperately.

But Emanuel merely stood there with his long, fiery-red lashes lowered over his eyes, gazing at the ground introspectively. Then he slightly raised his long, pale, by no means ungraceful hand. The old man turned unexpectedly quiet after his outburst and seemed to be fixedly watching the movement of Emanuel's hand. Emanuel raised it still higher and laid it softly,

gently upon the wrinkled, furrowed forehead. Under the touch the old man instantly fell asleep.

Seeing this effect — no more wonderful than anything else that happens in the world — the brothers were struck speechless with awe. Though they themselves in a fit of superstition had forced the strange youth to come to their father's bedside, they were completely dismayed, simple as they were, now that the supposed miracle had actually been wrought. The old man, it seemed, was sleeping peacefully. He had not slept for weeks, and had spent his days and nights moaning and groaning. Now he lay there breathing regularly in a profound stupor.

As the brothers became more and more alive to this astonishing turn, which relieved them as well as their father from hellish torments, the impulse grew stronger in them, overwrought by work and night vigils, to kiss the hands of him who had brought them help and who now, in truth, seemed to them a messenger of God.

Quint, even more than the brothers, was moved by the supposed miracle. He, too, could scarcely master the turmoil within him. And yet, though he felt like crying aloud because his bliss amounted to physical anguish, and though he thought he heard the rushing of the Divine Spirit in and about him, he stood upright and silent at the sick man's bedside. He merely inclined his head somewhat backward and raised his eyes to the ceiling, and a large tear slowly coursed down each cheek.

* * * * * * * *

The brothers would not let Quint go that evening. Since they had taken their woven goods to the merchant the day before, there was a bit of roasted rye and

bread in the house, a fire could be kindled in the hearth, and some hospitality could be shown to Quint. While Martin prepared a scanty meal of potatoes, bread, and barley broth, the old man continued to sleep quietly. Before sitting down the three young men assumed the customary posture for praying, and Martin said the "Come, Lord Jesus, be our guest." Then, as they ate and drank together, all of them had a lively sense that now the Saviour Himself was present. Thrilled to the very depths of their being they sat there in their poverty at the shaky table, black as if charred by fire, eating bread dipped in salt, every crumb of which they had earned with bitter toil — sat enveloped in festive radiance, secluded as at the Lord's table.

Chained to the loom from childhood up, treading its pedals unceasingly as one treads the water to keep from drowning, the earth was a real vale of tears to them. They would have found it such even if they had not been told so constantly in school and church. From the depths of their suffering and need they grasped at the joyous message of the gospel with the strength of a drowning man, and clung to their rescuer.

The weaver, keeping to himself in his room, accustomed to associate with none but intimates, generally members of his own family, susceptible, therefore, and easily wounded on contact with strangers, converted by his trade into a dreamer, in whom hunger, care, distress become poets, and also, we must not forget, his yearning for everything outside, the sunlight, the air, the blue of the heavens — the weaver forced back upon himself, living, as it were, in another world, reimburses himself for his earthly tribulations in the world of dreams. If, accustomed as he is to be thrown upon his own thoughts and forced to the Bible as to the

spring of water in the yard, the weaver quenches the thirst of his soul with the Bible, and the Bible is his one book, it is inevitable that the biblical world, rather than the real world, fills his being.

Emanuel Quint, therefore, seemed to the two young men to have arisen from out of the Bible itself. In the market-place at Reichenbach, though as Christians they had been warned against false prophets, they had instantly succumbed to Emanuel's spell. There is no fool in the world but makes fools. The Scharf brothers were credulous. Moreover, they had always felt that their misery was too overwhelming not to end soon. So they awaited the fulfilment of the divine promise more impatiently than they waited for bread to stay their body's hunger. In their simplicity they had supposed, oh, how often! that the awful end of the world was at hand, and everything was on the brink of annihilation. In summer and in winter they would hurry off to their conventicles miles away, and on leaving they would cast a final glance back at their poor little hut, thinking it might be their last farewell. For as soon as they joined the other conventiclers in their praying, singing, and Bible-reading, they felt as if they were very close to the riddle of the final day. It seemed to them as if only a few moments separated them from the last moment. And often during silent prayer, in the little meeting room, while darkness prevailed without and the quiet of the grave within, the brothers would suddenly turn pale and stare at each other, horrified yet enraptured, and hear outside the first trumpet blow for judgment day.

During the meal they spoke little because of the strange excitement affecting all three of them. The younger Scharf cleared the table with the help of his

brother, who then fetched down the Bible from a beam under the ceiling, opened it on the table before Emanuel, and looked at the new apostle beseechingly.

The instant Emanuel laid his hand on the precious book it seemed to the brothers that his eyes began to shine with a supernatural light, and a heavenly fire spread from the divine talisman through his body. Yet it appeared that he, the visionary, had won all the greater composure from the Bible. Despite all his extravagances, at that moment he stood firmly on his feet, once again touching the original source of divine wisdom. He stood on the ground on which, as he supposed, his illusions, which he took for the truth, were based.

He began to read, or, rather, to speak in a low, fervent, mysterious voice, merely glancing at the text from time to time:

"'Blessed be ye poor: for yours is the kingdom of God. Blessed are ye that hunger now: for ye shall be filled. Blessed are ye that weep now: for ye shall laugh.' 'The spirit of the Lord is upon me,'" he continued. "He sent me as he sent many before me. Behold I am here. I proclaim the Gospel. I am sent 'to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised.'" And further he said, "Look at me," and all the woe of a heavy, hidden sorrow seemed to appear on his careworn, suddenly emaciated features. "Mayhap you will say unto me, 'Physician, heal thyself.' If you know me as your father knew me — his outcry proved he knew me — then you know that I am an outcast from among men. From childhood I was treated with scorn. As a boy I was covered with boils. I lay on the sickbed longer

than may seem possible to you, seeing that I am alive. But shame did not debase me, and sickness left my soul alive. For is it not written in the Scriptures, 'Blessed are ye when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil.' They call me a fool. Let them. So also they turned from the Saviour, and said all manner of evil against him. Behold, it is God's Lamb who bears the sins of the world. He had no form nor comeliness, and yet they esteemed him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. Now, if you say unto me, 'Physician, heal thyself,' then I say unto you, I will not lay aside the garment of earthly shame and disease until I stand in the presence of the Lord. Here in this world suffering is happiness. I bless our Father for every pang he has inflicted upon me. The blood and the suffering of Christ, they are my adornment and my festal robes. I will not take off the garb of earthly affliction until it has been removed from the least of my poor brethren. For do you know who is the least, the poorest, the wretchedest of all men? The sickest, who begs to be healed? The thirstiest of those who languish? The one whom hunger most torments? Who suffers most bitterly from want? Do you know who he is? He! Jesus Christ of Nazareth."

Thus Emanuel was speaking when a wild howl came from without. The brothers paled and looked at each other. Some uproarious peasant boys passing by the hut had noticed the lights, and coming up had seen the religious enthusiasts at prayer. They stood grimacing outside, their mouths and noses pressed flat against the pane of one of the small windows. The blood suddenly mounted to Anton's head. A moment

before completely in the spell of his devotion, he was now seized with a violent fit of anger, and was ready to chastise the disturbers of peace.

Quint regarded the man painfully struggling to control himself with mild tranquillity, perhaps not unmixed with complacency.

"'Blessed are the meek,'" he said, holding out his hand to him. When he felt Anton's hand in his, he pressed it firmly, and said, "Well for you that God has granted you manliness and courage. Make use of them. Serve the Gospel. The servants of the word should be men. But employ your strength for humility, your courage for patience, and let your zeal be changed into the love of God. Then you will be a rock like unto Peter."

CHAPTER II

The inner fire that had led Emanuel to give the first testimony of his inspiration, the fire which he took to be the fire of the Holy Ghost, continued to burn even after he left Anton and Martin Scharf. He did not doubt that the Saviour was within him, that He worked miracles through him, and in this way confirmed his calling as an apostle.

When he left the brothers, he went into the woods, as one who must hide his bliss. As the dawn came up and the sky grew lighter and the birds began to sing louder, he was drawn deeper into the woods and higher up the mountains. That spring morning on earth, awaited with expectancy, quivering with promises of sensual enjoyments, and already inspiring all creatures, had a divine significance to Emanuel. The enthusiast's heart was overflowing with love, and the impulse that drove him on and upward was not the desire to see, as soon as possible, the creator of those earthly delights, the sun. Emanuel felt that God Himself was rising in its light. He wanted to stand in His glory even if it should wither him.

Emanuel breathed in the morning air. But it seemed to him to be the morning of that eternal day from which darkness is forever banished, the day on which, according to the Biblical promise, we shall walk in the face and the peace of God, delivered from evil, partakers of eternal bliss. His bliss mounted to intoxication. The waves of his ecstasy rose so high that, al-

most against his will, to save himself from perishing from the inconceivable abundance of his bliss, he began to shout for joy, to sing, and praise God jubilantly.

Thus he reached the summit of the Hohe Eule, the highest peak of the region. Had anyone observed the poor labourer, as he raised his hands to the heavens, and ran about murmuring to himself or shouting aloud, and stared fixedly at the east with hot, tearful eyes, awaiting the sun in morbid expectancy, anyone so observing him would have taken him for a madman.

And now as the sun broke upon earth in a vaster glory, warm with a golden glow, shedding a dark purple light and filling space as with a mighty divine uproar — as the poor apostle's ears rang with the blare of trumpets and drums and cymbals and harps — Emanuel could hold himself erect for only an instant. For only an instant could he look into the ardent blaze. Then fairly consumed by a burning pain deep in his heart he sank on his knees — a pain as sweet as it was fiery — and brokenly besought mercy upon all men.

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When Quint awoke from a heavy, deathlike sleep, it was already midday. He did not know what he had dreamt, or if he had dreamt at all, but he was refreshed, and was filled with profound beatitude. He washed his hands and face and slaked his thirst at a brook nearby. Then apparently without a definite goal he descended into the valley, and after some time reached the first hut at the very edge of the woods. He knocked at the door and begged for alms. Some bread was given him.

Avoiding the habitations of men the Fool wandered

along secluded, solitary footpaths down to the plain, and along the plain, now on the balks between the fields, now in the furrow of a blooming potato patch, or at the edge of small streams, the courses of which were marked by lines of willows and alders. It was already dark when he reached a little peasant village situated in a dip in the land. He could see its gables, its chimneys, and the point of a weather-beaten pagan tower and the dark cloud of its oaks, elms, and lindens. Here the Fool was unknown. In the dark he could, without being conspicuous, join some old men and women on their way to the school building. When he reached it, he found a small congregation already assembled in one of the schoolrooms awaiting the preacher.

Quint had scarcely seated himself in an empty place on the hindmost bench, when the door opened again, and a feminine-looking young man, the village teacher, entered leading another man. This man, broad, low-browed, and short-necked, by no means resembled a messenger of peace.

He mounted the little platform, and, as if to conceal the sombre glow of his eyes, he began to turn the leaves of the Bible lying open on the desk between two lighted candles. Then he surveyed the congregation, chiefly old women and workingmen, with a menacing, penetrating look.

It was a look which caused poor Emanuel Quint to tremble. All of a sudden he seemed to himself to be laden with guilt, to be a sinner worthy of death. Even at the preacher's first words rolling in the smoky room like the premonitory mutterings of a mighty storm, a desperate striving and wrestling began in the Fool's soul. But a little more and he would have

jumped up and run away as if pursued by hellish fiends. For what he had done during the last weeks, his presumption fell upon his heart with crushing weight. As if illuminated by a sudden, penetrating flash, he realized his own secret thoughts and their still more secret vanity. He heard the awful words:

" ' And now also the ax is laid unto the root of the trees: therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.' "

The poor, pale, red-haired man stared with wide-opened eyes, and let his jaw, fringed with the little straw-coloured beard, droop. He mentally beat his breast. And he bowed ten times, so low that his sweat-covered brow touched the floor. Full of profound contrition he was ready to abandon himself to God's most dreadful chastisement.

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Brother Nathaniel preached not as the scribes; rather like St. John the Baptist, who had spoken as with thunder, lightning, and fiery lashes.

So a mighty voice went forth from him carrying punishment and setting each listener a-tremble. But he did not merely continue the mission of the first John, the Baptist. He had also absorbed the horrible, dismaying images of the other John, those hideous, ghastly phantasies contained in the Book of Revelation.

He denounced the blindness, the wickedness of the world, the merchants who are princes, the kings and mighty men who care for nothing but to invent new instruments of war and murder.

" ' I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness,' " he declaimed. " But I say unto you, I and many a Christian beside me have heard another voice crying

out at night under the stars, 'Babylon is fallen, is fallen, that great city.'

"Woe, woe, woe," he cried, his lids under his bushy brows drooping over his eyes as if he would not look upon the faces that had extorted from him such cries of dread, admonition, and anguish. "I see the angels of the Euphrates let loose! I see them with the swords of vengeance rushing upon all parts of the earth. They descend and smite America and drown a third part of all her people in blood. They descend and smite great Asia, and slay a third part of all living creatures. They descend and smite Europe, Australia, Africa, and stifle and kill and trample down with glowing feet the enemies of Him which is, and which was, and which is to come. The sun is overcast, the stars fall from heaven upon the earth blazing in an awful conflagration. The sea is blood. The fish and all the creatures of the waters choke with blood. And now the waters rise and spit, spit, spit forth their dead. They spit forth all the victims they swallowed from the beginning of time unto judgment day."

Thus the preacher held forth a long time, painting the end of the great Babylon. Fire and brimstone leapt through the schoolroom. The poor, shrinking people listened with trembling jaws. Their thin, bony, wrinkled faces turned from side to side to follow the speaker, and their eyes hung greedily upon his mouth. As if drinking in delight, or as if moved by icy horror, they held their mouths agape, and sighed and groaned.

He told them of crowns, and crowns again, with which the "great red dragon having seven heads and ten horns" was adorned. They smelt the smoke and the roasting odour of the greedy fire bursting from its unfathomable jaws. Under the beast the earth quaked

with renewed massacre and the blare of trumpets. There was no end of destruction, nowhere salvation, no escape for the sinner.

And mountains of corpses arose from pestilence, fire, sword, and scourge. Ravens, eagles, and wolves died glutted with carrion. One could smell the thick, poisonous exhalations of decaying bodies. But in the midst of all this horror rising like a flood high above man's conception, Emanuel Quint suddenly heard something softly sound in his soul like a clear little silver bell, then something ring like a note on a wondrous mysterious reed. His whole being responded with a rapturous shudder.

The wild, bushy head with the swollen veins on the brow, tossing back and forth between the lights, no longer had any power over Emanuel. But the preacher, too, seemed at last to bethink himself that the field of souls was now sufficiently prepared to receive the seed of the kingdom to come. The fire and brimstone of purgation had, he assumed, made his listeners' tongues sufficiently thirsty for a drop of living water, for that quickening element whose deep well-spring was open to him. And so he passed on to the certain peace of the elect of God, for whom the New Jerusalem, the place of eternal joy, was ready.

He spoke of the grain of mustard seed, which would grow into a tree shadowing the whole world — Emanuel began to listen again! He spoke of the rosy blood of the Lamb, by which the faithful would be washed clean of all sin, snowy white, immaculate. On the place of the old Babylon he built up the new, the blessed Jerusalem. He cried ecstatically:

" ' Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first

resurrection. He that overcometh shall inherit all things.' "

And like a celestial builder he built up the Holy City piece by piece, out of jasper. He showed his listeners the gates and foundations. He measured the length and breadth of Jerusalem with a golden reed. He made the houses of pure gold, the floors of jasper, sapphire, and emerald. He mentioned sardonyx, sardius, chrysolite, beryl, topaz, jacinth, and lavished words, which, though incomprehensible to the congregation, gave them an intoxicating taste of splendour and rapture. He closed with a prayer for repentance and for a faith as firm as the rocks, that the congregation might belong to those who were called to dwell for thousands of years in unutterable bliss under the sceptre of the Lamb, which was the one light of the earthly Zion.

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Outside in the hall, after the people had scattered, Emanuel Quint stepped up to the preacher, and said to him softly:

"What must I do to be saved?"

The preacher took Emanuel's hand, and drew him up a flight of creaky wooden stairs into a little guest-room, which the school allowed him. It seemed that the honest man of God was more favourably impressed by Emanuel's appearance than the official representative of Christianity had been recently. Downstairs, the teacher and his wife waited long at the neatly spread table, while the voices of the two men sounded livelier and livelier from above.

When Brother Nathaniel finally appeared for sup-

per, his whole manner indicated that something unexpected had come into his life. He spoke in a distraught way, and ate without giving attention to what was set before him. At the end of the meal he sank into a corner of the sofa, over which a crocheted cover was spread, and picked his teeth, lost in thought — the preacher's manners were not good.

The teacher never wearied of speaking of the kingdom of God and its delights. The somewhat effeminate man with the soft bearded face of the disciple John was insatiable in this. His voluptuous young wife, who had an Oriental, sensual, flaccid air, drew a wry face when he repeatedly made impatient signs to her with the Bible in his hand to be quicker at clearing the table and hungrier for God's word.

"Just now in my room," said Brother Nathaniel suddenly, "I was talking to a man whose manner and language are still before my soul. I knew him not, but he knew me. He had heard me spoken of frequently — by whom I do not know. He had read of me in many a religious tract — in which I do not know. He is well versed in the Bible. Yet at the first glance I scarcely believed he could read. He kept his name from me. I do not know why. Perhaps he has been punished for some offence. Perhaps he has been locked up in a jail somewhere. Well, there will be more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just persons. But I must repeat, there is a peculiar breath of simplicity and innocence about him. There is a simple, convincing faith in him. The sight of him, I scarcely know why, recalled the text: 'Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.' In fact, he seems sick.

The red spots on his cheeks would indicate consumption. But at his age his suffering could scarcely have been so great as to give him so keen an insight into sorrow and misery. It is remarkable with what a careful, knowing hand he touches everything! I do not understand it. I cannot comprehend it.

"His body is wasted. In many places it shows through the rents in his wretched clothes. But there is a love and a mercifulness about the whole man that in a sense disarms and moves me. He beams with such a gracious spirit of mercy that I with my love seem to myself a dead, a hard-hearted man. He took issue with a passage in Revelation which I used in my sermon, where great Babylon is visited with fire and sword by the holy angels and the Lamb. He said that was not the spirit of the Lamb. He spoke as one who knows, and I who esteem myself armed with the word of God was at a loss what to say in reply. He declared it a fearful misunderstanding, arising from the blindness of hate, which the eternal love of the Saviour did not succeed in entirely eradicating even from the disciples."

The teacher was startled. It was unheard-of to doubt the divine truth of the inviolable words of the Scriptures, even the very least letter of them. And he did not withhold expression of his horror.

"The Saviour, the Saviour, and again the Saviour," the preacher answered. "There is nothing to say in refutation, dear brother in the Lord, when you have a clear impression that the man with whom you are speaking is resting entirely in the bosom of the Lamb. Jesus, Jesus, and again Jesus. This young believer knows of nothing else. And Jesus Himself said: 'The letter killeth, the spirit giveth life.' It is in the pres-

ence of this Jesus that we walk. Who knows in what way he will come? Whether to-day, or to-morrow, or twelve thousand years hence? Who shall say? I laid my hands in blessing upon his head, the pure-hearted, the good-hearted man, and thought of the words of the Saviour when he said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

The apostle of the millennium continued in profounder meditation:

"What do these words show? Must they not animate every believer to unceasing caution? How do I know if I am harsh with someone that he is not Jesus Himself? How do I know if the Saviour Himself mayhap was not within that man? Is it not wholly in His power again to walk the path of earthly humility and earthly misery? Is it not in His power daily and hourly? Dear brother in Christ, I know whereof I speak — that young man may have been the Saviour in His own person! Aye, in a certain sense, he was the Saviour."

Thus they discussed poor Emanuel Quint until long after midnight.

The next morning before sunrise, when the first pale, cold light of dawn spread over the broad planted valley, Brother Nathaniel Schwarz started off on a walk he had to take across the fields. On the road through the village he met a young man of about eighteen years of age, the so-called secretary of a certain estate, the owners of which were devout Christians. The young man was their nephew and adopted child, and at the same time their secretary-pupil or secretary-apprentice in agriculture. The wandering preacher had

often been given shelter in their home and had partaken of the generous hospitality of their table.

The handsome delicate young man came strolling toward him in the magic light of the dawn past the gates of the peasants' grounds and the railing about the cottage gardens. As soon as the preacher saw him, he remembered how concerned his hosts had been for the salvation of the youth's soul and how they had besought him for advice and help. So he went straight up to him, and gave him a friendly greeting, within himself blessing this apparently chance meeting as a boon from heaven.

It turned out that their ways were the same, and they walked along together at an easy gait which soon brought them outside the village to a broad grassy walk between rows of blossoming cherry trees. The transparent arches stretched ahead of them to a distance, and from all sides came the thousand-voiced, restless, joyous clamour of larks.

"How is it, Kurt," the brother asked the young man, "that you are up and abroad so early?"

Kurt Simon made some slight answer, blushing shyly.

"You heard me preach last night?"

"Yes."

As a matter of fact, the awful pictures of judgment day and the end of the world had disquieted the secretary to the very depths of his soul, and had robbed him of sleep.

The brother tried in various ways to insinuate himself into the confidence of the youth's reserved soul. But all his pains resulted merely in increasing his reserve.

"Your aunt gave you a New Testament a few days ago?"

"Yes."

"You read some of it?"

"Yes, I read some."

"Did you never think of confiding yourself with all your secret needs and sorrows to Him who knows all our needs and sorrows, who from love of us to free us from sin and grant us bliss, shed His blood on the cross?"

Kurt did not reply. In truth, in secret moments he had often done so, and fervently. Yet his prayers had not brought order into the chaos of his inner life.

The preacher thought lack of faith was at the root of the trouble with the young man, never stopping to consider whether the conflict in him might not have been produced by too strong faith linked with too tender a conscience. Therefore, in this belief, as the faithful gardener, he attempted to plant the seed of faith. But the singular boy with his sensitive soul rejected adjustment between him and God through Brother Nathaniel's clumsy intermediation. He felt more repelled than attracted by his counsel.

The examples of prayers having been heard that the brother cited seemed ridiculous to him — petty confirmations of petty miracles — how one man had prayed for twenty marks, another for a new lining to his coat, and so on. On the other hand, there was a mass of inflammable material in him easily set ablaze into a ravening conflagration. It was a piece of good fortune that Nathaniel, full of his meeting with the mild Emanuel and enlivened by the freshness of the late spring morning, did not begin anew to swing the dark torch of doomsday.

When they reached the end of the cherry-tree walk, the two men were touched by the sun's first warm rays,

and they ascended a slight slope to see the sun rise over the valley's expanse. Near an immensely tall haystack, partly torn away, upon which the light shone most garishly, they saw a man kneeling and staring past them blindly at the sun, in a state of rapture, like a somnambulist.

They stopped and stood still.

Even though the distant whistle of some factories could be heard summoning the men to work, and nearby the hum of telegraph wires mingled with the clamour of the larks, yet it was impossible to believe when one saw the man kneeling there in the sunlight, that one was living in the age of steam and electricity. The man wore no clothing over his upper body. His sole garment consisted of clay-coloured trousers held at his hips by a leather strap. His hands were clasped on his knees, and his pale head was thrown back in consuming devotion. His red hair encircled his brow, his temples, cheeks, and shoulders like flames, sacred flames burning an offering that has offered itself. His lips were pale. His naked skin, like mother-of-pearl, seemed tender and transparent, as if without weight and shot with light.

"Why," said Brother Nathaniel, gathering himself together and speaking involuntarily. "I dreamt of that man the whole night, and I feel as if with my soul's eyes I had seen him in my dreams in that attitude of prayer."

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The sun had scarcely risen a few feet above the horizon when Emanuel Quint came out of his remarkable, sick ecstasy. He looked about him blinking and groping as in the dark. He had spent the night on the haystack because the evening before he had refused

the few pennies Brother Nathaniel had offered him. He always refused money. Thus it was that he had knocked in vain at the inn of the village and asked for shelter — a foolish act which, like his whim of not accepting money, was a special foolishness of the Fool.

For a time Emanuel, lost in thought, let his eyes rest upon Brother Nathaniel. Then a faint, kindly smile gliding over his face showed he recognised the fanatic.

Kurt Simon looked in astonishment now at his companion, now at Emanuel, as he rose from the stubble of the fallow field, took up a coarse shirt lying nearby, and with comic difficulty drew it over his head and shoulders. Then he and the brother shook hands.

Without wasting words Emanuel, evidently weary and shivering from time to time, joined the two men, and all three walked along in silence.

When Brother Nathaniel spoke finally, Kurt Simon could detect emotion quivering in his voice. He, too, had been singularly stirred by the sight of the stranger, and especially by the first sound of his quiet, resonant voice.

"I thought long over what we spoke of yesterday even," said the brother. "I, too, slept but little. And in the half-awake condition I was in you stood at times before my eyes. I should like to know, dear brother, who you are?"

"I am a man," the Fool said in reply.

The brother seemed to have gained but little by this answer, breathed rather than spoken.

"Why did you come to me," he demanded suddenly, "if I am not worthy of your confidence?"

For an instant Emanuel was silent. He stood still in the middle of the field, in the morning, amid the sing-

ing of birds, looked at the preacher with a look of reproachful love, then bent over his hands and kissed them.

"I could tell you who I am," he declared after they had begun to walk again. "But of what consequence is it? What is a name? And what can mine be, which no one ever mentioned without disdain? Why should I utter it? If I take hold of it and raise it out of the dirt that covers it, I raise the top link of a chain of sorrow, affliction, and humiliation. I should have to raise the chain along with it. I would not! For I would not complain! I would not pour out before any man the confession of my own grief. I may do so only before Him that dwells within me."

He had spoken with a slight accent of his native dialect.

"Who dwells within you?" asked Nathaniel.

"God grant that he who wills to dwell within us is within me."

Something seemed to be laid like a clamp about the head of the young apprentice. He was walking a little behind the other two, looking at the long, swinging stride of the ragged man's naked, dusty, bruised feet and the heavy tread of the Moravian Brother. An invisible, yet impenetrable wall seemed to be rising higher and higher between him and reality. The earth was changed and wondrous, as if time were not, or as if the present were the past and the long past were present.

The struggle of a fantastic conception with reality, the reality about him and the reality he had experienced that very day and the day before, amounted to torture. Clasping the little Testament inside his pocket, which his foster-mother had given him in her concern for his soul's salvation, it seemed to him as if

two figures had stepped out of that book and were walking in front of him. Indeed, as if he himself were only a figure in the holy narrative, which had been absorbing him for weeks. But he said to himself he was sick and must not yield to what was probably a vain illusion. His father and mother occurred to him. They were clear-headed people, and he thought they might succeed in dispelling the fantastic cloud enveloping him. He saw no possibility of doing this himself. Now he trembled with joy, now with dread. Now he felt like crying to his unsuspecting parents across the distant hills: "Behold, the Saviour walks before me! Behold the son whom you brought forth, who gave you more trouble and anguish than your other children, he is walking in the footsteps of the Saviour!" And now he felt like crying: "Save yourselves from the horrors of perdition!"

Perhaps Jesus Christ, the Son of God, had arisen again! Why were the larks singing so gaily to-day? Why did they fairly rush through the air? Did Brother Nathaniel know, or did he not know, who was walking beside him? He was talking to his companion, but Kurt could not hear what he was saying.

Nathaniel had mentioned the name of a certain Dorothy Trudel, a Swiss woman, who in her imitation of Christ had gone so far as to heal the sick, like Paul and Silas. A great blessing went forth from the woman, said the brother. There was no end of the number of those whom she had healed body and soul. She had erected an institution in Mennedorf on the Lake of Zürich, in which all sick people taken with divers diseases and torments, even those possessed with devils, were received and treated. Her faith was great,

the brother said. It must be great, because her prayers possessed mighty power. To be sure, she had not yet caused dead to arise from the grave, but by prayer and the imposition of hands she had saved many a one from precipitating himself into death and damnation. The brother himself had seen many blind men whom Dorothy had made to see and many raving maniacs whom she had made to behave quietly and sensibly.

Brother Nathaniel himself was just on his way to a sick person. He was of the opinion it was well to observe caution and constantly be on one's guard against the wily children of the world. Even Dorothy Trudel had often come into conflict with the physicians, their devilish science, and the temporal authorities. But persecution had only made her the happier in the Lord. It was every Christian's duty to endure persecution after the example of the Saviour and his apostles. So, Nathaniel had freed himself of fear and made himself ready.

And he began again to declaim against the curse of worldliness, but his pale companion remained grave and placid. He said:

"I cannot denounce. I cannot hate." And he began to ask Brother Nathaniel searching questions, not hastily, but with evidently suppressed, ardent interest — whether Brother Nathaniel, who was in hopes of working like Paul and Silas, was on the right way, and whether — here a traitorous red mantled in the Fool's face — one should wish to become so firm in the faith as in the name of Jesus Christ to be able to raise the dead.

"What can I teach thee? Teach thou me!" exclaimed Brother Nathaniel in a sudden gust of emotion.

And they seated themselves amid the yellow spring flowers at the wayside, under a solitary oak tree. Before them stretched a field of young wheat.

It was evident that the brother's words stirred Emanuel profoundly. Every now and then his face jerked and quivered faintly. Kurt Simon watched all that went on in a state of almost painful tension. For an instant it flashed through his soul — could that peculiarly fascinating drama have been prearranged to convert or excite him? But he instantly rejected the idea.

Finally, to extricate himself from the impression of the miraculous, he confessed to himself that the brother and that poor man in rags had spoken of naught but things that are commonplaces in a certain circle of the pious. And now Brother Nathaniel opened a huge black leather bag which he always wore slung by a strap over his threadbare pilot-cloth overcoat. He took out a bottle of wine, half a loaf of bread, and a small bowl of butter, and set them on the ground beside him. The sun, risen higher in the heavens and shining on the compartments and brown lining of the bag, revealed to Kurt neatly arranged layers of religious tracts, which the brother sold or gave away free to children. All this, as it were, sobered Kurt down and at the same time filled him with a sense of purely earthly well-being.

It seemed, too, as if the spring beauty blossoming forth all about now asserted its rights over the three wayfarers, so different one from the other, and penetrated their souls, and drew them to it. Emanuel, the red-haired, lost in thought, rested leaning back on the juicy grass. It was difficult to decide whether the increasing ecstasy on his features was caused more by

his inner than by his outer vision. He reclined propped on his left arm. He held his right hand curved — his hands were well formed and covered with freckles. And Kurt Simon noticed how now a wasp, now a bee, fearlessly crawled through the hollow of his palm.

In the meantime Brother Nathaniel had gone to a spring a stone's throw away and laid the bottle of wine in it. Every now and then his bushy grey head, resembling more an old weather-beaten warrior's of Luther's time than a minister's and herald's of the kingdom of peace, appeared among the willow and elm bushes. Not far from Kurt and Emanuel lay the brother's broad, earth-coloured slouched hat, which had passed through rain, snow, hail, and tempests, under it his stick, and nearby the bag leaning against one of the mighty, twisted roots of the oak.

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Since the stranger's appearance Kurt Simon had not ventured a word. Now all of a sudden he heard himself saying what a glorious morning it was. The Fool looked at him.

"Yes," he said in reply, "it is a beautiful morning. But the day which no night followeth will be even more beautiful." The apprentice blushed. "What we see here," the Fool continued with a slight tremour of inner rejoicing in his voice, "is all we are now in a condition to bear. It is only a reflection a thousand times reduced of what will be. Of this reflection there is no more than the report of a messenger, and of the report there is scarcely a word, scarcely a syllable."

"How will it be, how will it be, when I enter into Salem!" Kurt silently exulted.

The Fool's proximity transported the young man to a state of exuberant hope and security in his hope. He determined on some occasion to pour out before this man the whole content of his reserved soul with all its self-torture and fear of sin. But little more and he would have fetched a note-book from his pocket, in which he had written a poem of his own composition, and would have read it to Emanuel. The poem was a lament. He accused himself and spoke of his avoidance of the world and his triumph over it, of the coldness and indifference with which the world meets a heart overflowing with love. The poem was surcharged with a pained, ecstatic yearning for purer spheres

> "Where man to man in love inclines,
> And one great Will the world combines."

All that his relatives got from the poem was an astonished impression of empty, extravagant phrases.

Quint suddenly stroked Kurt's hand, as if he divined something of what was moving him.

"'My yoke is easy, and my burden is light,' and it is and remains a joyous message," he added with the ring of blithe assurance in his voice, which, however, never lost its melodious calm nor turned loud and violent.

When the brother returned, he kneeled on the grass, and Quint and Kurt followed his example. He folded his hands and prayed, "Come, Lord Jesus, be our guest, and bless what Thou hast granted unto us." Then he broke the bread. While they ate, they talked of how the celebration of the Lord's Supper had the sense of a daily act, not only of a memorial service. Even the short prayer has this significance. A meal at which the Lord Jesus is not present is a bestial meal.

But if He is present, it is a holy act and the eaters partake of heavenly bread and heavenly wine.

And so in truth they enjoyed heavenly bread and heavenly wine in that state of beatitude in which Quint and the brothers Anton and Martin Scharf had eaten together. Only this time, in the light of the spring morning, in the reverent rustling and shadow of the broad oak, their beatitude was even more exalted than in the depths of the night in the brothers' little hut.

Who will say that these three men did wrong in their thoughts and deeds and heaped grievous sin upon themselves by avoiding the church — the bells just then began to ring in the distance. Who will say they did wrong because in their child-like love of Jesus and the simplicity of their faith they had violated the church's commandments? Certain it is, a joy so pure and thrilling took hold of them that it lifted them above everything common, raising them, indeed, almost too high above the solid foundation of the earth.

The word of the Lord, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them," united them. For they doubted not the word, and it did not occur to them that to come to his strayed sheep the Saviour must pass by the way of a pulpit, or a communion service, and through the mouth of a bishop, or a parson, or a trained theologian.

They were in accord, and this feeling of harmony was at the same time a feeling of unifying warmth. The love in their hearts was set free, the love for an invisible One present, in which they met and found satisfaction.

The romance of the spring about them — the gleaming colours, the buzz of the insects, the perfume of the flowers — combined with the charm of the holy legend

of Jesus, the son of the Virgin and the Son of God. And the secret of His birth and earthly pilgrimage, His passion, death, and resurrection, His sacred absence and presence, produced a mystic happiness in these three.

"A little while, and ye shall not see me; and again a little while, and ye shall see me." Nearly two thousand years after Christ's death these words sounded to the three men as if Jesus Himself had uttered them in their presence, not as if they had come down in ancient writings.

They spoke of spiritual regeneration, and Brother Nathaniel confessed to being a follower of a scattered sect. He proved by the Scriptures that the baptism of children is an abomination of the church rather than an act in the sense of the Saviour. Only a grown man, he maintained, could partake of the sacrament, after serious self-probation and after he reaches a clear free decision through penitence and spiritual chastening. Brother Nathaniel developed his view wholly according to the doctrine of the Anabaptists. He spoke with great impressiveness, and made it quite clear that no one had fastened the door of dreadful heathenism behind him securely enough who had remained without the true baptism.

After they had eaten and drunk they arose and left the crumbs of their repast to a flock of finches and buntings. What the brother had said about baptism peculiarly stirred Quint and Kurt Simon. Kurt remained plunged in thought, while the Fool, as they walked along slowly, began a sort of hesitating confession to the Anabaptist. He besought Nathaniel to sit in judgment upon him and be merciless with him. And after he had learned his arbitrary acts and vain motives — or, at least, some of them — he should openly say

whether Emanuel could obtain forgiveness and what atonement he could make to be worthy of baptism.

"I, a sinner," Emanuel continued, "presumed to preach to sinners. Because I am scorned I seized upon the sentence in the Scriptures in which the Saviour says he who has faith shall perform wonders even greater than His own. In order to bend the necks of my enemies with humiliation I wanted to do signs and wonders. Since I could think I clung to that notion. For years I went about locked up within myself, and dreamt of being a wonder-working king and God. I made an idol of myself, and prayed to myself. My desires by no means went out to making the lame walk, the blind see, and the sick free of pain. I wanted that not only I but everybody about me, high and low alike, should marvel at me and idolise me."

Nathaniel interrupted Emanuel. In a sudden outpouring, as if the Holy Ghost had come upon him, he said:

"Enough. Who is otherwise worthy to baptise his neighbour with God's baptism than by grace and mercifulness? Baptise thou me! For the number of my sins is legion!"

Thus they chaffered, because each wanted the other to baptise him, and neither felt himself worthy to baptise the other.

"I do not want to be baptised," thought Kurt Simon. His soul began to exclude itself gently from the bargaining of the other two. Gradually he came to see the brother and his companion in the sober light of everyday life. They seemed strange and curious. The feeling he had had of the divine presence was gone. Indeed, for whole minutes he found the conduct of the two men almost ridiculous.

So, as if not to lose something precious when scarcely won, he left abruptly, and walked away across the fields. Several times, as he glanced back at the dwindling figures of the wayfarers, the word "obscurantists" passed through his mind.

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The clear, cool water of a brook flowed through the fields, in some places freely reflecting the heavens, in others concealed by small groups of trees and bushes. In one of the groves, where the ground was grassy and dotted with flowers, Quint had removed all his clothes, while Brother Nathaniel kneeled at the brink of the stream praying. A wood-dove was cooing in the lofty branches of a noble old birch.

Nuthatches flew from bush to bush. The laughter of a magpie resounded lustily. And as the naked white body of the poor, misguided Quint moved about on the gaily covered mead, it all seemed like a picture from the innocent days of mankind, a lovely bit from the Garden of Eden.

As Emanuel set his hot feet in the cold water, he saw a swarm of tiny fish dart away quick as thought. Then he saw himself in the water.

The man who was to baptise and the man to be baptised, far removed from any frivolous thoughts, experienced a feeling of exalted consecration. It is not to be denied that they suffered themselves to be misled into doing something unheard-of, an act of blasphemy, which the law punishes. But if we remember how Jesus especially loved the poor in spirit and the simple, we will not be without indulgence.

The intentions of the men were pure. They wept with profound emotion — Emanuel almost fainting

with ecstasy. But we know they were in error. In their infatuation they regarded the kingdom of God established on earth by the great and mighty, though divided, Church as Babylon. They believed in another kingdom of God and thought they divined and understood it. Round about them was the world, and the world was the enemy of the kingdom. Beyond that the world was unknown to them. They scarcely knew of it from reports. But they would have nothing in common with it. They would solely proclaim the word of Jesus Christ and his future kingdom on earth.

Thus, as the water — to him consecrated water — ran over his head, shoulders, and breast, the poor workingman's son not only felt the thrills of a holy ceremony, but his heart also grew lighter. He had allowed the greater part of the responsibility for this act to devolve upon Brother Nathaniel.

Brother Nathaniel was carried away even more than Emanuel. His was an unsubdued, easily inflamed temperament. He had broken the stillness with only one question, and his voice was like the rolling of thunder as he asked:

"Dost thou believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God?"

Emanuel said, "I do."

Brother Schwarz in the meantime had come to see more in Emanuel than an ordinary man. His hopeful enthusiast's nature was violently enraptured. And now, as he saw a pair of wood-doves float down from the long green hangings of the birches and suddenly, when over the baptised man, make a sharp turn and dart away, he seemed to himself like John the Baptist, and the heavens appeared to be opened unto him.

CHAPTER III

The carpenter's son of the Eulen mountains regarded his re-baptism on the whole as a confirmation. The brother's manner and his farewell words had been such that Emanuel dreaded to draw conclusions from them. Within only a few minutes after parting from Brother Nathaniel he was already unable to decide whether it was his own agitation that had made him see the sky open and hear voices, or whether the brother in the exuberance of his feelings had said so. "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Even though no outward miracle had occurred, it was enough, and bliss enough, that such speech had been wrung from the soul of Nathaniel Schwarz.

When only ten years old the Fool had heard the brother spoken of in the huts of near and distant neighbours, where he used to run in and out, as the children do in those parts. Full of profound reverence he esteemed Nathaniel a true man of God, and also an authority, notwithstanding that in the meantime his own soul had grown to be so sturdy that the brother's strong soul could no longer modify its very peculiar condition and stature.

Emanuel walked on and was full of song. Feverish, divinely agitated, he set no goal to his steps. He merely made for a distant chain of mountains, and avoided the villages near his home. He felt like a child who believes that the earth and the sky meet

at the horizon and when you step across it you will be in heaven.

Emanuel's soul was full of love. As people approached him he instantly noticed the sorrow and the beauty in their faces. If a man, his soul straightway said " Brother." If a woman, it said " Sister." When they passed each other, he and the woman, or he and the man, his soul said within him: " I know thee, I know thy suffering, thy happiness, and thy pain. I know thee as myself and thy fate and my fate." Their passing on was a parting to him, and he loved his fellow-men the more that he had to part with them. " Thou must go alone with thy beauty whither thou wouldst not go," he sometimes said if it was a beautiful woman, who perhaps went her way with a heavy burden. Or, if it was a man, he said, " Thou wilt wander on and on with thine ill-concealed yearning, and in thy loneliness thou wilt not find the friend that will open up to thee thy kingdom in thine own breast." And he loved them all, and he would fain have taken them all in his arms and into his heart, although often enough hate, scorn, and contempt stared at him from their mad glances.

He wandered on until sunset. Before again going to rest in a haystack he prayed while the sun was setting, and the next morning he prayed as it arose. And his journeying began anew. His nourishment consisted of water, which he drank lying stretched flat on the ground from the surface of the springs (he avoided the villages), of roots, which he took here and there from the fields, sometimes of lettuce leaves, and sometimes, without having to ask, he got some bread and thin coffee, remnants of the evening meal which women or chil-

dren carried back from the fields and factories where the men worked.

For all the exaltation and ecstasy of his nature, Quint realised, and could not but realise, that the new within him was still merely fermentation rather than enlightenment. Audacious thoughts thrust themselves forward, which were undoubtedly messengers of hell intended to lead him to vainglory and sin. The serpent was subtile. It was still intent upon preventing fallen man by all sorts of wiles from returning to his paradisiacal state of innocence. "Ye shall be as gods," Quint forearmed himself. He would not let himself be tempted to eat of the fruit of the forbidden tree. But as he walked — and here the sickly disposition of his nature asserted itself — he heard insistent voices whispering: "We greet thee, Christ, Son of God!"

"That I am not," said Emanuel.

But peace came not to him.

"We greet thee, Christ, Son of God," the voices said again. "We greet thee, who art come, who hast descended from the throne of the Lord in misery, shame, and lowliness. Draw nigh on thy way. Draw nigh on thy mission. Fear not. Behold, on thy hands and feet the marks of the nails have not yet healed. Thou feelest within thee the burning distress of all thine ancient sufferings. It is fulfilled. The Father hath not contrived new sufferings for thee, thou blessed one. This time thou shalt not be otherwise than the good shepherd, and shalt pipe on the reed, and lead thy flocks into gardens and pastures flowing with milk and honey. We greet thee, Christ, Son of God."

"I am not Christ, the Son of God," said Emanuel. And as he wanted to add, "I am only a man," the words involuntarily came to his tongue, "I am only the son of

man." But this alarmed him. It occurred to him that the Saviour had called himself by that name. So, wherever he turned, the serpent had a trap set for him. There was nothing for him to do but recall his words quickly and say: "Get thee hence. I do not call myself the son of man."

But for hours, as he walked on, he reflected upon these things more profoundly, and finally it no longer seemed to him to be transgressing Christ's commandment to call himself, as he had, the son of man. The Saviour's birth on earth, like his own, undeniably bore the marks of extreme abjectness in so far as Joseph, his mother's husband, was not his father. Jesus, therefore, like himself, Emanuel, was fatherless, and Emanuel ventured to compare all the secret sufferings he had had to endure on that account, all his tormenting shame and bitterness, with the Saviour's sufferings for the same reason. How it must have filled the boy Jesus with shame and horror when other children spoke of their fathers and asked him about his, and he knew not his name. What stinging pain it must have caused him when he grew older that many of those low, rough men about him could speak differently of their mothers than he could of his.

Emanuel clenched his teeth. How many hundreds of times from deep-felt shame had he not denied his mother and father, and so made a fool of himself. Must not Christ, who knew all the secret sufferings of the soul as no one else knew them, have gone through the same experience? Did He not in all likelihood in answer to the prying questions of the Pharisees raise Himself up proudly one day from out of the pressure of shame to the free height of the Son of man? And was it not His intention in assuming that name to wipe

away beforehand for all time the mark of undeserved shame from the brows of all coming generations?

On a sudden Quint was convinced it must have been so and not otherwise, and he determined to enter upon this portion of the inheritance of the Saviour with pure confidence. "He it is and not Satan," he assured himself, "Whose being reveals itself to me at this moment, with this thought."

Quite involuntarily he drew himself up and walked with a freer, firmer gait. It was no longer a violent voice blowing "Son of God" into his ears. There was a clear, mute realisation within him that he as the son of man was walking through the fields. He knew of a king sitting upon his throne in Berlin, the capital of the empire. But in his new dignity he suddenly discerned that he, Emanuel Quint, the bastard — thus his stepfather often called him! — was no less before God. The son of man is lord of the world.

The brownish road unrolled itself before him like a strip of cloth. The earth with its cities, towers, streams, and green crops, spread rugs, as it were, strewn with precious things between him and the mountains — all the inheritance and possession of the son of man. The heaven unfurled its broad blue silk tent over him. The sun was his chandelier. The larks were singing to the son of man. The crops were ripening for the son of man. The groves were whispering his name in homage. There was nothing mightier or more glorious in the wide world than he whom the birds, the breezes, the blades of grass and the leaves greeted in chorus: "Blessed be he and praised be he, who comes in the name of the Lord! Nothing more glorious than the son of man!"

"I seek not mine own glory, but His glory that sent

me," a voice within him spoke again. And it frightened him so that the fields, woods, and hills ceased to call him, suddenly turning dumb. The Fool understood that there was a conflicting rise and fall within him. A wave of light seemed always to be driving away a wave of darkness, and a wave of darkness, a wave of light. The struggle went on wholly independently of his will. It was so strong, so independent of Quint that at times it was as if he were standing aside and merely looking on in tense interest and astonishment.

"No, no, I seek not mine own glory. But I was again about to fall into temptation and a snare. Is it God? Is it Satan that is tempting me? Is it not to God that we pray, 'Lead us not into temptation'?" And he said the Lord's prayer, which Jesus taught. Whereupon he turned from Him to whom it was addressed to Him who taught it, and in spirit he followed in the footsteps of the Saviour, as he had done so often before.

Quint loved the Saviour. The poor Fool, or in this respect the happy Fool, had conceived a love of the gracious Jesus so great that when he thought of Him his heart ached. His love for Jesus was not of this earth.

Nearly two thousand years before Jesus had walked on earth, and now for the first time a man stepped from his hut by the roadside and with a few others looked in the direction whither the holy pilgrim had disappeared. Forthwith Quint set out like a faithful dog to seek His traces, and there had been no other assuagement of his ardent yearning than day and night to follow those traces. He fell asleep — when he slept — over Jesus' footsteps.

His love of Jesus was infinite. He had guarded in

his bosom the well-thumbed Testament which contained the story of the son of Mary. And he felt as if a dear hand in it always soothed his heart. Nay, more, he himself was the Book, which, like John, he fairly devoured. It lived in him, and he lived in it. Had it not dwelt within him, death would have stepped in its place. Had he not dwelt in the Book, the rain would have pierced him with needles, the sun have scorched him, the heavens have fallen upon him like a rock. But thus the cold of death hurt him not, nor the winter's ice, nor the heat of the day, nor the fierceness of the night. But he rested not gladly. As long as he was not upon his feet, it seemed to him that the space grew wider between him and the Friend who walked before him on earth and in heaven, and that he had a smaller share in Him.

A child that has lost its mother and, crying, runs in search of her, has no greater love in its soul than this idle carpenter's apprentice, who craved the sight of the Saviour. He was ready to lose himself in the Saviour. Hence, the sentence "I seek not mine own glory" had scarcely entered his consciousness, when he became all self-abnegation and humility, and far from presuming to be a shepherd he felt he was the least sheep in the fold.

It was in this sense and no other that he wanted to be a follower of the Saviour. But his love made stronger claims upon him and enticed him farther and farther. It was not enough for his love calmly to endure the results of a passive imitation of Christ. It would follow the Shepherd along all the labyrinthine paths He had gone. Not one of the things He had suffered would Quint omit. He would be like Him in all respects, and so nearer to Him.

"We eat Thy flesh and drink Thy blood, as Thou didst command us," Quint pondered. "Does that not signify we should be like unto Thee in all things? Didst Thou not in Thine infinite love bid us be like Thee? Didst Thou not open to us the prospect of that exceeding bliss? Seek in the Scriptures! Yes, seek, seek!" And Quint drew out his Testament and turned the leaves. Clearly what must be sought for cannot be evident. But seek, and ye shall find! Seek! And Quint wanted to seek.

He wanted to remain forty days and forty nights in the wilderness, and like his prototype expose himself to all the hardships of want and the weather. In that period the Saviour and the Saviour alone was to dwell within him. He wanted to give himself up to Him without reserve. And if it be so indeed that Satan once tempted the anointed of the Lord, then forsooth let the devil tempt him also. For he would not be an idler in the kingdom. "Reject me or enlighten me, Lord, after my sojourn in the wilderness. Give me a new spirit or cast me from Thee if Thou findest me unworthy. Send me out through the gates of Thy passion and death, or condemn me to nothingness. Or let me at least touch the hem of Thy mantle. Then shall I never be wholly lost. Let me kiss the ground where Thou didst walk, the stone that was Thy pillow, the thorns of the crown they put upon Thine head. Then will an everlasting prize of eternal light be my joy and comfort in the deepest darkness of the deepest abyss."

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Several times in the course of the day Quint saw the flash of a gendarme's helmet either on the highroad

he was approaching or behind the bushes separating field from field. Like a tramp he would conceal himself somewhere in a ditch, or in the fields, and wait until the dreaded man on horseback had disappeared from view. But now one of those mighty ones came riding across a field straight at him, his Friesian horse stepping carefully in the furrows, now in a walk, now at a trot. It came to a halt directly in front of Quint, and the gendarme proceeded to ask the usual questions.

Quint knew what was in store for him. He had no papers giving his name, birthplace, or trade, and he could not think of making the heavy cavalryman understand the cause and purpose of his vagabondage. In his eyes he was moneyless, ragged, without any rights, at the mercy of the man's arbitrary interpretation of the law, although Quint had no evil intentions, and was merely following the inclination of his childlike soul. The gendarme gave him a piercing look.

"Oh, let nothing in my soul be hidden from thee," the Fool thought.

But the man of law, though his outward appearance gave the opposite impression, was blind. He saw a terribly poor man, whose features were pale and suffering, but not disfigured by drink. He heard a voice that willingly gave him information. Yet he could not believe otherwise than that here, if ever, a jail-bird stood in front of him. So he gave Quint a good rough talking to. Nevertheless, after he had relieved himself by saying some severe things, he seemed at a loss to know exactly what to do. And — whether his wife had his midday meal ready for him, or in the village nearby there was immediate prospect of a pint of beer and some lunch — however that may be, instead of hauling the idle fellow off to the police lock-up,

he merely gave him a last frightful, bloodthirsty look, and rode away.

Quint thanked the Lord. He saw divine intervention in that unexpected issue of the adventure. And the same thing took place in his soul as always. He had gradually recognised in the man's hard mask the dead, professional, painfully forced grimace behind which a starving soul languished. And that soul had shone forth upon him beseechingly from an involuntary glance, from the depths of the eyes, which never lie. Distressed, he looked after the rider. He did not hate the man. He loved him.

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On the third day of his wanderings Quint reached a wild deserted spot in a gloomy mountain region, from which there was a vast view over the mountains, hills, and plains of Silesia. It was in defiance of his own fear that he had made for it. The loneliness, the profound quiet of the desolate woods, through which he passed, the rushing surprise and whispered councils of the treetops, when he stood still amid the ferns, mosses, stones, and roots, all oppressed him. It seemed as if here the noiselessness and solitude, which have always been his good, true friends, rose up and turned into a dreadful force, and said things to dash his vain, unheard-of venture. He had climbed up the mountain side holding his fingers in his ears not to have to hear the thousand-tongued hissing of a host of demons, each minute increasing in number. Sometimes he had pressed himself on the ground and stopped his ears with his fists. He refused to listen to the lying trumpet-calls of a judgment day lyingly proclaimed by the devil. He believed it was an invention of Satan. For he said to himself:

"I will go to Jesus. And if the mountains rise about me like awful judges, and the black clouds on the peaks begin to growl, and winds blow like trumpets making the tree-tops groan, all this, like the wicked, scornful laughter mingled with it, which I cannot help hearing, is nothing but the jugglery of the devil."

But it was the laughter of the mocking bird that he heard, then again the bizarre wail of a bird of prey, which penetrated to the very marrow of his bones, and seemed to him like the evil, racking cries of a soul tortured in hell-fire.

But when he had climbed above the zone of trees, the Fool grew easier at heart. Those great, unaccustomed impressions no longer threatened him, but suddenly lifted him from the dust of debasement to an exalted height. He saw the world beneath him. The mountains, whose rocky crater-like walls formed a semicircle about him and towered into the clouds, had become a stool for his feet. He breathed freely. He turned to the infinite expanse of the heavens, and said "God!" He turned to the gay, undulating carpet of the plains, flecked with the shadows of white clouds, and said "God!" He turned his back to the depths and looked marvelling upon the jagged walls and ledges of the mountains, and said "God!" He looked upon the gigantic boulders tumbled one over the other as if great cyclopean hands had gathered them together in a thousand years of work, and suddenly before he was capable of uttering the name of God, a voice whispered in his ear:

"If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread."

But Emanuel was on his guard. He refused to listen to the voice that made him the Son of God, and behaved

as if the voice had tempted him to put that request to Jesus. And he begged the Saviour for forgiveness.

"I know Thou canst do it!" he said. "And I know Thou wilt do it if I asked Thee! But man shall not live by bread alone!"

This reflection, it appeared to the Fool, stayed his hunger, which had been troubling him for several hours.

"But by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." This set him to thinking further.

Quint was strangely ignorant. He had learned to read for the sake of the Bible, and his mind went exploring in it. Whatever other obvious things he was surrounded by from childhood he knew only by their natural reflection in his soul and by that love which bound him to everything that is. Therefore sky, clouds, sun, day, night, moon, and stars remained a pure mystery to him. Also the earth with its living beings, the stones and the grass.

And now in the profound solitude, as he comprehended it all inwardly through his senses of sight and hearing, it seemed to him that every creature and the whole of the surrounding world was the manifestation of the word that had proceeded out of the mouth of God.

God spoke to him, and he wanted to listen. He wanted to be all ears, all eyes, all love. "Perhaps," he said to himself, "the mighty voice of the Godhead will be more than I can bear." But then he thought "I would gladly die by God's word." Already he felt disembodied. Sometimes he seemed to be so expanded by the word, so filled with it, so borne away into infinity that he scarcely felt anything in and about him as pertaining to himself. And yet, as he knew, he was nothing but a poor novice in the word.

Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness had been in a worse plight than he, who had Jesus for a friend and companion. Moreover, he had Jesus for a model. He was ignorant of the number before him that had been tempted in the *imitatio Christi*, which was a special snare of the devil.

He believed that like the Saviour he had been led into the wilderness by the Spirit and not by Satan. Also he could cling to the Saviour. Therefore he always overcame his dread.

Finally, while laboriously making his way through the high knee-pine on an overgrown path, he began to seek a hidden place among the boulders where he could find shelter from the wind and rain and, if need be, conceal himself from the eyes of man — a place for a permanent sojourn.

"Is it not enough for thee," the devilish voice within him asked suddenly, "what is written of the Saviour's temptation in thy book? Thinkest thou it is too little? Thinkest thou it is a lie? Or dost thou not understand what is said therein?"

"I will suffer it," Emanuel said half aloud. And now the silence was endowed with fresh terror. The walls of his soul seemed to fall asunder, and his inner being to become boundless. In the enchantment of the silence, in its magic spell, his fancy had to bring forth pictures incessantly, a series of pictures which seemed to chase one another as in a race. Ever swifter they became and ever more grotesque. As if the words "I will suffer it" had been a signal for the outburst of the powers of darkness, whose intention, it seemed, was utterly to confound their victim.

Is the silence God? Is the silence Satan? Are those half-beastly, half-human masks grinning at me

God's or the devil's work? Why does the world all of a sudden disclose in a thousand disgusting images the horrible obscenity it usually keeps hidden? Why are mine eyes filled with the sight of filth, vile hate, murder, and every impious, unnatural desire? Why is the holy current in my bosom dammed up by a curse? By the grunting of swine and the baaing of goats? Why do I hear those coarse, hideous foul sounds which baseness alone can utter? Even what is holy dragged through sewers amid fiendish laughter, stained with filth, repulsively distorted, and placed before my shuddering soul?

Suddenly a voice cried aloud and awakened the echo between the rocky walls:

"Thou knowest not what thou wouldst suffer, nor all that Christ suffered!"

"For that very reason I must now learn," said Quint to himself, and took courage, and began anew to break his way through the knee-pine.

After some searching he found a rude little structure of unhewn blocks of granite, the crevices filled in with moss, and a roof poorly constructed of old weather-worn box-lids, on which were spread layers of vegetable mould. Instead of a door one side was left entirely without a wall. Quint had to bend his head to enter. Inside he found a raised couch of dried moss, large enough for him to lie on. If he bent his head he could use it as a seat too, and keep his feet out of the damp. Here one could remain for days and weeks.

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It was nearing the middle of the month of May and all that was left of the snow in the mountains were a few dingy slabs. During the day a weak wind from

the south had still blown. After taking a drink of water from a rill to appease his hunger Quint stretched himself on the couch of moss. Twilight fell. The air grew soft and silent. The stars came out in the heavens, and the moon arose. The heavens, like an endless, gold-embroidered silken sail, swelled over the mountains and plains fading away in the twilight. It was as if the countless voices of nature had for many months restlessly been seeking that perfect harmony which they had at last found. Quint had dreaded the night. And yet it gave him more than a foretaste of future bliss. All the demons seemed to be chained or locked in their cages. Or else the magic of beauty had silenced them and made them happy. Swarms of gnats buzzing metallically made a dancing, transparent cloud between the eyes of the Fool and the full moon. Sounding so pleasantly the cloud seemed to grow one with his spirit, aye, to become his very soul now turned visible and audible.

Between dreaming and waking Quint gradually fell into a state of bliss such as he had never before experienced. Half conscious he determined henceforth to avoid intercourse with men and, as now in the silence, give himself up entirely to the love of God. If now, he thought, a human being were to step into his vision, he must perforce hate him like a ghost. Every human being? At any rate every man! Every man — and how if it were the Saviour? He left that question unanswered. The Saviour is in me and invisible. Thus he tried to excuse himself that he was about to disown the Saviour.

Nobody should come, not even a woman. He appeared to himself to be wedded to the glory and the balmy stillness. The wilderness of rocks about him

was something altogether different from hard cold stone. Everything sent forth a living warmth like the bodies of animals in their stalls, except that this warmth was pure and balsamic. There was in it a something exciting and enrapturing, which intoxicated. It was mingled of sweet odours from flowers and blooming grasses, sending forth tickling pollen, which gave out a wild, secret laughter. The floor of the hut was covered with branches of dwarf pine, in which were a goat's horn and a piece of goat's skin. That is why Quint in his dreams saw flocks of goats and goat-footed shepherds, who bustled about with buckets full of milk and great round cheeses. Many of the shepherds were horned and wore wreaths of pine branches.

As the blood throbbed hot through the veins of the Fool, so the whole of nature seemed to be pulsating. There was something of delightful nakedness in it all. And the breath of nakedness kept rising warmer and warmer, drugging the senses. The moonlight poured like anointing-oil over the soft forms of the crags and peaks, and something like an abyss of scarlet opened and shut again, opened and shut again before Quint's closed eyes, something he wearied not of seeing until it disappeared. Then on a sudden a woman danced before him stark naked, an Eve with voluptuous breasts. She flung herself back and tossed back the waves of her red hair. Then she planted her hands in the swelling flesh of her hips and turned about slowly. The Fool started up from his sleep, and cried aloud:

"Get thee hence, Satan!"

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When morning came Quint was a-hungered, and he went forth in search of something to eat. At the edge

of a broad plateau it seemed to him the tinkling of the bells of a herd sounded from the pastures below. It was only the gurgling of a rill hidden under the stones. But in the distance Quint noticed a solitary house. Being far-sighted he could see goats and kine leave the stable attached to it, could see them raise their heads and sniff the cool morning air, and then run to water.

It was no longer balmy as during the night. The south wind was blowing steadily, and the Fool shivered.

For a while he watched what was going on at the little hut, which at that distance resembled a toy. He saw the herd form and leave the place. For about a quarter of an hour it moved in a certain direction, coming nearer to him, and then it reached its pasture.

Quint descended to hunt for the shepherd.

He found a frightfully ragged fellow with blubber lips and unkempt hair. The man started in alarm when he caught sight of Quint. But the stranger seated himself quietly on a granite block at a safe distance, and the goats and kids and even the buck went sniffing around him confidingly. So the shepherd paid no further attention to him and serenely knocked the ashes from his hide pipe.

Quint waited quite a while. The heavy cows grazed quietly. At times one of them raised its head and lowed and gave the stranger a blank-eyed stare. Finally Quint stepped up to the shepherd.

"I am thirsty."

"There's plenty of water here to drink," the man answered promptly in his scarcely intelligible dialect.

"Give me a drink of milk, for God's sake."

The man looked at Quint with his swollen, blistered eyes, and crossed himself.

" I am as poor as you," he said.

" I have not eaten anything for two days."

The man put down his pipe, as if he had seen an apparition, fetched a tin can from a hiding place under a dwarf pine, and crept, like an animal upon its prey, to a blackish-brown blazed cow, whose udder almost dragged on the ground. He lured her into the knee-pine, where he milked her in concealment. Suddenly he was standing behind Quint, handing the can of milk over his shoulder. Quint drank greedily and felt refreshed. And thenceforth he went to the poor shepherd daily, and the shepherd gave him milk and willingly shared his hard bread with him, apparently with ever greater pleasure.

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Each day the poor Fool spent by himself seeing no one beside the shepherd, he sank deeper into the world of his dreams. Everybody who has experienced the charm of a walking-tour, especially in the mountains, knows what a wealth of pictures it evokes, what an abundance of large sensations. Little wonder, then, if Quint under the influence of prolonged solitude and planless wanderings gradually lost all sense of the real and at times became so intoxicated by new powerful sensations that he scarcely felt he was mortal.

The one thing to bring such extravagance back to reality is the sound of a human voice. In his isolation Quint heard only the breathing and rushing of nature, and held converse only with the stars and the winds. Thus he came to feel his existence as scarcely other than a spirit, a holy ghost, hence divine. What the serpent had said in paradise passed through his mind. Had not the Saviour's rosy blood nullified that hun-

dred-thousand-year-old sin, and made free the way of the tree of knowledge? Yea, were not bread and wine sanctified by Jesus the fruit of knowledge, and had not he, Quint, eaten of that fruit? Of that fruit of which the serpent had said, "In the day ye eat thereof ye shall be as gods."

He was as God, resolved into all that is lofty, often for hours at a time. Then ofttimes he would stand at the edge of precipitous crags and look down into the depths fearlessly with a bacchantic smile. Beneath him solitary birds of prey started up and drifted about lost in the pathless space. Sometimes he would seem to hear mocking laughter from below, and he felt as if to answer that peal he must leap triumphantly into the abyss. Then, he knew, he should float and glide along more airily than a dove.

The secret strength of this craving was great. He often felt it, and rebuked himself. And after he had checked the inner assault he told himself: "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." But it was not only the craving to see faith or the miraculous confirmed, nor was it a mad belief in his supernatural powers. It was a sort of certainty, a feeling of his own indestructibility, joined to a frantic transport of impatience to mock the powers of death, the powers of the abyss, with a cry of triumph, even were it in earthly death.

Such outbursts were sometimes followed by the profoundest contrition. And when the voices again began that called "Son of God! Son of God!" and would not be silenced, the poor man crouched on his knees praying and wrestling with his soul for hours, and at the end — sometimes after coming out of a heavy faint — he found his head and body covered with sweat and

heard himself still stammering prayers to the Saviour beseeching Him to set him free from the too-difficult calling of the imitation.

After such moments of exhaustion the world of a sudden beckoned to him enticingly — no longer the world that is a woman who lies in travail and brings forth sorrow. The world laughed and danced in lasting youth and beauty. Quint thought he merely had not known the world, and if now he were tranquilly to descend to the abodes of men, it would cease to be rude to him. It was as if he had taken hold of the end of a golden thread and all he needed to do was follow it through the labyrinths of human intercourse in order no longer to be poor, despised, and wretched; as if a spark of light from hell had suddenly disclosed to him all the shallow tricks and wiles which make the cunning rich in the twinkling of an eye; and as if suddenly his fool's tinsel were turned into gold.

It was nothing good that stirred within him, that he well knew, though it went on very quietly unaccompanied by the hissing of devilish tongues. He would do what they all do — fight hate with hate, rage with rage, abuse with abuse. War would be brought against war! Lie against lie! Deceit against deceit! He would go forth in search of prey in defiance of all the robbers and greedy beasts of prey. He would grab, spoil, amass wealth, which moth and rust corrupt. He would take, and take, and take the pennies from the widows and orphans, the cover from the cold, the bread from the hungry. And the voice of his own greed would drown the cries and curses of the cheated and the robbed, the hungry and the ruined, the tortured and the sick and the murdered.— And of course he would have to renounce Jesus.

"That would make life easy," poor Quint thought rightly. But his ideas fell into confusion again because the constraint he had to put upon himself to desert the Saviour for the sake of the world was insufferable.

No, he would not pray to Satan, for: "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." Thus he admonished himself. And a change took place in him. Once more entirely returned to Jesus he determined to give himself up again to His gospel with a pure, calm soul.

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He lay in his hiding-place stretched on the moss, and read and reflected, or, pacing up and down slowly, he took up the Scriptures sentence by sentence and meditated upon them searchingly. The atmosphere about him grew calmer. And his desire for the universal word of God in nature turned toward the revelations contained in the letters of the Holy Writ.

The nearer Whitsuntide drew the more peaceful Quint became. His soul ripened with a knowledge of new, peculiar things — a knowledge that smoothed down the roughnesses of his nature.

God became man, he said to himself. That was the mystery. He became entirely human. And that was the greatest of the miracles. Why did he become human? That he might be both a human and a divine example to man. Because it is only in the human that man can conceive the divine. What follows? he pondered further. That with perfect faith and confidence we should first comprehend the human in the life of the Saviour, and try to understand it better and better, that we should love Him and emulate Him in a human way. So Quint resolved to do.

In this disposition of mind he was all humility. The new spirit, which proved stable, unconsciously estranged him from the teachings of Brother Nathaniel, and even brought him into conflict with his own former conduct. He meant to be truly humble, and he rejected all his former visionary dreams, his ecstatic transports and excesses. Assuredly as always he would be a disciple of Christ, but entirely within the realm of the human. Teach less and do more. Not to succumb to the spirit of vainglory, the evil spirit of self-deception, he would rather turn from the seeming-divine and be all the more inwardly human.

He no longer thought of doing wonders. For he had read how Jesus had rebuked the sign-seeking, adulterous, and sinful generation. He also pondered upon the Saviour's warning against false prophets and workers of miracles, and he wanted not to be one of them.

Quint could scarcely do enough in his passionate desire to humble himself. He had vaguely recognised a certain disharmony between Christ and even the disciples of old. Believing he stood on the side of the Master, he intended to kill off in himself the desire for miracles and rewards, which the Saviour had observed with sorrow in His disciples. He wanted to be the least, by no means the first, of the ministers of the Word.

He now looked with suspicion upon everything that is loud. At this stage of his strange career, he disdained soaring plans. He would be as the babes and sucklings, pure of heart, a tree full of fruit. He would act Christ's teachings, not teach them. Like the tree, he should be known by his fruit.

Therefore it was not as an especially excellent teacher, or disciple, or prophet that he wanted to go down

among men. He wanted to do good in secret rather than openly. Jesus would surely guide him. And Quint would not threaten or promise, but first walk along one of the golden paths of the soul that Jesus had laid like a strip of paradise through the wilderness of the earth. He would serve all and command none. That was the Fool's prodigious, wholly impracticable resolve.

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He said the Lord's prayer daily. And because he found it written that the disciples had not prayed at all before Jesus, at their special request, had taught them the Lord's prayer, that was the only prayer he said. He prayed in a childlike spirit.

Gradually, in being limited to this one prayer, a strange delusion seized him and unfortunately took firm root. He thought the prayer was actually not a prayer, but the essence of Christ's teachings compressed into a few sentences to be a lodestar for learners. "Our Father which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy name." This was said not for them that pray but for God. To whom were the words addressed? To a higher God than God? Quint thought they were addressed to the Ghost, the God-spirit that is in man. He felt the audacity of this thought, but he continued his sickly ponderings. "Thy kingdom come." To whom were those words addressed? Again it seemed to him to the Ghost. He felt how, as he prayed, he directed them as it were to himself. It seemed with that he had struck a holy spring within himself, had awakened a pure, holy endeavor, a new active Holy Ghost. And within us also is the kingdom. Through the Ghost it should be established in our being. "Thy

will be done!" Was that a human request? The almighty will of the almighty God, the supreme Jehovah, should His will be done? A petty mortal should pray for that? And to whom, to whom was he to pray for it? If the sentence had been, "Do with me according to Thy will," that would have been impotence, not a prayer.

But Quint referred this also to the Ghost.

The will of the Ghost should be done, even if the body were thereby consumed to ashes.

"Give us this day our daily bread." Well, that was a great deal dismissed very shortly. Perhaps this request, Quint thought, was a concession to the disciples, who had been hungry for gifts.

"And forgive us our debts!" We are debtors, we need forgiveness, all without exception, Quint thought. And he could not rid himself of the notion that this, too, was only a mock request. "As we forgive our debtors." To that extent and no further are we to be forgiven our sins.

"And lead us not into temptation," came at last. What did this, the most remarkable request, signify?

The Fool had once asked himself the question in an attack of folly when he was saying the Lord's prayer according to his wont. And the Evil One whispered in his ear, "It means, leave us in peace." But Quint suppressed the hideous voice. "Tempt us not! Tempt us not!" Was not the Evil One the Tempter? Hence, did not the prayer signify, "Seduce us not through false pretences! Set no traps and snares in our way! Provoke us not to resistance by trials and sufferings! Cause us not, from our needs and lusts, to trespass against our neighbours. Seat us not in judgment seats that we may not pronounce bloody

judgments upon our fellow-sinners. Cause us not to be kings that we may not exercise power and go to perdition through power. Lead us not to rape, murder, and theft! Tempt us not, for we are weak. Expect not deeds of one divinely strong and sinless from us poor mortals groping in the dark. Extinguish not the smoking wick, but deliver us from evil. Ours be the Ghost and the peace."

It was an awful God to whom we had to address the prayer to lead us not into temptation. And Quint felt how the Saviour had tried to remove the hardness and fearfulness from a fearful representation of God. Hallowed and beloved be Thy name, not with shuddering and horror — this sounded in the whole prayer. We invoke in Thee what is love, and what we invoke, love invokes in us. Thus far the Fool was on the right way. But he went still farther. He dethroned the personal God and believed that Jesus had dethroned Him and in His stead had set the Ghost.

This conception dominated, almost coerced him, and caused him profound astonishment. It was so strong that at times he well-nigh denied that he stood on the firm earth, breathed the air, was canopied by the heavens. His dwelling-place seemed to be the Ghost alone. All his movements and especially everything he could in a higher sense call his life went on as in a sea composed of the souls of all the men that had lived for hundreds of thousands of years. Besides that he knew nothing, or, at least, nothing but darkness.

Conceive of all the human beings, old men, old women, men and women of all ages, children, all that cover the globe, each with a light in his hand. Something similar was what Quint conceived. They stood apart from one another, yet their lights merged into

one. So, divided from him in body, they were yet one with him in light. A hunger for the souls of people came upon him as never before, a painful love and yearning. It was as if in the light of his boundless love of Jesus the man, a profound knowledge of man's worth and man's mission had been granted him. Love of mankind gnawed at him. It filled the Fool with a consuming passion. He wanted to go to his brothers and sisters. He wanted no longer to remain cold-heartedly apart from them, as he had done before in his self-seeking.

He forgot himself wholly. That is, he forgot his former joys and sorrows. He thought he perceived that mankind is the dwelling-place of the Godhead. And while he looked upon the house of God still dazzled by its light and splendour, divining rather than seeing it, the circumstance of his own individual little life seemed of no significance before that exalted thing.

Hence a craving for self-sacrifice came upon him, a yearning to give himself up to the universal, freed from the singleness of his body as from a prison cell — his light to the light, his love to the love, in order to be freed from himself and from love and be eternally perfect in God.

The complete inner transformation of Emanuel Quint was a most remarkable process. What was remarkable in it is that a pure childlike spirit of enthusiasm had replaced the greater part of his enthusiasms by some apparently rational considerations, which gradually combined into a firm system holding the Fool's soul in far more absolute subjection than had his former purely emotional ecstasy. It often happened that he himself was alarmed when he saw how far his meditations had led him away from all his

former paths now that he was one with Jesus the man, as he supposed, and deep in the mystery of the kingdom of God. The joy of the discoverer dominated him. But he determined for the present to keep secret what he had discovered and what he thought he understood when in sudden clairvoyance the scales fell from his eyes.

CHAPTER IV

One day the brothers Anton and Martin Scharf appeared before Emanuel Quint. For weeks they had been seeking him. And now the jerking of their bearded faces betokened what it meant to them at last to have discovered the Fool. And the Fool in his new frame of mind inwardly rejoiced to see them again, and decided straightway to accompany them to a remote mountain hut in which they had taken shelter for several days.

The brothers had recognised him instantly, though his hair and beard had grown somewhat wild. And as they walked behind him and answered his questions their faces brightened.

They first informed Quint that their father had died more than three weeks before. The old man had gone to sleep blissfully in God, in the belief in Jesus, and the certainty of resurrection. They had then sold their home and chattels to be unhampered and free to follow the Fool's traces.

Their intention had not remained a secret, and they had had to endure much ridicule. For though a number of believing Christians in the neighbourhood had prophesied wonderful things regarding the appearance and disappearance of Emanuel Quint, the overwhelming multitude had been incited to hate and contempt. But little more and they would have been enraged to the point of persecution.

A Socialist agitator and editor by the name of

Kurowski had visited the brothers, and hearing of their intention had warned them against carrying it out. He maintained that Quint had probably disappeared across the border never to return again. But they were not to be dissuaded. They trusted their faith in him, the sure instinct of their hearts.

Kurowski had spoken at great length, and as Quint seemed to be very much interested in his attitude, the brothers had to repeat in brief what he had said.

"You will be misled by your belief in that enthusiast. He probably acted in all good faith when he delivered his homily in the market-place, but he is deceiving you — deceiving you as he deceives himself. Why? Because he proceeds upon the basis of ignorance. If he were an educated man, which he is not, since the dominating class prevents general culture, he could achieve tremendous things. There is a new social science. And he who builds not on this science but upon old silly fairy tales, builds on shifting sand. The greatest compassion is of no use. It leads nowhere. There is an idol, capital, and until that idol is shattered good and compassion will be of no avail."

One of the brothers drew from the long skirt of his very respectable coat a pamphlet the agitator had given him, *The Communist Manifesto*. And Emanuel read the "Workingmen of all countries, unite!" But he heeded not the summons. He asked the brothers to tell him more.

When the county physician came to issue the death certificate for their father, an old half-blind woman entered at the same time, and inquired for Quint in a way that conveyed the impression he was a quack. The physician then said:

"The way you poor silly ignorant people always

fall a prey to such charlatans! The murderers! Why, they are mixers of poisons. They are bent upon nothing but extracting the last penny from your pockets and making you sicker. Any blear-eyed drunken old woman can get you to sacrifice your health if it occurs to her to swindle you with a simple promise. Haven't you the faintest notion that there is such a thing as a medical science, medical skill? And that medicine has to be studied? You can't be born with it. My good people, if you take my advice, you will keep away from all those tricky scoundrels, those quacks, those jugglers! They suck like leeches at your bodies, souls, and purses. And as for that Quint, the trouble with him is he is sick. If he ever shows up here again, let me know on the quiet, and we will just pack him off to the insane asylum."

Quint's mother had also come to the brothers several times to inquire for him. The last time she had got very angry and had insisted the brothers were keeping Quint's hiding-place a secret. She had cried, saying she would not rest until she found him. She always had maintained that Quint wanted to soar too high, while it was his duty more than any of his brothers' to keep the family up by work and proper behaviour. He ought to try to soothe his father's anger, which was partly due to his suffering. His mother had not spared Quint. Irritated and annoyed as she was, she had called him a score of harsh names. Anton Scharf, always excitable and now thoroughly indignant, began to rehearse all the epithets Quint's mother had used when Quint suddenly interrupted him.

"Whom think ye, thou and thy brother, that I am?" he asked.

The brothers remained silent and eyed one another.

But in the looks of the two emaciated enthusiasts, overexcited by work, night vigils, and ardent yearning, there was a strangely determined gleam, which alarmed Quint. He felt as if he must press back on their lips a word still unuttered, a word whose confusing power filled him with dread. And yet again his soul hungered to hear it.

A conviction had taken firm hold of the brothers and was still further strengthened by what they heard from Nathaniel Schwarz. It was a foolish notion, but it kept alive in them an unspeakable sense of happiness, a blissful madness, which could have developed nowhere else than among simple, childlike souls in a district remote from the world. They said:

"We know thou art the anointed of the Lord."

To the Fool's honour be it said he could scarcely master his horror. He rebuked the brothers severely and attempted to make clear to them the awful absurdity of such a statement. He also bade them keep their opinion an absolute secret.

But the two far from being shaken in their opinion were strengthened in it by the ominous force of his words and the flash of his eyes. Yet they were inclined to obey him with all their soul, and they told him so with an expression of doglike fidelity and humbleness.

For a long time they walked in silence in the cold, clear air of the mountain ridge with their sorry-looking lord and master, until they came into view of a secluded little hut with a low-hanging shingle roof standing on a slope strewn with boulders.

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This was the hut in which the brothers a few days before had sought and found shelter. Such as are

not accustomed to look earthly misery straight in the face would have been struck with gruesome surprise by its interior. After passing through a small entry smelling of goat dung you entered a low, black, fairly large room, where the light was a dirty brown turning the figures in it into phantoms. The vile smell took one's breath away. And when, accustomed to the twilight, you investigated everything the room concealed, you found human beings in the lowest extreme of wretchedness.

Even Emanuel and the brothers though inured to the direst want, to whom a penny meant more than a pound does to others, showed they were strangely moved by the sight of this privation.

An elderly man with bushy hair and beard rose from a worm-eaten weaver's stool and came to meet the strangers, with noiseless, shuffling steps. His feet were wrapped in rags. The faded cap worn even indoors showed he had once been a soldier. After scrutinising Quint almost with terror in his eyes, he bowed over the Fool's hands, and on raising his head again his eyes met the shining eyes of the brothers — shining with an expression of rapturous triumph, readily to be interpreted: "Behold, here is he whom we sought."

Quint noticed that he had been expected. And this strange state of expectancy which he found wherever he went strengthened him in the foolish supposition that the world was in particular need of him, and his walking on earth was a divine mission.

He was led to a bed covered with straw. In the cellar-like darkness it was hard to see things, but when the straw began to rustle Emanuel discerned an emaciated naked human body not wholly hidden beneath the ragged coverings. Then he saw raised

toward him, the head of a blonde woman still young and eyes fixed upon him in a stare of anguish. And without asking who Quint was or why he had come, the woman began to make her moan, speaking in a loud, heart-rending voice.

For weeks she had been lying on the straw sick and helpless and unable to work. Six months before on a stormy autumn night she had given birth to a child, now lying next to her on the ground in a wooden tub. When Emanuel expressed his compassion in a few heart-felt words, the woman pointed to the child with a gesture of exceeding despair, which showed what was the object of her real and latest grief.

And the Fool bent his white, freckled face over the sleeping child in the wooden tub, and the brothers saw his eyes fill with tears. For Quint realised instantly that that emaciated naked woman on the straw had spoken the truth. The poor child, breathing heavily and feverishly, was covered all over with a single awful repulsive scab. It was difficult to see how it could still live.

The father of the family said nothing. But from his manner it was evident that he went about with the solemn consciousness that God had selected him for peculiarly frightful trials. Had not his left arm been crippled by the rheumatism contracted in the campaign of 1866 and 1870? And was there not a blonde girl of fourteen, large-eyed, with hectic spots on her hollow cheeks, sitting on a weaver's spool back of him? He knew his tumbledown hut, avoided by men and good fortune, was a favourite haunt of all sorts of sickness and trouble. Every year death had been a visitor, carrying off to the little church-yard cemetery down in the valley his father and his mother and five of his children.

All this gravity, all this severe naked misery set up sweet, secret, hopeful vibrations in Quint, which seemed to rest upon a heavenly instinct that God's help is closest to the profoundest misery — this to be taken not in an earthly, but in a deep mystical sense. It was in sorrow, in sympathy, and in love that God revealed Himself. Amid these uneasy, torturing pulsations He seemed to be hidden behind scarcely a single thin veil. Often the hovering head of the Redeemer would rise up before Quint as if taking form from the vapourous phantoms of all the martyrs of all ages, the head with the crown of thorns on its brow and drops of the sacred blood trickling slowly down over the eyes of the Man of Sorrows.

It now seemed that wherever Quint appeared in the midst of grief and care, this secret, hopefully joyous state of his soul communicated itself to all, and every poor wretch welcomed his coming as a good and his going as an evil. The excitement that had taken hold of the three occupants of the little hut and the brothers Anton and Martin was not of the sort that comes from pleasure in mere human goodness and consolation. Quint felt the eyes of the man, the eyes of the woman, and the eyes of the girl resting upon him with a hungry, questioning gleam. He saw a strange trembling of their hands, as if doubt and faith in strife with each other nevertheless felt the approach of a desired miracle. Quint saw all this. Quite cool and level-headed in observing it he connected it, of course, with the overwrought outcry of the two brothers that had startled him only a few minutes before, and he confessed to himself that without his agency simplicity, anxiety, and misery had here risen to the heights of sinful imaginings of an incredible nature.

These poor, ignorant people, he said to himself, in their delirium actually take me to be Jesus Christ, the Son of God. But instead of instantly doing that which he had once before attempted, instead of trying to tear up that sickly misbelief by its roots, he let matters take their course. Indeed, their delusion reacted upon him. It rendered him helpless. It reduced him to the very same state of inner and outer trembling which he perceived among the inmates of the abode of misery to which he had come as a guest.

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The brothers Anton and Martin Scharf, the starved veteran, whose name was Schubert, and the fourteen-year-old daughter Martha ministered to Quint. They came to an understanding with one another by their looks, and with an air of special importance went down into the cellar and fetched up some provisions, which had been bought with the pennies of the brothers. Martha had gathered some dry brushwood, which now crackled merrily in the stove. She brought in cold mountain-spring water in a potsherd and set potatoes on to boil — an unusual feast for the family, which had to content itself mostly with a soup made of husks.

There was something still choicer hidden in the cellar — wine, one bottle of wine which the brothers had bought from a hideous, gypsy-like man, unaware that he was smuggling it from Bohemia into Prussia. So the one bottle of wine was set on the table.

Emanuel heeded not all these preparations for a sybaritic feast. He had moved a stool to the sick woman's bedside and sat quietly with bent head speaking to her in a low tone. There was not a trace of shame in her because of her almost complete nakedness. Want, a

vain struggle against misery year in year out had quite starved out that luxurious sentiment. Though Emanuel Quint knew of families blessed with numerous offspring who went about in the house naked to save clothes, or because they did not have enough rags to go around and had to use them by turns, he was touched by a feeling as he sat at this woman's side which made him avoid looking at her.

In his struggle with an inner agitation which he thought he had mastered during the last few weeks, he often failed to hear what she said. It seemed to him as if the woman, whose face was so haggard and drawn that her thin lips could not meet over her teeth, was seductive, despite her gruesome misery, in the voluptuous adornment of her loose, reddish, barbaric hair. He was bitterly ashamed of his thoughts. But the spotless lustre of her round, slim shoulder, which he could not help seeing, the pearly glint of her body through the straw, which seemed to mock the poverty all about her, kept making him uncertain. He loved the woman. He loved her because in his heart he always bore the suffering of compassion like an open wound, because that hatred which dominates everything among men in their struggles with one another had no place in his breast, and thus human hatred was replaced by human love.

As in a ship's hold the goods it carries over the waters lie divided from one another in rooms separated by walls, and in a storm one load sometimes breaks through the walls and falls into the room of another, so it happened in Quint's soul. If with other human beings we make a distinction between heavenly and earthly love, then in the case of the Fool we must say that his earthly love secretly broke into the separate chamber of his

heavenly love, even though it seemed to him that thereby heavenly love were carried all the higher heavenward.

The poor woman broke into complaints, complaints not against man — this was bitter for Emanuel — but against God. She told her story. It was a story of unremitting want. And the thought passed through the poor Fool's mind, how could she know of any other condition, a happy condition, and despair of attaining it? When a child she had had to suffer the frightful tortures of having a drunkard for a mother. Often, even when broken down by excessive work, she had seen things that poisoned her memory and undermined the strength of her mind. Her parents demanded the most beastly, obscene things of her, and themselves enacted them in her very presence. Finally, to her gratification, her mother stayed away for longer and longer periods, begging and drinking. Then at least there were several weeks of peace at a time, and the walls of the narrow, ruinous hut no longer resounded with quarrels and brutal blows.

In the meantime the father became bedridden. He could no longer take his barrel-organ out on the ridge-road where tourists passed, and the door was opened wider to want than ever. Hunger and sickness became constant guests. To attend to her father, to provide for herself and her brothers and sisters, all that from now on fell upon her shoulders, the shoulders of a girl of eleven, until one day after he had gone through great suffering she found her father lying cold on his rotting straw couch in the light of the wintry sun.

Silenced the curses with which the old man had always unburthened his soul, the curses that had goaded the child on to ceaseless work and kept her bound in hell. But her mother turned up. During the night,

in the madness of a drunken fit, she appeared at the hut demanding money and admission.

In tremours of terror the child opened the door to her.

The drunken woman did not recognise death upon the face of her husband. In her frenzy she went to the bed, mocked the dead man, and hurled curses at him. Her fury mounting, she finally grasped the corpse and dishonoured its face with blows. At last she fell upon the bed next to her dead husband, red, bloated, reeking with whiskey, and lay there snoring until late in the morning.

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The woman grew more and more eager as she went on with her story. She caught her breath painfully and tossed from side to side making the straw crackle at short regular intervals.

Now came her sufferings as a grown girl and a woman. Then the pangs of childbirth, of the last childbirth scarcely six months before, from which, lying neglected for weeks, she had not yet arisen. And again and again she asked, "Why?" Why all those sorrows heaped upon her? There is a good God in heaven, we are told, she said.

Is what her husband never wearied of repeating true, she asked, that the Saviour would once again appear on earth and for a thousand years spread sheer joy and happiness? She did not believe so. She had believed too often and had always been deceived. It seemed to her as if that talk of having to believe and becoming better were merely a lie. Schubert, her husband, stepped to the bedside, and in a few words reproached her with the sin of doubting.

How gladly would Quint have said to the poor woman

diseased with an issue of blood, " Arise, and walk." Or merely, " Take my yoke upon you, for my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." But the conviction had long since ceased to prevail within him. Even before his first fool's sermon in the market-place of Reichenbach the Christ of the sermon on the mount had hovered before him, and " Take up your cross ! " had been the solution for him. To be sure he did not understand that solution then, as he came to understand it later.

How could Quint preach the " Take up your cross " to that woman groaning under the rod of anguish, whose hungry eyes contradicting her words supplicated for all the satisfactions of the heavenly paradise? How could he say to that poor creature what he had always cried to himself, " Deny thyself ! " or " Suffering is thy reward ! Hope for no other ! He who seeks rewards is he who always produces evil in the world. He is the wolf. Be not the wolf, the wicked one, in the fold. Be the lamb ! Be God's lamb ! Be the patient sheep under the hands of the shearer and the butcher." No, all that he reserved for himself. As for the woman, he could not but fan her hopes in a just compensation in the life hereafter.

During the meal the Fool remained silent buried in his own thoughts. The woman, he reflected, will never see the earthly paradise of the future. None of us shall. We have to give ourselves up without hope of a share in it, as examples, as self-sacrificing masons of a church that we ourselves shall never enter. It is not the thirst to sacrifice myself for God which is impelling me. But with God and in God for men, according to Christ's example, for men ! Man, the Son of man, it is to Him alone that I offer up my earthly strength, in love, without reserve.

But the brothers Anton and Martin and the weaver Schubert suspected nothing of his reflections. Those poor men in their contracted sphere lived their inner lives wholly in their firm delusion, their firm credulity, which, like every delusion, it is difficult for the sober-minded to comprehend.

From time to time there comes over the old world, in conjunction with a new or a revived belief, a feeling of rejuvenescence. And just at that time, about 1890, a new faith and a spring feeling hovered in the air of Germany. It was an intoxication the causes of which were many. The wave penetrated to the remotest corners of the land, and, as it were, caused the blood of the people to put forth blossoms. It reached the brothers, causing them to depart imperceptibly farther and farther from the ground of sober reality.

The monstrous conception that they should be honoured first in the community of God at his second advent on earth filled their waking hours as well as their sleeping dreams. It was an intoxication hard to master. So, while they ate and drank they could no longer keep their happiness within bounds, and it broke forth, despite Quint's presence, in self-righteousness and pride.

They spoke in hoarse voices lowered out of respect to Quint. And they spoke not of the salvation of all as the important thing, but the damnation of the wicked and the last judgment. Not pardon, but revenge. Not suffering for Jesus' sake, but the reward of suffering. In horror Quint admitted to himself how far these, once his truest disciples, had departed from the kingdom of God, such as he yearned for.

The thing that occupied them was the approach of the millennium, which was to change the earth into paradise. And it was noticeable that they no longer reck-

oned upon fresh sufferings before the coming of the millennium. To be sure the Revelation of St. John with all its terrors haunted them, but in their opinion they were under the Saviour's direct protection. They pictured to themselves how on judgment day the Son of man coming down in glory sat upon the Father's right hand, and divided his sheep from the goats. And they poured out the vials of their wrath upon all the godless powers of the day, against whose account they wrote the vast sum of mankind's woe on earth.

They thought of Lazarus and the rich man — how Lazarus was carried by the angels into the bosom of Abraham, while the rich man suffered torments and thirsted in a Turkish-bath hell. It contented them that the rich man thirsted. Growing excited over the wine and food they began to cast not a few of their fellow-creatures into the eternal flames of hell to be companions of Dives — the village miller, the parson, the fustian dealer, for whom they had sweated at their looms, and many another beloved neighbour.

Quint thought of rebuking the brothers severely. But he reconsidered, and remembered how broad the gulf between them had grown. He restrained himself. These men after all, he reflected, though grown up, were in a sense only children who, if they were to become capable of understanding truth, had to be led upward to truth step by step. Moreover, Quint stood in some awe of his own new truth. He was afraid. He had not yet the full courage to admit it openly.

And suddenly, he scarcely knew how or why, the Fool began to speak of the "mysteries of the kingdom of heaven," involuntarily using an expression of the Saviour's. Though he was careful to respect his disciples' ardour, he made them uncertain of their opinions and

expectations of the kingdom to come, so that they sat there dumbfounded when he arose and went to rest in the empty room in the loft.

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Emanuel had slept only a short time when he awoke and stepped into the moonlight shining through the attic window, and with difficulty tried to decipher passages in his little Bible. Then he paced up and down slowly, but restlessly, the full length of the attic, pondering upon the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven. Suddenly a shriek sounded in the room below, and immediately after Anton Scharf, who had slept in the vestibule, entered and besought him earnestly to come down.

When Quint entered the room, the baby was screaming in the tub and the woman on the straw couch was weeping hysterically. She wrung her hands and held them up to Emanuel and begged him for help. Old Schubert was sitting on his weaver's stool holding tight in his arms a something that was writhing convulsively. Martin Scharf, at a loss what to do, was standing alongside holding the smoking stump of a candle in his hand.

"She is in one of her fits again," said the older brother.

Quint now perceived it was Martha who was in her father's arms. He took the candle from Martin's hand, and as soon as the light approached her frightfully distorted face, she hissed and spat like a cat. But she did not come to her senses, and all were suddenly startled by a beastly howl resembling a dog's, which burst from her narrow, bared breast. Then in a mad whirl of words she began to curse God, Jesus Christ, and all the angels.

Quint felt what was expected of him. Even without

that incentive his whole being was profoundly stirred to give help. Quite instinctively he did what is usually done to rouse a person from heavy sleep. He asked for fresh water from the spring, and then, raising his voice, spoke to Martha very sharply.

The attack had probably come to an end of itself. But when the girl's body relaxed peacefully, this was new proof to the men, ready of faith, of the Fool's wonder-working powers. And after Quint had left the room to be by himself in the chilly clear moonlight of the open air, and the girl was slumbering quietly at her mother's side, the men talked with one another until long after dawn, completely penetrated by the supposed miracle.

Martha did not awaken until late in the afternoon. What she related was of a nature to strengthen the delusions of the little circle. She wore an air of beatific solemnity. When asked why, she declared that in a dream she had seen Jesus Christ surrounded by a heavenly halo with all the marks of his wounds.

"O Jesus, my sweet light,
Now is the night departed,
Now is Thy saving grace
To me again imparted."

From that time on, whatever the housework she was doing, the girl kept singing this and similar verses to herself.

CHAPTER V

The world has often had the experience that a false belief will spread over wide areas like a conflagration, or a blight, or an epidemic. Thus, in that remote district, the rumour got abroad that a man had appeared who, if he was not Christ Himself, was at least an apostle. If not an apostle, then a saint. If not a saint, then a wonder-worker. And two days later in the morning Emanuel found the hut besieged by a throng of the infirm and the disabled. If it is difficult to believe this, remember what the lay physician and the wise old woman with her faith cures mean to the common people.

By chance it was the first day of Whitsuntide that looked down upon the lame, blind, coughing, feverish, groaning multitude. There were men and women and children, old people and middle-aged people. The sun shone warm upon the bare, stony field. Martha, who was the first to espy the strange influx, bade them wait. By nature not impatient, they sat about on the scattered blocks of granite, a well-behaved crowd, awaiting the wonder-working healer.

Very close by was one of those paths which lure the dwellers of the valleys, plains, towns, and villages up into the glory of the mountains. And to-day, being Whitsunday, all those paths were alive with gay throngs jocund with the spring. Some of them on the nearest path stood still to scrutinise the curious camp. After a while they saw a man step from the little hut,

blown lopsided by the wind, and thereupon a general movement among the waiting multitude.

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It was with outward calm and inward agitation that Emanuel Quint had observed the crowd of supplicants through the window. Finally he sent out the weaver Schubert to tell them that Quint was only a poor man like themselves, and of all things the least likely to be a wonder-worker. And when the people surrounded the weaver, whom they knew, he did as he had been bidden, but not in so convincing a way as to shake their faith. On the contrary, they ran in thick swarms to Quint's window. Women making a great outcry raised their infants in front of the panes, men displayed their crippled limbs, and many pointed simultaneously to the eyes of blind persons, and wildly begged that they be healed.

Thereupon the Fool came to a firm decision. He stepped out courageously into the urgent assemblage. Straightway they covered with kisses the folds of his threadbare coat and his hands and naked feet. The onlookers saw how the tall grotesque man for a time rode helpless as upon a wave of misery. At length Anton and Martin Scharf succeeded in clearing a space between their idol and the senseless throng. There was nothing for Quint to do but to address the assemblage.

Whatever the content of his sermon was, a clear statement of it has never been given by any one of those who heard it. Under the inspiration of the moment the Fool probably mixed together all sorts of contradictory things, as they rushed to his lips from his previous reflections and his recollections of the Bible.

"What came ye out for to see?" is the way he began.

"A physician? I am a sick man, not a physician. A man clothed in soft raiment? In better raiment than clothes your crooked limbs? Verily, I am as poorly clothed as you. Behold, they that wear soft clothing dwell peacefully in kings' houses. What came ye out for to see? A prophet who curses the sins of the world? I am not come to curse. What came ye out for to see? One more than you, a master in art, a master in writing? Know I am as unlearned and less than you! I cannot heal the sick or raise the dead except they be sick in the spirit and dead in the spirit. If ye would be healed in the spirit and supplicate therefor, mayhap ye will be helped. I was baptised, baptised with water, but I cannot baptise another with water. I baptise with the spirit." Looking at the brothers and Schubert the weaver, he continued: "The Son of man came not into the world to destroy the souls of men. Nor came He into the world to remove the yoke from one and place it upon another, to shift the burden from the back of the good man to the back of the bad man. But He Himself will take all burdens upon Himself. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear. Jesus Christ you rightly call the Son of God. But God is spirit. Jesus was born of the spirit. Far be it from you and from me to assume that God is a body and that an earthly body brought forth the Son. That which is born of the spirit is spirit. Step into the birth of the spirit, then shall you be in spiritual regeneration. The Father is spirit, the Son is spirit, and I, too, am born again of the spirit. I hesitate not to proclaim unto you, He that is born again of the spirit, he is the Son of God. Thus, I am the Son of God. And you, too, each of you, can become the same as I am through the spiritual regeneration. Each and all of you can become God's children."

Inside the hut the sick woman and Martha looked through the open window and listened to the sermon of the blind leader of the blind, understanding as little of it as any of the devout listeners outside. Deeply moved and excited by the sonorous tones of Emanuel's loud, fervent voice they paid small heed to his words. Still less did they understand their connection. All, even the brothers Anton and Martin, merely found they were reminded of what they knew of the Bible, and the brothers lived only in their delusion. And they found their delusion confirmed in an unheard-of way by Emanuel's dangerous words, " I am the Son of God." They were unable to take into consideration the sense in which he had meant he was the Son of God.

When Quint finished his sermon, the crowd stormed up to him to invoke his help, jostling one another out of the way. The blind stumbled. Babies cried, while their mothers wrangled and abused one another in foul language. They waved stumps of arms, distorted hands, walking sticks, and crutches right under the Fool's eyes. Now began an awful scrimmage. The most horrible thing to see was the display of disgusting infirmities. The Fool was frightened. What were words here?

After trying a time in vain to bring order into the unbridled mob, he withdrew into the hut. But here he was received by the wife of his host in a way which rendered him even more helpless than the onslaught of the crowd. The woman was kneeling in the middle of the room. She raised her arms and prayed. And murmuring prayers she looked at him with credulous eyes shining with a light of madness. Martha stood at the stove, her lips trembling, her hands folded in evident emotion.

The Fool felt a dull confusion rising in him, joined to a temptation more difficult to resist than any that had ever before assailed him. The madness about him was waxing. It was like a mighty storm issuing from the bowels of the earth, irresistible in its might. A terrible power was growing up around him, of which he knew not whether he himself or somebody else had unchained it, a power of faith, which mounted and carried him away as a mountain torrent rises and carries off bits of twigs. Well, you will say, he was a fool, and took himself without much hesitation for that which the people in their folly took him to be. That is, he took himself to be, if not the Son of God, at least a man of supernatural powers able to work miracles. To be sure, he clapped his hand to his brow, and secretly asked himself if after all he was not more than he knew. But then he courageously cast from his mind everything that would persuade him to an overweening opinion of himself.

And so he turned in pain, if not in disgust, from the almost naked body at his feet and the enraptured looks which prayed to him impiously. He hastened out through the back door, and fled across the mountain pastures like a fugitive. The clamorous multitude and the inmates of the little hut sought but could not find him. He had suddenly disappeared.

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Two young men, tourists, had caught sight of Emanuel running away. Since everything they had seen and heard impressed them as a tremendous adventure, they followed, and succeeded in overtaking him after he had gone a long distance. They gave him a friendly bow and spoke to him.

They were brothers by the name of Hassenpflug, from Münster, "Bohemians" in the early twenties, who lived chiefly on borrowed money and edited a magazine in Berlin which nobody read. In brief, they were enthusiasts, poets, and Socialists. They saw a good catch in Quint.

The vast number of questions with which they plied him he allowed at first to go unanswered, merely turning large, searching eyes upon them. In fact it would not have been easy for him to answer most of their queries. For example, what is a Socialist? He did not know whether he was a Socialist.

Nor had he heard of anarchism, or Russian nihilism, or a book by Egidy, *Ernste Gedanken.* At times his face flushed a dark red from shame at his ignorance.

But after the three had walked along together in the rare air of the high ridge, a sort of intimacy sprang up between them. Speaking with sectarian zeal Quint's companions gradually unfolded a world entirely new to him, in which he showed a lively curiosity, grasping the unfamiliar ideas with a hungry mind and taking pains to examine them keenly.

The manners of the brothers were not pleasant to him. The older one took delight in a sort of gay mockery with which he usually accompanied the statements of the younger brother. When the younger brother spoke of freedom, the right to happiness, a universally harmonious care-free existence on earth, the future state of perfection into which man would develop, Quint had the painful impression that the other brother was completely dominated by scepticism. He seemed to doubt everything.

But the platform upon which the three stood united was their youth, the love of an unknown, real world,

still to be conquered, a world in which they had been placed and which would gradually unfold its marvels to them as they slowly ripened into manhood.

It is strange how an intelligent youth of the age of the brothers deems himself extra-and-super-natural, though every impulse has its roots in things earthly. They themselves were unaware how glorious the world seemed to them, how inconceivably precious. Had anyone told them so, they would have denied it. The Hassenpflug brothers surely did not fail to quote Schopenhauer, or deal out some of Marx's and Engels's criticism upon the rotten state of society, or use Bellamy to point to the future Socialist state, to paradisiacal conditions to be striven for. They never dreamed that it would have been impossible for them to conceive of greater happiness than the youth in which they lived.

Emanuel Quint, though he was older than the brothers and had suffered very differently from them, having had to bear poverty and deprivation, nevertheless, like them, was stirred by the foaming intoxication of youth. And if we take into consideration the whole gravity of his remarkable destiny, the brief road of his life gone sadly amiss, we must yet say it was the wealth of young, gushing love which filled him with a hot, insatiable craving to pour out that love, even though his blood flowed away with it.

Karl Hassenpflug, the younger brother, remarked how seldom he could extract even a scant reply from this strangely solemn Fool, and began to answer his own questions. Then Quint by degrees learned something like this:

In almost all countries of the globe the firm conviction has spread that the present state of society is unjust, a state in which the smaller part of mankind enjoys

comfort, while the far greater part suffers want, and that this social order was doomed to immediate overthrow. Karl himself harboured not the least doubt that the great social revolution was to take place within a very short time, which could be counted perhaps by months. It was the third estate, the working-class, the so-called proletarians, who would bring about the revolution. A great party was already formed and growing in nearly every country. This party's motto was: "Freedom, equality, brotherhood of man." As soon as it attained to power the first thing it would do would be to shatter an idol, the Moloch capital. Each would then enjoy the fruits of his honest toil, instead of yielding up the lion's share to the thieving rich.

That great event of liberation would be the result of a natural social process, a sort of decay of modern society. Modern society would rot and fall like overripe fruit. But there were people who would not wait for that natural process to take place. These worked to bring about liberation sooner, using violent means, guns and dynamite. Among them, said Karl Hassenpflug, the rage of the oppressed took on dreadful forms. Their motto was: "War to the knife! No mercy to the beast of our system!" And he read to Quint an anarchistic appeal fairly reeking with the bloody breath of revenge.

Using the execution of an anarchist on the Place de la Roquette in Paris as a provocative example, the appeal called the representatives of the legal powers a gang of curs, scoundrels, ruffians, murderers. Compared with these outbursts the bitter denunciations of the Scharf brothers seemed to the Fool to be the gentle whisperings of goodness. He shuddered inwardly. And turning quietly to the speaker he said:

"As surely as I am a poor man among the poor they are far from the kingdom of heaven."

The brothers were touched as by something infinitely naïve.

From now on they tried to extract his secret conceits from the original vagrant. They had been prodigiously astonished to come upon such a man and such an event while off on a Whitsunday excursion. The thing seemed to be a part of the New Testament. They well knew, as the whole circle of the young intellectuals of that time knew, that the people are the native soil for everything primitively young and fresh. And here in a district strange to them, remote from the great roads of commerce, they everywhere met with an intact, virgin folk-spirit. They were of those to whom the uniform culture of Europe was a levelling down. So, eagerly, in a thirst for knowledge, they tried on all sides to force their way into the walled province of the lower classes, as if in it there must be sources of revelation sealed up in the province of the educated.

They now turned the conversation in another direction. They thought that this man having been so besieged by the sick must be possessed of a mania for performing wonders or by a hypochondriac belief in some universal remedy, which he may have inherited. But his father was not a shepherd-healer, and he had not inherited a book of recipes. No, it was the leaves of the Bible that they heard rustling in his few simple words. And his talk had not the faintest ring of therapeutic conceit.

He said:

"I have nothing to do with the ills of the body. I make not whole the body of him that is sick. I cannot bring back to life the body of him that is dead. I am

only a physician to the soul, which never dies. I see men suffering want. I see they would overcome want. I know the hope by which they live, the hope of finally conquering want. I myself am in want. I know how bitter it is to do without my daily bread and suffer hunger. But man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. You said," he continued, " that the workingmen all over the world are striving for a state of things in which each shall enjoy the fruit of his own work. But I say, Enjoy now! Each moment enjoy the living word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. When the time comes that the workingmen's paradise, as you say, will blossom on earth, I shall be far from it in the kingdom of heaven."

When the brothers asked the Fool what and where the word was, the soul's true food, he drew forth his little Testament, and read to them from the Gospel of St. John: " In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." Christian Hassenpflug then asked him how about the announcement of the kingdom of heaven on earth, wherein the Bible to an extent agreed with the upward-striving forces of the present. Emanuel was silent at first. Then he said:

" It may be, except ye be born again, ye cannot see the kingdom of God."

Thus he cited St. John iii: 3 in a way that gave him a mystically voluptuous satisfaction — that taking up of the food of the spirit, that letting the soul draw in sustenance through holy words which proceed out of the mouth of the Saviour.

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Feeling somewhat tired, the three sat down near the so-called Speidlerbaude. A great St. Bernard dog dashed out from the inn and came bounding over the meadow, barking furiously. But they paid no attention to him, and Emanuel explained that the kingdom of God is a mystery. "In truth," he said, winding up with a quotation from St. Matthew, "there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed. Everything in its time will be revealed, and nothing is so hidden that some day it shall not be known. And even if there be cause to hide the light under a bushel for a little season, it is not done for all eternity."

Quint readily consented to be the guest of the brothers at the inn. While they walked toward it the dog kept barking almost incessantly. He would stop only to come closer to them and growl. This drew a mass of staring people to the vestibule and doorway, and pretty soon the dog, always with his eye on Emanuel, received warm encouragement from the rapidly increasing crowd of tourists in front of the inn.

Quint's sermon to the halt and the blind had already been advertised by some good folk in rough mountain-climber's costume. And since the object of a walking tour is pleasure, everything falling within the tourist's vision subserves that object. And we must not forget that true, righteous indignation is a genuine Sunday amusement of your pleasure-seeking butcher and baker.

So when the news of the lay sermon on the mountain meadow, as yet a bit of harmless mischief, had spread in the dining-room of the inn crowded with tourists, it produced a storm of laughter, but also profound indignation. In such cases men's hearts are wont to unite. While the butcher, the baker, the sausage-maker, and haberdasher sits over his third glass of beer and his wife

over her coffee, he is highly conscious of his moral duties as a citizen, especially when off on a trip. Who does not deem it right that he should be?

The winged word that rose above the dog's barking and reached the Fool's ears was "cabbage apostle." Your butcher and baker from Breslau as well as from Dresden had of course heard a good deal of those crazy vegetarians who make the eating of vegetables a life principle. It was even a more frequent sight in Dresden than elsewhere to see persons in hair shirts with a rope about their waists and their hair reaching to their shoulders walking through the streets barefooted.

Quint and the brothers behaved as if unaware that the shouts and laughter applied to them. But they could no longer maintain their front when a gigantic tourist with an alpen-stock, a knapsack, and short top-boots blocked their way and laughed saucily in their faces.

"No turnips here," said the cattle-dealer.

That made the brothers extremely angry. They let loose a stream of violent words upon the purplish, bloated, perspiring mountain-climber. But he, instead of replying, took hold of Emanuel's coat over his chest and good-humouredly shook him to and fro, trolling jovially:

"*Du bist verrückt, mein Kind.*"

The St. Bernard took this as a signal to go for the poor vagrant's calf, at which the waitress hit the dog on his snout.

Perhaps the cattle-dealer regretted his treatment of the Fool. At all events he fell into a rage, and his wife had to pacify him. If she had not, he might have executed his bellowed threat of sticking the three harmless youngsters, as he called them, on the inn chimney.

For all that the brothers had dragged Emanuel with them to the very threshold. Here they met with the Bohemian host. He stood in the doorway and refused to admit them. He said nothing, or, rather, he tranquilly grunted a few unintelligible words, the meaning of which was that they should be off with them and that without delay.

Such hardihood naturally made the brothers still angrier. They, *Kandidaten der Philosophie*, who had worn the band of black, red, and gold! Never as long as they lived had the host of a tavern forbidden them entrance. But their indignation was of little avail. Amid the howls of laughter of the whole mob of tourists they had to betake themselves away.

At the outer edge of the crowd was an hostler. As the trio passed by he shouted to the inn-keeper, who wore a flattered smile because of the applause of his guests, that Quint was the man of whom he had often spoken, the man who had been knocking about on the mountain for weeks. Nobody knew what his designs were. The police had better be set upon him.

The three feeling greatly vexed had been walking along together for about a quarter of an hour when Quint left the path and struck into the woods through the low mountain pines. He told the brothers to follow him. And suddenly a stretch of meadow-land opened up among the spruce and dwarf pines. Here the shepherd who had been friendly to Quint was pasturing his flock of goats and cows. To the brothers he looked like a wild man of the woods. But they were hungry, and when they saw by a gesture of his and a gesture in response from Quint that the two knew each other, they immediately proposed sending the shepherd back to the inn for something to eat. The

matter was promptly arranged. Quint gave the shepherd the money the brothers handed him and got him finally to understand where he was to deliver his purchases.

Emanuel now led his new acquaintances along trackless ways until they reached the dwelling hidden among rocks and dwarf pine that for weeks had been his shelter against wind and rain. At the gurgling rill nearby Quint in stoic calm washed the wound from the St. Bernard's bite. And now he became talkative, almost gaily outspoken, as one who feels he is host in his own home.

Speaking with a slight tinge of his dialect and not without oratorical grace and ease, he said in effect:

"Here is where I dwelt several weeks in almost complete seclusion and took counsel with myself concerning all sorts of grave things. This hut, which is scarcely a hut, was at any rate a hiding-place for me. But since the kingdom of God, as I said, is still a mystery, though so many men call themselves Christians, why should a believer, a minister of the word, complain if he, too, must conceal himself from people?

"I well observe that you are learned and I am not learned." He drew forth his little Bible from one of the long skirts of his sadly worn coat. "I have merely read and re-read this one holy Book. But I believe God would have been with me even had I not known this Book." He kissed the Bible, and continued, "God is so large in my heart that it is an impossible thought for me to think that he is bound to some book or other. A book in itself is wonderful, especially for those who cannot read. I believe the fear of the Bible may come from the times when it must still have seemed inconceivable to men to see books

speak, to see them, in a certain sense, live. And all the more so this book which I have in my hand.

"But God lives only in me, not in the Bible. If I hide the Bible here under the stones and let it lie there, and no man who can read and in whom it can awaken to life ever finds it, it remains dead. It is always dead. We alone are alive. The Bible without me is dead as a stone. I, on the other hand, without the Bible, if God wills it, am a vessel of His grace, completely filled with the Holy Ghost."

Emanuel pointed to his red-lashed eyes.

"With these eyes that look outward and inward I shall either see God Himself, or never see Him." He pointed to the sun in the pale sky. "Whosoever sees not the sun looks first in a book. For such an one God hath no tongue to speak. The supreme instrument of God's revelation is man, not a book, no matter what sort of a book it may be. But man, as an instrument of the revelation, created another means for human-divine revelation, the Bible. The Bible," said Quint, "is nothing but a letter by which men who are remote from one another — as a matter of fact, all of us are remote each from the other in time and space — tell of their life and sufferings and that which God wrought in them. God hallows men, men hallow the Bible, and man through the Bible can hallow man. Thus was I hallowed by Jesus through the Bible."

An expression of profound gladness appeared on the Fool's face.

"We must be satisfied with the pure, quiet knowledge of this. It is enough if I feel that no one — nothing! — not even a Bible! stands between me and God. But at my side stands my brother, the Son of

man, Jesus who died from love of his brethren for God's sake.

"Such things cannot be expressed to those who, awaiting the relief of their sufferings, work for the satisfaction of their desires. Least of all to those who see a God in human form instead of the Holy Ghost. They live in hopes! I live in certainty! It is true, when I look again upon the misery of men from which I fled, the old heartache, the old horror, the old despair renew their hold on me, and I feel ashamed of my happiness.

"Such moments," Quint continued, "sometimes seize me so strongly that I should like to make an end of myself this way or that. Once I hear a call, 'Save your heavenly things from the world! Leave the world and flee still farther into God!' Another time, though I know why Christ died for us, I am driven to sacrifice myself like Him upon the cross for mankind's sake. I cannot succeed in not loving men, even when their conduct is gross. There is a great helplessness in all of them. When I see men senselessly raging against themselves I feel a compassion rising within me, a compassion so painful that it amounts to torture. They are blind. They know not what they do."

While speaking Emanuel paced up and down on the narrow, hard-trodden path in front of his shelter, taking long strides. The brothers, each seated on a large square block of granite, listened gravely without interrupting. By their looks they told each other that of all the remarkable things that had happened to them in their lives this was the most remarkable, this unexpected adventure on an innocent Whitsunday excursion.

Each of them carried a memorandum book in his pocket to jot down all sorts of observations and conceits for use in later literary works — they intended to produce immortal literary works. So their attitude to Quint was as to an object under observation, an interesting bit of "copy," of help to them in perfecting their knowledge of the German folk-soul.

They came to an understanding with each other by their glances and put this question to him, What was his actual aim in life, his real intentions, what did he mean to do in the future, how and for what did he contemplate working, what were his hopes?

"Jesus!" Quint gave instead of an answer after a few moments' pause. "Jesus, Jesus! I want nothing, only to live like Jesus."

Quint said he loved men, but he had always felt alien and alone among them. His being did not emerge from "the earnest expectation of the creature" until he learned of Jesus, the Son of man. From that time on he still felt alien, like Jesus, only on earth, but also like Jesus at home on earth.

Jesus had become the mediator for him and remained the mediator, not only between him and God, but also between him and men, between him and the earth — "all of nature," he added expressly. There are innumerable ways leading to God. But he, Quint, was a man, and it was natural to him and by no means a sin before God or against God to love God in man. "I am a man," he said again, "and the fate allotted me on earth can be nothing but a human appearance of God. No one has ever given so pure an example of God's way on earth as Jesus Christ. So the life of Jesus, the imitation of Christ, is my goal! Unity in spirit with Jesus is my true life.

"'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' So said the Saviour. And that is the word by which I will act, and none other. I will seek the least of my brethren and do unto him as if he were Jesus Christ — Jesus the Saviour needing help, in earthly distress. To accomplish anything else in this world will be far from me. I will kiss the wounds of the Saviour, the marks of the nails. I will wash his wounds as best lies in my power. I will assuage his pain. And the wounds of any man whosoever shall be unto me the wounds of Jesus."

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It was not until late in the afternoon, long after they had finished the meal the shepherd had brought them, that the Hassenpflug brothers left Emanuel. They climbed up trails the Fool showed them to a lively mountain hospice built on a crag between two sheer descents and rising into a defiant tower of granite blocks. When Emanuel disappeared from view, they rubbed their eyes as if they had each dreamed the same dream and had just awakened in the full daylight. As they continued climbing they congratulated each other upon again living at the end of the nineteenth century, not about nineteen hundred years earlier. With that the intermezzo of their merry mountain tour seemed to be concluded.

On again reaching the ridge of the mountain they made for the castle-like shelter along with a troop of tourists, all in high spirits. Like the rest of the excursionists they did not fail to enjoy the wide prospect or turn their field-glasses upon important points on both the Prussian and the Bohemian sides.

As for Quint he lay down on his couch of moss in his little hut, and mused upon the recent events. He had fled because something, he knew not what, seemed to threaten the freedom of his resolve, because dark shapes, without heed for his newly won faith, his new knowledge, tried to draw him into a strong current which might sweep away everything, carry it off, who knows where, into the abyss of falsehood, to eternal death.

"I will remain alone," thought Quint — his meeting with the Hassenpflug brothers had brought him to this thought again! — "Alone I shall lead no one astray, and no one will lead me astray! I shall not be a vexation to the world, and the world will not vex me. With all my thoughts I will live in quiet immersion in the Saviour, like John the Disciple, whom Christ loved.

"Verily I am not an Egyptian sorcerer," he continued to commune with himself. "I never pretended in any way to be one of those who shew signs and wonders. I know what Jesus said in Mark viii: 12, 'Verily there shall no sign be given to this generation.'"

But there was something in Emanuel Quint that always undermined the determination to live for himself without regard for others. It was his heart, his love for his fellow-beings. His love kept alive within him like an open wound a painful compassion, so that he necessarily felt the "Be locked in close embrace, ye millions!" in the rejoicing of his soul and in the bitter anguish of his own sufferings.

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Quint had been pondering after this fashion about half an hour or more and lay on the moss couch with

closed eyes between waking and sleeping, when he felt the breath of a living creature upon him. He opened his eyes and started in alarm. Bending over him was a man with a face repulsively hideous, a face the like of which Quint had never before seen.

Quint sprang to his feet. The hideous man quietly removed a pack from his shoulders and placed it in the hut, all without a word or sign of greeting. He was a smuggler, peaceful, but notorious for his slyness.

He had the face of a baboon. A broad flat nose, pitch-black hair, a low bulge instead of a human forehead, tiny little dog's eyes, and a broad, round protuberant muzzle. On his upper lip the black hair was thin, but his throat and his cheeks up to his temples and under his eyes were covered with a heavy growth. This creature, which after all was to be addressed as a man, was small but powerfully built. His garments consisted of some sort of breeches, a sort of coat, and a sort of shirt. His shirt stood open in the front and revealed his body covered with thick hair like an animal's almost to the navel.

The smuggler evidently took Quint for a colleague. He went out of the hut, and squatted on all fours at the rill in the knee-pine, and greedily lapped the ice-cold glacier water like a poodle. His thirst was great. He had behind him a long, wearisome climb from the Hirschberger valley up over all sorts of criss-cross ways, which he took alternately, scarcely ever going to the same place for a rest more than once a year.

His smuggler's tricks, his great good humour, and, by no means least, his awful ugliness, had made him renowned over a wide district as Bohemian Joe.

He entered the hut again and remarked to Quint,

"It's uncertain to-day." With that he took up his pack, disappeared, and returned without the pack. "We shall not be able to stay here after all," he said, and pointed to the peak surmounted by the hospice.

The people up there looking like ants were crawling about on the edge of the crag and emitting shouts, which, echoing through the rocky corridors, seemed to bear no relation to the insects that produced them.

"That's for us," said Bohemian Joe in his mountain dialect. He lingered a while, and unpacked the large crusty end of the loaf of bread wrapped in a gay cloth. He wanted to lay in a cargo for the trip.

Now the two men heard the barking of dogs. Since Quint had the clearest conscience in the world, he could not see how the shouting of men and the barking of dogs concerned him. But the eyes of Bohemian Joe, keen as an eagle's, had already discerned a forester, a frontier soldier, and another man in uniform.

"Hurry up! Now we've got to sprint."

With a leap and a bound he was at his pack strapping it on his shoulder. Had it not been for the dogs, he might have left it there temporarily. He beckoned to Quint to follow him. A cunning smile on his lips closed like an ape's seemed to say, "If they catch us now, no more Bohemian Joe."

Mechanically, without knowing exactly why, Quint followed the smuggler. For some time they crept along obscure paths, themselves completely hidden by the knee-pine. Strangely enough they made for the very direction from which the three pursuers were approaching. They crossed and re-crossed a stream several times to put the dogs off the scent, and at the very moment that the forester, the frontier soldier, and the gendarme began to make search in Quint's hut,

they found themselves unseen directly at the base of the crag surmounted on high by the hospice.

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The forester, the frontier inspector, and the gendarme had met by chance in the hospice, where a good beer was served. There the tourists had told them of the strange Fool who made the mountain-side unsafe. So the man of law, the gendarme, felt he had to face the discharge of a very tedious task that his superiors had assigned to him. A sheriff of the district of Reichenbach had sent a circular letter to various officials of the district of Hirschberg saying that one Emanuel Quint had disappeared from his native village, that a search was being made for the said Quint, because from the reports of a number of trustworthy witnesses he was suspected of all sorts of public mischief, the same having been proved in various parishes, and so on. Even his mother, the wife of a carpenter, had nothing good to say for him. Moreover, it was to be established whether it was not necessary to place the said Quint in a workhouse or the county insane asylum. For all these reasons the police officers were requested to arrest the said Quint wherever they came upon him.

In addition passers-by had recognised the Hassenpflug brothers as Quint's companions, and pointed them out to the gendarme. Whereat the gendarme, his spurs jingling, strode over to the table at which the students sat. They were slow to answer him, and intentionally gave him inaccurate information, and joked him teasingly. They mixed so much Latin with their banter and altogether were so hard to understand that the gendarme, though several times turning red with rage, could not take exception to what they said.

The inn-keeper, the lessee of the hospice, now stepped up to invite the gendarme to the use of his spy-glass, a long telescope set up on the peak of a rock outside, for which tourists paid to peep through. The frontier officer and the forester accompanied the host and the gendarme; and the sensation-seekers among the hospice guests of course trundled after.

For weeks the host had seen by means of the spy-glass, a strange man down below in an unfrequented part of the mountain-side. He seemed to be leading the life of a hermit.

And now as they looked they could clearly see him at the entrance to the little hut. And what was more, they saw him in the company of Bohemian Joe.

"Unfortunately," said the forester when they found the birds flown, "unfortunately, while we were looking through the telescope, the people made too much of a hullabaloo. That Bohemian Joe needn't be warned twice."

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Bohemian Joe's flight — Quint followed him the whole time — lasted for hours. Finally they reached a hut on the Bohemian side where they might feel secure at least from the Prussian officials. From the hut they had a wide prospect far over the beautiful old woodlands of Bohemia into Austria. It was situated in so solitary a spot that the other dwellings scattered here and there in the labyrinth of the high-walled valleys looked like toy buildings of a dwarf race.

In the interior the hut was propped up by a number of black posts, through which, to reach the room proper, you had to wind your way as through the uprights of a shaft. Across the ceiling of the living

room a split beam hung so low that Quint with his head brushed down from the deep holes in it some of the sawdust made by the wood-worms. The sun had set. A pale light entered through the dim window panes — where there were panes and not holes stuffed with straw or nailed up with boards.

Here, in this room, Bohemian Joe seemed to be at home, though nobody greeted him. He took off his pack in the dark, and lit a match at a crack between the tiles of the stove. It sputtered up and filled the room with a sharp smell of phosphorus. With the match he hunted about and found a tallow candle stuck in the mouth of a bottle. Slowly the light spread and revealed a woful picture of neglect. Even Bohemian Joe felt he had to weaken the impression by saying the place looked a bit "curious."

Quint, though familiar with misery, was compelled to admit it was curious. He was almost driven back into the open air by the vile, choking smell of ordure, decay, and cold damp. At the instant the candle caught light he saw four or five mice scamper in all directions across the black clay floor. Indeed, little suspicious scurrying sounds came from all over, from the window-sills and the table, that filled one corner of the room. Joe explained:

"That is what happens when they eat up the cats."

But Quint was already fascinated by another, a phantomlike sight, and paid no attention to what Joe said. Was it a real thing he saw or only an illusion of his soul wearied by all the impressions of the day? It seemed to him as if in the faint pale moonlight at the window, or formed of the moonlight, there was sitting an old, old woman, snow-white against the black of the room.

Quint, moved by profound awe, must have whispered something very softly, because Joe encouraged him to be wholly at his ease and speak aloud. He said the old woman was one hundred and ten years old, some even averred one hundred and fourteen. Many were of the opinion she could never die. She could not die because in her lifetime she had not been altogether right. By that he meant to say she had done godless things, had impiously practised witchcraft, and as punishment she was unable to obtain the peace of death.

At that moment a strange, wonderful sound filled the room, a sort of singing which, though accompanied by words, was so supernaturally soft and touching that you could not believe it came from a human throat. Little boys do not sing that way, nor little girls, nor yet trained singers of this world, such as Quint had heard in the village churches. No voice exercised a power so quiet, so puzzling, so harrowing.

Emanuel instantly forgot himself and his surroundings. Unconsciously, involuntarily he went over and stood opposite the old woman — for she it was and none other who sang. Tears ran down his face, but he was unaware of them. As if investigating a mystery of strange regions he searched the large, rigid, noble features of the centenarian. Her skin was withered, but tenderly transparent and shining like a child's, and long loose snowy locks flowed about her face. There was not the least perceptible movement of her thin white lips as the simple words quivered from the sublime old woman's soul.

"My little shirt is sewed,
My little bed is made.
Come, oh, come,
Thou last, eternal night!"

Bohemian Joe burst out laughing.

"That song," he said, "this isn't the first time the shrivelled old hag has droned it. But she won't die for a good long time yet. There's things, there's all sorts of things in the world. One can do them, another can't. She knew how. She was a tough 'un."

Suddenly a goat bleating loudly came in from the outside and poked its snout at the old woman sitting in the pale moonlight like a figure of snow. But she did not stir. She kept her eyes fixed in front of her. Her withered, crooked hands lay dead in her lap. With her inner senses she seemed to belong to another realm of creation. With her outer senses she seemed to be lifeless.

"Well, now for something to eat," said Bohemian Joe, and went into the entry. From there Quint soon heard the worn-out squeak of a barrel-organ. That was the way in which Joe, who always possessed a surplus of good humour, advertised his presence in the organ-grinder's hut. Whereat the almost septuagenarian grandson of the old woman, an organ-grinder, came groping his way down the ladder from his box-room in the loft.

As he descended, stepping on the creaking rounds emitting rude sounds intelligible only to Joe, he resembled a gigantic tower wrapped in rags. As soon as he reached the floor he began to break twigs over his knees until he had a large bundle of them ready. He gathered them up in the skirts of his military coat as women gather things in their aprons, carried the fagots into the living-room, and let them drop in front of the stoke-hole of the oven. Joe kept speaking to him the whole time.

Quint still stood sunk in observation of the old

woman while the goat eagerly licked the palm of his left hand. Half alive to what was going on around him he heard names mentioned, the names, probably, of men who plied their trade in secret ways no differently from Joe. And a little later, when steps in the entry announced visitors, he concluded they must be the smugglers Joe had spoken of.

Three contrabandists now actually made their appearance. They gave Joe a loud, lively greeting, evidently delighted to be in a secure place of rest after long, wearisome wanderings. Again the barrel-organ resounded from the vestibule, where it was kept on a bench built in the house. Joe in his love of fun had set it going.

Soon after the smugglers were seated at the table shuffling cards and passing about a Selters bottle filled with corn brandy. When it reached Quint, he handed it on without taking a drink.

That made him the butt of some coarse remarks.

And many such remarks were aimed at the old woman. The smugglers, though they had dishonoured the holy day, made up by celebrating it freely with brandy. They called her ugly names and abused and reviled her, speaking aloud. One of the smugglers then wanted to know whence Quint came and whither he was going.

Without replying the Fool arose and kissed the old woman's hands. Then he walked over to her grandson, who was shoving the iron pot of potatoes into the oven, to ask him some questions, among others where the old woman's bed was. The shaggy-headed brute of an organ-grinder pointed to an old bare frame of boards in the corner. Quint took the ancient woman in his arms, and carried her there. It was a surprisingly, startlingly light burden.

The freak of a man now acted the part of the Good Samaritan and professional physician. He brought water and washed the old woman, who trembled strangely under his kindly touch, and began to draw long, slow, deep breaths.

The players did not lower their voices, yet they refrained from interfering.

One of them was a small, pale, hump-backed fellow by the name of Schwabe, once a tailor. Heaven knows how he came to take up the profession of smuggling. Shy as a rule, yet, curiously enough, most daring, as the other smugglers knew, when it came to actual danger. There was something droll about him which inclined the roughest hearts in his favour. Besides, he was ever ready to do a service, so that he always stood in people's good graces. He was a Protestant. Nevertheless he stopped before all the so-called *marterln* [1] on the Bohemian side, and prayed, and while ascending the mountains he sang indiscriminately profane songs and pious hymns. He was full of odd conceits which made his companions laugh. He gave them descriptions of the world originating in his own limited understanding, which met with some credulity and some scepticism, and made him and his entertainment prized.

Schwabe, instead of playing cards, read trash from a smeary newspaper. But now he looked up from the paper to follow Quint's doings with some interest. He drew his companions' attention from their cards and began to give one of those marvellous accounts always at the disposal of his gift of gab.

Something wonderful had happened to him to-day, he said, and added as he never failed to,

[1] Small pictures representing a person's death by an accident in the mountains.

"You don't believe it. But I tell you, I swear a holy oath, it's so."

"Well, what is it, tailor?" the others asked.

"It's as true as I am sitting here. This morning I saw Klenner's wife washing out pails, carrying water to the cows in the stalls, and climbing up to the hay-loft, just as good as ourselves."

"Klenner's wife? She's been paralysed for years. She get up from her chair?"

"That's what I'm telling you. They took her to Schubert's hut this morning, and she came back spry as a weasel."

Then he went on to give a highly decorated account of what had happened that morning in front of Schubert's hut. In his narrative Emanuel figured as a sort of medical wonder-worker. Twice he had saved the Sultan and the Emperor of Austria from certain death. In Hungary or somewhere under a stone he had found the recipe for a salve said to be an all-powerful remedy. But the most remarkable thing, Schwabe thought, was this, that the wonder-worker all of a sudden vanished as into thin air from the very midst of the crowd.

"Wait a bit," said Bohemian Joe amid the laughter of the others. He had risen at the tailor's last words. "Let's take a closer look at the fellow over there."

In one of those moods that suddenly came upon him he refused to play cards any longer. The others so far having been the losers raised a howl. But the little man was not to be moved.

Something, he knew not what, had flashed through his mind. Had Quint from the beginning made an inexplicable impression upon him? Or did it sud-

denly occur to him that it was a sin for him, good Catholic that he was, to be gambling on Whitsunday? Or was he of a sudden seized with pity for the old woman whom death seemed to have forgotten? However that may be, he got up, went over to the Fool, and sighing oddly, began to philosophise upon the sadness of existence in general and that of the old woman in particular.

When a person came to Emanuel speaking in such a tone he knew the soil had been prepared, and forthwith commenced to sow the seed of the kingdom. Each time he began that way, he spoke so purely and simply that to everybody, no matter what his nature, it seemed less of a beginning than something long, long known. Nothing to sunder or separate was any longer present. What was inmost and truest in man's nature was bound without hindrance to all that is inmost and truest.

The old woman lying on the boards stretched out straight and stark felt cold even though Emanuel had covered her up to the chin with his own jacket and all sorts of rags. So Joe went to fetch a brick for her that had been warmed up on the hearth. Whereat a stream of ridicule poured over him from the table where the gamblers sat. Even more fell to Quint's share for having drawn away their companion. All at once Bohemian Joe was seized with one of his dreaded fits of anger. Holding the brick aloft he suddenly stood in front of the rowdies — an immediate threat not to be misunderstood from one of his wild nature.

Often in taverns the hideous gypsy-like little fellow had given samples of his herculean strength —"just for fun." And he had served a few terms in jail for acts of violence committed when he was out of his

senses. For as a rule he was a good-natured creature. Now a word from the Fool summoned him back to the old woman's deathbed.

Schwabe, too, left his place by the gamblers, and shambled shyly to the bed. A peculiar solemn certainty had arisen in his mind that here at last was the near end of a more than hundred-year life-struggle. Hence it did not seem surprising to him when Quint explained this in a loud voice to the old woman's aged grandson.

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But almost eight hours were still needed before the old woman could breathe her last. It happened at the time when the sun in its might broke forth from the gates of the east casting dark red beams, which coloured the waxen yellow face with purple patches. Quint bound the dead woman's sagging jaw with a piece of coarse blue linen that Schwabe proffered, tying it firmly over her fine, rosy bare head. Then hushed silence prevailed in the room, while the light of the morning spread.

The other smugglers had betaken themselves off long before. But Quint sat with Schwabe and Joe at the very table the gamblers had tossed their cards and beat their fists on. He spoke or read from the Bible. He had slept little, and at the sight of the old woman had always thought of his own mother. She must have missed him. He pictured to himself how painful every mother's fate is and how the burden of a long life is made still heavier by loneliness. Bohemian Joe having been a foundling had never known a father or mother. Schwabe, after his seventh year, had been exclusively in his mother's care, and when fourteen

years old his mother had once taken him to see a man kept behind lock and key in the prison of a large city. The man, he was told, was his father.

Somewhat stirred and brought close to one another by similar recollections, a grave meditative spirit took hold of them and caused them to speak of serious things.

"Why," asked Joe addressing Emanuel in an altered, respectful tone, "why, after she died, did you stand at the window so long, crying? Were you related to her?"

"Because," answered Emanuel, "life is unutterably painful to most of us." Then he went on to speak of the darkness of this night-enveloped earth and how the spirits of the departed are transfigured by the purification of life — for life is always a purification! Since they seemed not to understand, he read from Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians:

"And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God.

"For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.

"And I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling.

"And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power:

"That your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God.

"Howbeit we speak wisdom among them that are perfect: yet not the wisdom of this world, nor of the princes of this world, that come to nought:

"But we speak the wisdom of God in a mystery,

even the hidden wisdom, which God ordained before the world unto our glory;

"Which none of the princes of this world knew: for had they known it, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory.

"But as it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard."

These words read without pathos had an effect very different from the effect of the Bible when read from the pulpit. They aroused his listeners' eagerness for knowledge. And since it is natural in man always to be looking for the revelation of something concealed, they hoped through Emanuel to see both himself and the Scriptures explained, which intimated things so puzzling. But Emanuel had chosen that particular passage thinking it would speak for him both in regard to what he said and what he left unsaid. All he accomplished was that the two men inquired about the very mystery which they, only half convinced, supposed was the wonderful power that knew the right moment at which to heal and at which to kill.

Thus Emanuel was compelled to say he had chosen to be a messenger of the Gospel of his own free will. As a child he had received the baptism of those who were dead, lukewarm, false Christians. Later he had received the baptism of John the Baptist, and finally the baptism of the Holy Ghost. This, the last, baptism contained the mystery of the kingdom.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ," he continued, "be with us all. Amen."

With that he arose and was about to depart when a neatly, simply clad woman entered. It was the wife of the school teacher of a poor community in the neighbourhood. For years she had been sending or

bringing the old woman soup. Now she saw she was dead, and when she fully realised how her weak attempt at benevolence had been outdone by a stronger hand, she sank into silence, visibly moved.

CHAPTER VI

The teacher's wife had recognised Quint as soon as she entered the room. It was not the first time she had seen him. About a week before, co-religionists in Prussia had recommended the Scharf brothers to her husband as exemplary ministers of the Word. He gave them a hearty welcome, as was to be expected from one of those who await the coming of Christ. When they told him the object of their journeyings, the simple man expressed some slight astonishment, if not actual scruples, even though they had refrained from speaking of the delusion that dominated them. Their ardour, their eagerness to find Quint, their extravagant admiration of him, the praise they lavished upon him — all this, perforce, troubled the teacher. So also the fact that the brothers had sold their homestead.

He did not keep his concern hidden from his wife. It is always a serious matter if industrious workmen leave their work and go about idle. But still more serious if they accept too credulously or put too literal a construction upon things which, if not taken with allowances, are apt to produce mischief. Thus, the prophecies of a former quack named Thomas, that the world was soon coming to an end, seemed to have become an irrefutable article of faith to the brothers. And Emanuel's calling as an apostle was raised above the least shadow of doubt.

The teacher deemed it his duty to warn the brothers of the false prophets which come in sheep's clothing,

of whom the Bible speaks with abhorrence. But he had to admit that after hours, aye, days, spent in praying, singing, and striving, the belief in the divine mission of the vagrant whom they sought remained as firmly rooted in their souls as ever.

They were not to be shaken. Of no avail the long discourses by which the pious zealots changed night into day, mindful of the word, "Watch therefore; for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh." Finally, the result to be expected came about — Stoppe the teacher was almost drawn into the whirlpool. At all events he, too, began to look for Quint's coming with some of the tenseness of expectancy.

Scepticism, even in persons of culture and strong character, cannot hold out permanently against absolute conviction. All the less so in a person ready to believe, like the teacher. And the Scharf brothers kept at him constantly, telling him again and again of Quint's sermon in the market-place of the county seat, of the miracle he had wrought with their father, of many answers to prayers, and remarkable cures. He was at last convinced — by facts, he thought — of Quint's wonder-working power. However, he was not sure if Quint's power and mission on earth proceeded from heaven or from hell. It might even come, he thought, from mesmeric magnetism joined to a misguided love of the Saviour, a love that had still to be purged.

After a time the teacher got the brothers into the home of the Schuberts. Here for weeks they kept up their search for Quint, growing more excited from hour to hour. He who has ever experienced how a pet illusion for the realisation of which he makes

actual efforts, sometimes against all reason, reaches enormous proportions, will not be at all astonished that the Schubert household became the hotbed of many fantastic misbeliefs and hallucinations.

When Quint was at last discovered and the Schuberts took him under their roof, the brothers visited the teacher to tell him of their happy find and report all the new wonders of Quint. They asked the teacher to return with them. He held back, using important duties as a pretext. But Mrs. Stoppe could not resist her growing curiosity. The evening of the very same day she went to Schubert's hut, and reached it just as Quint was going out to wander by himself in the moonlight in the solitudes of the mountain ridge.

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At about ten o'clock in the morning of the day the old woman died Mrs. Stoppe took Quint back to the school with her. The school was a tiny log house with a garden in front, where the teacher, a man of about forty, was busy with his bee hives. He saw his wife and the stranger coming, and was peculiarly, perhaps a bit uncomfortably, moved. But he went to meet his wife, and held out his hand to her companion.

Mrs. Stoppe, noticing how greatly exhausted Emanuel was, went in to prepare a room for him. In the meanwhile the teacher showed him his bees. Emanuel went straight up to the hives. The teacher warned him. But Emanuel without the least fear let the excited bees crawl over his face and hands. He even plucked them from his hair and dusty feet and set them back at the hole.

It was in a very sweet bed that Quint soon after laid himself to sleep, and it was in an exquisitely clean

kitchen — also the living-room — amid shining pots and pans of earthen and pewter ware that Mrs. Stoppe sat some time later telling her husband where she had found Quint in the morning. The incident of the old woman's death and, unfortunately, the Fool himself had made an unmistakable impression upon her. She was profoundly stirred by the strange circumstance that the old woman, whom everybody avoided, who could not die, they said, because of her past sins, had died almost in his arms. He had set her soul free.

"If he had been with us, that time, the good, pious man, our children would not have died," she said, and began to weep silently, rising at the same time, and busying herself at the hearth.

The thing that had given this woman the real content of her lonely existence had been two children. They left behind them a new content for her life — her mourning for them.

Stoppe chided his wife.

"We should be resigned," he said. "We should not be impatient. We should be glad. As the apostle says, our flesh shall rest in hope of the Lord. But we must not be too eager in our hope. Every day we should open our windows and keep watch against false prophets. For Jesus, the true Saviour, said, as you can read in St. Luke, chapter xxi, verse 8, 'Take heed that ye be not deceived: for many shall come in my name saying, I am Christ; and the time draweth near: go ye not therefore after them.' And in St. Matthew it says, 'There shall arise false Christs, and false prophets, and shall shew great signs and wonders; insomuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect.' Therefore let us be on our guard."

"I do not believe," said his wife, "that he thinks or does wrong things, or bears evil in his heart. Besides, I did not say I took him to be a prophet. He himself does not consider he is. It seems to me he speaks as a man, acts as a man, and walks simply as a man."

The teacher shook his soft St. John's head doubtfully.

"We cannot help putting upon him the responsibility for much of what happened, and you know the responsibility has been put upon him. Let each man do his duty, and serve God in secret in the place that has been assigned to him. In answer to my prayers He put me in this remote spot, where I seem the nearer to Him the farther I am from people. God blessed me in my doings, and He daily makes it clear to me that I am not entirely useless to my people and their children scattered about here in their poverty-stricken huts. That, I think, should be enough for us."

Stoppe's wife was the daughter of a minister, and various misfortunes in her father's house had taught her to think.

"Because Emanuel Quint," she said, "serves the Saviour in a different manner, we must not conclude that he is all wrong and evil."

She reminded her husband of the community of the saints founded by the apostles and still accepted even from the pulpits as existent in Christ. And shoving a freshly baked pancake still in the pan under the teacher's nose she expressed the strong conviction that Quint, if anyone in the community, was a true, genuine saint.

"He is making my people unruly," said the teacher. "They run about with heated brains, and tell one an-

other absurdities. They will get themselves and me into trouble." The teacher spoke somewhat testily, lapsed into silence, ate his pancake, and then went on, "And whom will the police blame? The man that shelters him. Who but I will have to bear the consequences if the scandal spreads?"

"It all depends," his wife rejoined, "upon whether Quint is a deceiver or a true Christian. If he is a true Christian and truly filled with the pure apostolic spirit, we do not have to stop and question whether to reject or follow him. Because the greatest good that can befall us upon earth is to suffer for the sake of Him who unhesitatingly died upon the cross for us."

To this the teacher had nothing to say.

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At about two o'clock in the afternoon Anton Scharf called upon the teacher, entering the house noisily. He was pale and nervous and his lips twitched uneasily under his blond, pointed little beard. His brown hair stood up on end like a brush. He called out a lively "How do you do?" and threw his cap carelessly on one of the benches of the little schoolroom. Mr. and Mrs. Stoppe were just then engaged in hanging a picture of Christ walking upon the Sea of Galilee.

Anton Scharf's excitement was of a peculiar sort. There was a certain solemnity at the bottom of it, with an admixture of wildness, of defiance, and eagerness for fight, even eagerness for violence.

"Brother," he shouted, so that the schoolroom fairly shook, "the signs and wonders multiply. These past few days we have seen things that everybody should take to heart. We have seen the living power of the

apostles, the living power of God. I say unto you, a child has been born unto us that is now walking in our midst, whose coming was prophesied in the Holy Writ. Not we alone have seen him. Hundreds of the poor, sick, weary, and heavy-laden have seen his countenance shine, have heard his voice — and were healed. Verily, verily, I say unto you, this one is more than an apostle and a prophet! The children of the world also feel his coming, and bestir themselves. They crane their necks, they scent the day of judgment. They are up and abroad to seize him with swords and staves. But nowhere is it written that Jesus shall be crucified by them a second time."

The misguided man raised his fist and shook it at the Prussian side of the mountains, whence, it seemed, he expected the onslaught of the enemies of God's kingdom.

"And when these things begin to come to pass," he continued, his eyes sparkling, "then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh." Concluding his peroration with this citation from St. Luke, he drew forth a huge red handkerchief, and wiped away the large drops of perspiration from his forehead and neck.

The teacher in a calm, almost icy voice, asked what it was all about. But it was no easy matter to get exact information from Scharf in the excited state he was in. So much, however, was certain, that the Prussian police were looking for Quint. The teacher had already heard this in the morning from passers-by. Finally Scharf recovered sufficiently to give a more accurate account.

In the morning a gendarme had come riding up on horseback to Schubert's hut, which was surrounded by just as many of the poor as on the day before. He

questioned a number of them roughly, and then ordered all of them to be off. He said repeatedly that the police were after Quint because he was nothing but a lazy fellow who shirked work. Next he went into the hut, his spurs jingling, his sabre dragging on the ground, and subjected the three Schuberts and Anton himself to a painful cross-examination — Martin was not present, having left the day before in search of Quint. The gendarme carefully noted everything in his memorandum book.

"I suppose he hoped he would find proof that we were beggars, or something worse," said Scharf. "But I gave him a piece of my mind, and I proved to him that we were independent men, not without means for the present, and that we did not have to apply to anyone for alms. Apparently that did not exactly suit his purpose. So you see how important it is now and in the future to be protected against want by having some means and be shielded from the wickedness of the children of the world."

It was plain to see that Anton's narrative and unrestrained manner disquieted Stoppe. His face turned pale.

"Brother Scharf," he said, calling him "Brother" in the usage of the Moravian Brethren, "we are bound by an express commandment of the Lord not to resist the authorities."

Scharf was taken aback. Stoppe urged him to be calm, and questioned him a long time, kindly and mildly, though almost in greater detail than the gendarme. He asked about Emanuel's previous life, whether sinful things were not concealed in his past.

"No," answered Brother Scharf, "I believe, I believe with all confidence."

He was convinced that Emanuel had fled because he had had foreknowledge of the coming of the gendarme. For that reason he was not fearful for Quint's safety.

Stoppe now told Anton that Quint was under the very same roof as himself. Anton started. He clapped his hard hand to his brow, as if something had suddenly become clear to him — the irresistible impulse that had sent him to the little log-house of the teacher.

The teacher looking out of the window saw that the same attractive force had been at work in others beside Anton. A number of the country folk were gathered there. His conscience was touched and being genuinely pious he proposed to turn to God in the apostolic way, and pray for enlightenment. He was convinced of the efficacy of prayer, believing in Jesus' promise, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do." He went to God in prayer for even lesser things, and when he exchanged pious opinions with co-religionists, he never failed to mention certain hints that God had let drop after his prayer, definite, unambiguous answers to his prayers.

The three now offered up silent and spoken prayers, to which the teacher's wife added a few gentle, fervent words. They earnestly besought the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost to disclose to them whether Emanuel Quint stood in God's favor or was possessed of a spirit of error.

Suddenly from under the window they heard the strains of a choral sung by women and children — the answer to their prayers.

"O Jesus, my sweet light,
Now is the night departed,
Now is Thy saving grace
To me again imparted."

And they joined in the chorus.

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It was Martha Schubert who had come singing the song. On hearing it a number of women and children and a few men had hastened up and swelled the chorus. The mere fact of its being Friday in Whitsuntide week would have brought them.

Bohemian Joe and Schwabe had advertised the old woman's death at the Inn of the Seven Valleys. They had spoken with loud-mouthed conviction of the saving effect produced, in their opinion, by the wonder-working physician. From the inn the report travelled, and went from house to house. That Quint was being harboured in the schoolhouse also became known.

And suddenly, before Stoppe could prevent him, Anton Scharf in a passion to give testimony threw open the window and shouted like a madman to the increasing crowd, uttering words that came rushing to his mind from the Acts of the Apostles.

"For Moses truly said unto the fathers, A Prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you of your brethren, like unto me; him shall ye hear in all things whatsoever he shall say unto you. And it shall come to pass, that every soul, which will not hear that Prophet, shall be destroyed from among the people."

While all this was happening at the front of the house, the prophet was sleeping a death-like sleep in the room under the gable. Mrs. Stoppe, when she saw the waves of excitement rising, and especially Brother Anton's loud-spoken enthusiasm, feared Quint might be awakened from his well-earned rest. She expressed her concern to Brother Anton and then to the multitude waiting outside, among whom she went with the perfect

confidence of a woman who knew each one personally, and who on occasion had done good to each.

She attempted to calm them, and herself a picture of composure, exhorted the crowd of poor people to be patient. She said Emanuel Quint was undoubtedly a true and upright minister of God. That was enough! There was no need to ascribe powers and intentions to him that were absolutely incompatible with his simple humility.

The effect of this last admonition was nullified by many voices raised at the same time to protest emphatically that Emanuel had performed miracles which excluded all doubt.

At this point the former tailor's apprentice Schwabe elbowed his way through the jabbering throng to Mrs. Stoppe. Stuttering and stammering, as was his way, he told her he had something to say to her in private. In the dark entry, where Mrs. Stoppe stood holding the door shut with her hand on the knob, Schwabe told her that on the Austrian side they were also hot in pursuit of Quint, and it was by no means improbable — and nobody need be surprised — that the police would appear at the schoolhouse in less than an hour. A minute later Schwabe was repeating his statement in the schoolroom to the teacher and Anton Scharf.

The teacher said if it was the gendarme from the Spindelmühle, he could probably prevent Quint's being arrested. Perhaps, too, he might answer for him otherwise if only the many poor people were not standing about the schoolhouse, since that in the eyes of the police was an offence.

"But Quint is without means of support," he continued. "So possibly in spite of anything we say, they

will take him right over the border into Prussia and deliver him to the police there."

Finally the teacher concluded it was wisest to awaken Quint and tell him everything.

While they were debating what to do, Martin Scharf put in appearance, and asked if Quint was in the house. At the general "Yes" the man, wearied by his long search and lack of sleep, broke down, sobbing and shedding tears of joy.

As when a spark falls upon a heap of inflammable material, the heap bursts into flames, so the little assemblage was set a-sobbing and crying by Martin Scharf's sudden transport. They fell into a paroxysm of brotherliness and community of spirit, weeping and embracing and bestowing apostolic kisses upon one another.

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Emanuel in his curtained room had after all been awakened by the uproar downstairs, and lay on his back listening and busying his brain with scruples. He immediately interpreted the noises as applying to himself, having learned to recognise them at the Schuberts'. He knew a credulous multitude, demanding help in their great need, was awaiting him outside. Involuntarily folding his hands, he prayed to the Divine in profound introspection.

It was always the essence of his prayers to place himself as an instrument entirely under the will of the Godhead. He looked back upon the past few days. He had not the feeling of having sought anything in life other than God, nor of having come the way to the teacher's house of his own volition. Yet he asked, "Did I walk in the right way? Did I indeed do not my will but Thine?" And trying in his spirit to

destroy the last remnant of his own will, he threw himself on his face before God and implored:

" Make of me nothing but a word, a breath, a glance, a pulse-beat of Thee!

" It is said Christ left the power to perform miracles to his apostles. I am not an apostle. I am wholly unworthy to be an apostle. The Saviour's love is like a sea. Mine is but a trickling rill. The true Saviour's love is a force that not only makes sick bodies whole, but with a breath changes souls condemned to hell into blessed angels in heaven. I am a blind man. On my closed eyelids rests the shadow of the shadow of such love. Yea, were I certain it were really the shadow of the shadow of the Saviour's love, I could with that alone turn the desert of the world into a millennial paradise.

" But I cannot perform wonders. Far be it from me to believe I could do more than has already been wrought by the abundant grace of the eternal wisdom. Is it for me to wish to improve Thy work, thou Holy Ghost? I am not so arrogant. I harbour not in myself such madness of presumption.

" Thou knowest, Thou which art in me! Nothing is hidden from Thee! But why sendest Thou these needy ones to me, who seek what is earthly, not divine, something of which the children of the world perhaps deprive them, not the children of heaven? They fill me with pity. My heart overflows with compassion. And with all my soul I would give them of the heavenly that is in me. How much more of the earthly! For it is nothing to me to part with the earthly. Lead me! Teach me whether and how I should show compassion and love to my brothers and sisters groping in terrestrial darkness! Or should I turn from them and their piti-

ful, bitter, fleeting needs and return wholly to Thine heart?

"But why forsooth have I been placed here in the world? Why was I sent down in this earthly body of frailty and bear Thee in me like a light? Should I not light the way for my brothers? For whom should the way be lit if not for them that sit in darkness? To whom should God be brought if not to the godless? Who should be led back home if not the stray sheep? Who should be comforted and led up to light if not they that have been thrust into darkness, where there is wailing and gnashing of teeth? Who returns home and is received with love and rejoicing by his father? None other than the prodigal son, who takes his small portion of goods in arrogance and eats husks with the swine."

And Quint tossed about in bed, and wrung his hands, and pressed his face in the pillows, and whispered sobbing:

"Father, I have sinned against heaven and in Thy sight. Lord, Lord, I am no more worthy to be called Thy son."

A feeling of profound remorse came upon him, joined to the glowing desire to suffer for the Father, die for Him, extinguish himself entirely. A feeling of sin filled him. But the cause of it was hidden. He could not recall that he had ever, like the prodigal son, wilfully gone into a far country. But he had no doubts of his own sin. And now he thought he understood not only why the stray sheep followed him, but also why armed men on horseback carrying death-dealing weapons were restlessly searching for him, why they were hunting him down like a wild animal. His sin was from long before. It resided in nothing earthly. It was not

that he endeavoured to imitate God and follow in Jesus' steps, but that he had left the Father.

And for a long time he pondered upon the fall of man, revolving this thing and that in his soul, until with a sudden jerk he rose from bed, and said softly to himself:

"I will continue to serve you, my brothers and sisters."

And a new resolve formed within him. It enveloped him with a sort of joyous sublimity when he suddenly appeared in the schoolroom among the restless people. He loved the Scharf brothers, and they had a boundless human affection for him. They kissed his hands passionately, which for their sake he suffered them to do, smiling gently.

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As soon as the people outside recognised Quint's face through the window, they stormed up to the house. The teacher's wife succeeded in turning the key in the lock of the front door, but when Emanuel Quint ascended the little platform, the brothers persuaded her to open the door again. Women, children, old men, and young men streamed in, Bohemian Joe at their head. An expectant solemnity took hold of all. They quietly shoved one another into seats on the school-benches, and those for whom there were no seats stood crowded close together. So many had come, following a blind impulse, that the entry and front steps were crowded, and a broad place in front of the window was filled with an open-mouthed, staring throng.

Absolute silence prevailed before Quint began to speak. This sermon of his, accompanied by the cheeping of the sparrows outside, was spoken in a tone that

could not but move his hearers, though most of them did not understand it.

"The strength of Jesus," he began, "was made perfect in weakness. Therefore the apostle said, 'When I am weak, then am I strong.' Hence let no one fear because he is weak, or ignorant, or sick, or even poor. And let no one fear because he is persecuted by the children of the world. Jesus was crucified, his apostles persecuted and killed. But fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul. They that are dead will be killed, but they that are alive in Christ cannot be killed by the dead. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear," he continued. "Though we walk in the flesh, we do not war after the flesh. We are the peace, we are the love of God, nothing else. We are the spirit. Christ walked on earth in man's form. He still walks among us. But even though we have seen Him with our eyes, touched Him with our hands after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we Him no more except in the spirit.

"He is in us, and we are in Him. That is our solace and comfort, and we would rather walk in his spirit outside the body than walk in the body spiritward. Thus every affliction that besets us is light and but for a moment. For we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.

"Do they think to persecute, torture, and destroy us? They will dissolve our earthly house, but thereby only make manifest that we are a building of God; a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

"God the Lord is the spirit. And where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty. Therefore they cannot

seize us with swords and staves. They cannot cast us in a dungeon except it have many doors to the kingdom of heaven.

"Let it not make us sorry that we are foolish in the sight of the world. God hath chosen the foolish things of the world, the weak things of the world, and the base and despised things of the world. May God help you that ye be not foolish in the flesh, but that ye may partake of that foolishness of God which is wiser than men, and that weakness of God which is mightier than the strength of kings. May God help you to the hidden wisdom, that ye snatch not for bread, except it be the body of the Lord Jesus Christ, nor for wine, except it be the blood of the Lord! Nor for a banquet, except it be the Lord's supper! For when we are merry, we rejoice in the Lord; and when we are sorrowful, it is because of His affliction.

"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear. Cast out the natural man, die in the body, and be born again in the Spirit. The natural man receiveth nothing of what I say, he receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them. The natural man saith of me as the Jews said of Paul, 'He is a fool for Christ's sake.' But there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed, and they to whom our Gospel has remained hidden until this hour shall bide their time and in patience await the fulfilment of the promise.

"For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. Then we all, with open face, shall behold as in a glass the glory of the Lord.

"Ye men, dear brethren, ye women, dear sisters, fear

not because I am persecuted. For we have the testimony of our conscience that we have our conversation in the world in peace, in simplicity, and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom. It is our duty to preach Christ, reconciliation, and peace. If we are troubled on every side, yet we are not distressed. If we are perplexed, yet we are not in despair. If we are persecuted, yet our souls are not taken captive. If we are cast down, yet we remain free. For there is no love and no craving so ardent, so irresistible, as for all time to bear about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus and the life of the Lord Jesus in our hearts."

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Up to about the point in his speech where he said "Ye men, dear brethren, ye women, dear sisters, fear not," all had listened devoutly. Anton and Martin, of course, were completely carried away by the discourse of the Fool in Christ. But even the teacher had kept his eyes fixed unswervingly upon Quint's lips, and in listening to this new proclamation of the Spirit, he had set aside all his scruples regarding true and false prophets and obedience to the authorities. The teacher's wife and Martha Schubert, sitting on the edge of the low platform, had looked up at the preacher prayerfully. The teacher's wife was evidently overcome by a devotional spirit mounting almost to ecstasy.

But now low whispering began. Many of those sitting on the benches craned their necks. A baby in the crowd beneath the window set up a loud wail, and many faces turned from Emanuel to see what was happening outside. The whispering grew noisier. Of all those present it was Bohemian Joe who faced about upon the audience indignantly and commanded order.

For an instant there was silence. But the next mo-

ment there was a commotion outside as when a hawk descends upon a flock of sparrows. The people shrieked and scattered hastily. The outcry was taken up in the entry, from which the crowd jostling and buffeting one another stormed into the open. Next the women in the schoolroom set up wild shrieks of fright, and a panic ensued. The people losing their heads, made a rush for the door and window.

When those who were left in the room — Quint, the teacher and his wife, Martha Schubert, the Scharf brothers, Schwabe, and Bohemian Joe — had recovered from their astonishment, they were at a loss to account for the general flight. But the warning cry of "Police!" coming from the outside gave them the explanation.

Bohemian Joe shook his head and sighed aloud, "Well, well!" Then he set a bench straight that had been upset in the panic, and remarked, "That's the way people are," and quoted a sentence from the Bible that somehow had stuck in his memory, "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak."

Now Anton Scharf arose and made a somewhat disconnected harangue, speaking angrily and defiantly.

"If ye think as I do, dear brethren and sisters, let us lock with firm locks the tabernacle of God, the manger of the Lord, the new Bethlehem, against the onslaught of the world. Let us defend it with our hands. Here the fire of the Lord came out of the midst of the bush. Here the voice of the Lord called unto us out of the midst of the bush. The place whereon we stand is holy ground. No messenger of hell shall set foot here."

With that the man in his frenzy tore the low top-boots from his naked feet. This made the Fool smile faintly.

Quint had remained calm, and still remained calm, while expressing his disapproval of his faithful adherent's violence by shaking his head.

"We have nothing to do with force," he said. "It is the way of the true disciple of the Saviour not to resist evil — to resist not on earth and not with force.

"They that seek shall find me."

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In the meantime the teacher's wife had gone to meet two Austrian gendarmes, whom she had seen coming. The teacher was on the point of following in order to uphold her with the police, but changed his mind, and went up to Quint on the platform.

"Tell me," he asked straightforwardly, "what would you have us do?"

Quint stood up simply. He was a little pale. Shrugging his shoulders almost imperceptibly he answered:

"Walk in the steps of Jesus Christ."

And he went to the door composedly. His friends heard him go to his room.

The gendarme spoke to the teacher's wife with good-natured politeness, though they insisted upon arresting Quint, and that without delay, in compliance with their orders. On entering the schoolroom both gentlemen at the same time emitted an astonished "Aha!" There most unexpectedly they saw before them two persons, Schwabe and Bohemian Joe, whose reputation among the police on both sides of the border was the same. When the Scharfs gave their name, they were informed, to their astonishment, as if it were a pleasant bit of news, that they, too, would be put under arrest. They wished to know of what they were guilty.

"My dear fellow," one of the green-coats laughed

at Anton, who cast a withering look upon him, " you yourself probably know of what you are guilty. At any rate you're in good company." He nodded toward Schwabe and Bohemian Joe.

Schwabe cowered. But Bohemian Joe, fearlessly looking the Austrian administrators of the law straight in the eye, remarked in a hasty, not exactly well-bred tone, that even if he had done a dirty trick or two — and with God's help he intended to do another dirty trick or two — they wouldn't string him up, because he had spent an hour at prayer-meeting.

" Prayer-meeting? Fudge! " said the green-coat.

But the Scharfs launched out against him. Talking excitedly and interrupting each other, they spoke of all sorts of apocalyptic things of which the green-coats had never before heard. The very ordinary occurrence of Quint's sermon in the schoolroom they magnified into an event of momentous significance. Threatening, begging, and shouting, it seemed almost as if they were trying to convert those honest, unsuspecting officials, who looked at each other with a smile that said, " These people do not seem to belong in the penitentiary, but in the insane asylum."

" Well, well, we know all about it now," said one of the green-coats.

CHAPTER VII

The policemen arrested Emanuel because he was suspected of being a fugitive from justice. Apparently the Prussian authorities had informed them that Quint had reappeared and disappeared again in the company of Bohemian Joe.

That was why they put handcuffs on him when they seized him in the bedroom, and said, "Here's the ringleader!"

Both the Scharfs vociferously insisted upon being handcuffed also. But they could not create the suspicion of being fugitives from justice, and to their great distress they had to walk unbound to the Prussian frontier under the guard of the second officer and at some distance behind Quint.

Though the gendarmes tried to use the less frequented roads, they could not avoid passing a few huts, where, now that evening was approaching, there were lively signs of holiday-making — the slamming of doors, the calling of bar-maids, and the squeaking of fiddles. Here the passing by of a queer, tall, thin, giraffe-like man in handcuffs guarded by a gendarme could not go unnoticed. The way was long and on the whole difficult. And at the end of an hour the Austrian officer found himself by no means alone with his prisoner. It was impossible to chase away the troops of children. Men and women from huts here and there, who belonged to those whose superstition inclined them in favour of

the poor prisoner, had also joined the procession. Groups of sweating excursionists brought up the rear. Some were going the same direction at any rate, and the others were willing to turn from their way for the sake of following the criminal. The second gendarme walked at a great distance behind. With his two unfettered, and therefore evidently less dangerous, lawbreakers, he attracted a smaller public.

A torturing bitterness welled up in the Fool's soul. He had been filled with the pure spirit of the Bible, with a pure love of man. And now again, as so often before, the world's scorn broke over him. This time it was all the more inconceivable since there seemed to be absolutely no reason for imposing the ignominy of handcuffs upon him. They led him along as if he were a ravening beast. His anger nearly burst forth at the trampling behind him, at the talking and shouting, and the conjectures whether he was being arrested for robbery, assault, or murder. The people put no bridle on their tongues. And poor Quint, whose worst fault was some shyness of work — of course we know that idleness is the mother of every vice — had to listen to frank remarks concerning his high forehead, his pointed nose, his red beard, his long arms and legs, and even his freckles. Some were of the opinion that he had committed murder by poisoning.

But he felt if he were to cry out, "I am not!" the cry would come echoing back at him like pelting stones. If he were to say, "I am a peaceful disciple of the Saviour," and nothing else, the only response would be wild, hideous laughter. And if he were to utter the whole truth, tell them that compared with them *he* was the free man and not the prisoner, the pardoned and not the

condemned criminal, he knew there would scarcely be sharp stones enough lying about on the ground for furious hands to stone God with.

This thought brought him comfort. The incomparable peace of profound composure descended upon him. The trampling and chattering behind him touched him as little as the rolling of stones down a hillside, the murmur of a brook, the trotting of horses, or the soughing of wind. It seemed to him that those behind him were images of bronze, or stone, or clay, dead men without life! Men forgotten, abandoned, and buried, who, perhaps, when the allotted time came, would be awakened by the loving breath of the Creator and would become what he himself was.

The divine joy in his soul gleamed brighter and brighter, so that sometimes he involuntarily drew his bluish coat about him as if to hide the light within him. And then he thought, " I am a light! Why do they not see that I shine? Verily, because their eyes are irrevocably sealed with the cataract of deadness. Why do they not see that they are doing me unspeakable good by causing me to experience the same that Christ experienced, Christ whom I imitate, whom I will establish more and more firmly in my inward being. With their hardness, their scoffing, their ignorance and indifference, do they not make me more like the Saviour, so that I have become the same as He in one part of my being, in my experience, in my suffering of sorrows? Do they not understand that he is walking next to me on this way of the cross? I should like to kiss the hands of the gendarme who leads me along this and no other way. Do they not observe the unheard-of — that for long moments I was so engrossed in the Saviour and He

in me, that He Himself in my body, wearing handcuffs, was walking in front of them?"

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At the Pichlerbaude Quint was handed over to the German police. When the German gendarme saw him, he burst into a jovial laugh, and the gentlemen from Austria and the troop of followers joined in.

"It's time you got a hair-cut," he remarked to Quint, whose hair had grown to some length during his hermit's life.

This bit of humour produced a still louder laugh, because it looked as if the strapping horseback-rider had come just to act as Quint's barber, and as if Quint had come just to have his hair cut.

The laughter had not yet wholly died down when a boy of about twelve pushed close up to Quint and held out a hunk of rye bread spread with rendered fat. The Fool, engrossed in his thoughts, looked at him, then suddenly woke up again to the life about him. Visibly touched by the boy's intention, he tried to put his right hand in blessing on his head, forgetting he wore handcuffs. It was a pitiful gesture. The boy naturally interpreted it as the poor sinner's attempt to take the bread, and he suddenly realised that in his hearty impulse he had forgotten the very thing that had especially stirred his pity, the fetters on a man's hands. So his good deed, instead of passing off quickly, was protracted and aroused the very notice he dreaded. The blood suddenly mounted to his face. But it was only for an instant that he stood at a loss. He was quick to notice the ragged side-pocket in the prisoner's coat and as quick to stick the bread in. With that the

soles of two bare brown feet went twinkling over the upland meadow and disappeared.

The bystanders laughed again, but this time there was a shamefaced attempt to cut the laughter short. Some left the crowd and walked away. Others even began to collect money for Quint after the gendarmes had exchanged papers.

"Take it, silly ass," the German gendarme shouted, and with seeming roughness unloosened Quint's handcuffs.

Was it that Quint's soul was still dazzled by the ray of eternal goodness that God had sent down through a little boy, and he did not see what they proffered him? Or did he think he would stain his hands by taking money from these strolling excursionists? However that may be, his open palms fell limply at his sides.

During the descent into the Hirschberger valley the Scharf brothers walked alongside Quint. The gendarme had no mistrust of them. He lighted one of the cigars to which he had helped himself from the cigar-cases that had been held out to him, and comfortably leading his horse by the reins he let the prisoners walk in front of him without concern.

The brothers, of course, were happy to be with Quint again. But they were all a-quiver with indignation at what had happened to them, especially to Quint. Anton Scharf was the more excited. He paid no heed to the steepness of the road, and every now and then stumbled. He shook his clenched fist and threatened and cursed the children of the world.

"They do no good! They are afraid and see not! They have ears and hear not! The curse of God which is upon them maketh them deaf and blind!"

Until they were permitted to join Quint the brothers

had discussed and weighed many matters, chiefly the measures to be taken against the powers of the infatuated world. Martin now asked Quint's sanction for what they wished to do. It was impossible, they thought, to keep Quint and themselves in custody a long time. When they were set free, they would go to a certain pious lady of noble birth, a very old, very rich, and very benevolent unmarried lady known and respected in the whole district as the Gurau Lady, and ask her to take Quint under her protection. After she had done so and after Quint through her great influence was allowed to follow his peaceful way undisturbed, they would form a community of sympathisers, a community of the worthiest, with Quint as their leader.

"The imitation of Christ," Quint replied, "must be taken up each for himself, and the Saviour alone can be the leader. I shall never forget myself so far as to presume to be first anywhere in the world where the Saviour would have been the last."

They reached a place where the gendarme intended to rest, and suddenly they heard his thunderous "Halt!" The prisoners stood still and waited for him. He came up clearing his throat and cursing good-naturedly, and seated himself on a bench placed there for the use of tourists.

"Sit down, boys. Take it easy. We've got a good long stretch ahead of us yet," he said. "If the devil hadn't got into you, I shouldn't have to be scrambling around in the mountains on a holiday. With my avoirdupois that's no joke, you know. Why, you're making faces as sour as a lemon!" He gave them a searching look of his small eyes, smiled broadly, and shook his helmed head. "I wish I knew what's got into you. I think you've turned crazy. Once I had

to arrest another fellow like you. But he did end up in the insane asylum. He wanted to make me believe he was going to ride into heaven in a coach and pair. He had a certificate from somebody or other saying so black on white. And the coach was to be of fire. What's the matter with you? Do you think the world's coming to an end day after to-morrow? Till then, woe! Many a drop of whiskey will be drunk before then! Don't turn the people's heads. You're driving those poor folk up there in the huts absolutely insane. Who put such nonsense into you? When I was in barracks, I went to church often enough. I know what religion is, and who our Lord Jesus Christ is, better than you, I fancy. I've never come across such idiocy."

"Sir," said Martin Scharf, "we have done nothing except what the spirit of the Lord commanded us to do. We should bear testimony to Jesus Christ! This very day. To-morrow it may be too late. Yea, if we delay one hour, how do we know that we have not missed for all eternity?"

"Great Lord, man, do you think we've been waiting just for you? Don't we bear testimony to Jesus Christ every Sunday in every church — every Sunday, I tell you? Am I a heathen? Am I not as good a Christian as you?"

Anton Scharf clenched his teeth, and looked at the sergeant grimly before bursting out in his unconsidered way:

"There are those who bear false witness against Jesus Christ. There are enough and too many such, who call themselves and others Christians, yet are nothing else than vain children of the world."

Quint waved his hand to him, and Anton desisted.

Observing that the sergeant's eyes were fixed upon him with some interest, Quint began to speak quietly:

"We should none of us presume to call ourselves Christians. The Christian is Christ. There is only one Christ, Christ the Saviour. Wherever else He is, He is hidden! What would the world be if Christ were in thee, in a thousand, and a hundred thousand, yea, in a million others? That would be the kingdom! Christian means to be nothing else than Christ. And who dare say, 'I am Christ'?"

The gendarme looked somewhat amazed.

His horse had several times thrust his nose against him impatiently, and he now stood up and gave the signal to move on.

"Forward! Don't use tiredness as a pretext," he said. "You talk a lot of upsidedown things. You yourselves don't know what you blabber. Shoemaker, stick to your last. Don't make the people rebellious. No one will keep you from going to church, for all I care, twice every Sunday — too much for me, though."

"But I say unto you, sergeant," exclaimed Anton Scharf, "that in this place is one greater than the church and the temple!"

This was one of the many Bible citations with which Anton was familiar. His sickly eyes again gleamed with that mad belief which was the chief source of all later misfortunes. The gendarme looked at the coarse, bearded face as one regards a person whose sanity one is justified in doubting.

"When a man begins to rattle like that," he observed, "it's usually his upper story that goes first."

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They walked the rest of the way in the same order as before. The brothers again tried to win Quint over to their idea of a community. But Emanuel, disquieted by that gleam in Anton's eyes, resisted still more vigorously than before. He even grew angry, and emphatically said that nothing was farther from his mind than to add to the legions of idle phrase-mongers, or furnish substance for any superstition in this world.

"I am reconciled to God. I was reconciled to Him by Jesus Christ. And if I am kept here on earth to testify to anything by my deeds, it is to this my reconciliation to God and my reconciliation to men. I am reconciled to them. I am not angry at my poor brethren and sisters on this earth. Take heed that ye, too, be reconciled. He that is reconciled may preach reconciliation. Why take ye thought for me? Am I not worthy to suffer what my brethren and sisters suffer? Am I not worthy to be a man among men? The Son of man is a man among men. Go home. Follow Jesus, and when you think of me, think not of me, but of the Son of man. Think of the Saviour and pray that He may become one with you. But henceforth let no one inquire for me!"

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For the night the prisoners were placed in the police lock-up at Hainsdorf, the brothers in a room together, the Fool in Christ in a room by himself. As he lay in the dark, damp cell with bread and water at his side he dreamed a dream, from which he soon awoke. Then in a state of profound beatitude he remained awake until the morning.

Quint dreamed the Saviour Himself had come to him in prison.

To understand all the different sorts and degrees of dreams is to know the human soul more profoundly than we have yet learned to know it. Emanuel Quint's dream was of those that are as real as any event in our so-called waking actual life. If the policeman who had the key to his cell had appeared before Quint, he could not have been distincter, more in the body, more real than the Saviour. We dream smells, faces, poems, words. We hear stories, we hear music, we feel that we touch things. Sometimes we preserve the memory of such sense impressions in a dream for decades, a memory that is clear-cut and vivid, while many more important events of our waking life fade from our minds beyond recall.

Quint heard the faint footfall of the Saviour, he saw Him enter through the creaking gate with slightly bowed head. He saw a strange pale sheen about the Saviour's blond hair, no stronger than the reflection of lamplight. It cast a faint gleam upon the damp walls and the plastering of the arch over the doorway. He knew that thus and not otherwise looked the Saviour, the Son of man, the son of Mary, the King with the crown of thorns, who had no form nor comeliness, and was esteemed stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. He recognised each feature of His face. Thus looked His deep eyes, thus the reddish brows arched over them, thus the freckles lay about the corners of His eyes and about His fine, quivering nostrils. Thus He moved His arm and raised His hand, and gently ran His long, slender fingers through His curly pointed beard. And on the back of His hand there was a frightful mark, where the rusty nails had been driven through to pin Him to the cross. Dark drops of blood oozed from the wound.

And marks also were on His feet, which were rough and dusty, as if He had come from a long journey made barefoot. A power emanated from Him which struck Quint to the ground as with a storm of compassion and love. He could do nothing but kiss and kiss again both those dear feet and shed a flood of tears over them. And now Emanuel heard a soft grave voice:

"Brother Emanuel, lovest thou me?"

"Yea," said Emanuel, "more than myself."

And again the voice said:

"Brother Emanuel, lovest thou me?" And when the dreamer again asseverated his love, the voice added, "Then, Emanuel Quint, I will remain with thee forever."

Just as real as his sensations had been a few moments before when the key had grated in the lock and the head and hand of the newcomer appeared in the doorway, and Emanuel thought another poor sinner was being led in, so real was his feeling a few minutes later, that he was transported into the seventh heaven. And when he raised his head and spread his arms, the thing finally happened that gave his dream the sanctity of a miracle.

When Quint and the form of the Saviour opened their arms to each other like long-separated, loving brothers, Quint felt the Saviour's body, the Saviour's whole being enter into him and penetrate every part. The experience was inconceivable, marvellous in its absolute reality. For it seemed as if the mystic marriage took place heart and soul, tangibly, in every nerve, every pulse-beat, every drop of blood, and Jesus passed into His disciple and dissolved in him.

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The next morning the sheriff set the two weavers, Martin and Anton Scharf, free. Quint, however, was detained in custody. He was to be transferred to his home parish.

At an inn nearby the Scharf brothers met Bohemian Joe and Schwabe, who had followed the traces of the gendarme, and afterward all four of them under Schwabe's guidance struck across the fields to a somewhat distant village. It was a place where there were many poor weavers and basket-makers. From of old it was the home of a pietistic sectarianism which flourished unnoticed by the surrounding world. Schwabe had kindred here, a married sister and her family. When he and his companions entered her house, the pale, anxious-looking woman seemed reticent, as if she were standing on guard in the entry and could not admit anyone to the living-room.

The fact was that a blacksmith by the name of John aus dem Oberdorfe was holding prayer-meeting in the room. A small congregation of pious Christians were celebrating the so-called third holiday.

Before the new spirit produced by their contact with Quint came over Bohemian Joe and Schwabe, they had been inclined to poke fun at the little circle. Yet it was in the full knowledge that they would find the people at prayer-meeting that the two smugglers had brought the Scharf brothers here. After some parley Schwabe's sister went in to call her husband, a small, yellow, half-naked man, and in a few minutes he led the four men into the little assembly.

The congregation was just then on its knees offering up a long silent prayer. The motes in the morning sun, shining in through three small windows, danced over aged grey heads, young blond heads, and bald

heads. Suddenly an old toothless woman arose and began to splutter unintelligible words in an almost unintelligible language. Her ecstasy the congregation of enthusiasts took to be the "speaking with tongues" mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles. When the old woman had exhausted herself weeping and groaning and calling upon Jesus, she was relieved by a man who prayed aloud and supplicated God for the Holy Ghost. After he was done Martin Scharf rose from the ground — he and the other three had thrown themselves to the floor when they entered — and spoke in a tone so new to the people, that the whole congregation sat up and listened.

He was not loud in his speech, but what he said was in the tone of giving positive information.

"Sing," he said, "rejoice! The Lord, the Saviour is with us. The time is past for the beating of breasts, the sighing, the weeping and supplicating. The promise hath been fulfilled. Have we not heard his voice? Have we not seen the bridegroom with our eyes? The bride sitteth in mourning before the bridegroom cometh. But when the bridegroom draweth nigh, she is full of gladness. I bring joyous tidings. No one before me hath come to you with a message like unto mine. Jesus Christ hath arisen!"

No one in the small assemblage marvelled at the message. Too often had the joyous tidings been proclaimed to them. Yet they all trembled, and what caused them to tremble was the conviction quivering in the speaker's voice. It was so strong that they were as greatly moved by the well-known words as by the communication of some great piece of news.

"Ask no more," said Scharf breaking off, "but let each hold himself in readiness. Let each put on a wed-

ding garment. Let each listen day and night and watch lest he be caught asleep when the call of judgment sounds."

And he commanded the women and children to go home, and the more intelligent men to remain, in order to discuss with them the mystery at which he had merely hinted. They seated themselves about the table, and he disclosed to them how Emanuel Quint, a man in his opinion endowed with the full strength of the apostolic spirit, had appeared on earth. At first he instinctively avoided putting a greater tax upon their credulity by telling them what was his and his brother's idea of the poor Fool in Christ. On the other hand he spoke of signs and wonders, and the two men poured out the whole chronicle of the past few days, with additions and fantastic embellishments. Martin thought he was telling the simple truth. And so did Anton when he represented events as still more miraculous. Schwabe and Bohemian Joe also added their share. In their pleasure in the unusual they vivaciously exaggerated their experience with Quint.

At the end of an hour it was settled among all present that Quint had freed the father of the Scharfs from his terrible sufferings by merely touching him, and had driven out the devil that had tormented Martha Schubert. It was proved that a paralyzed woman had touched his coat in front of Schubert's hut and had gone thence with sound limbs. No one doubted that the centenarian whom a number of them had known, had received pardon for her sins from Quint, and that Quint had set her free from life.

Schwabe's brother-in-law Zumpt and the little group of co-religionists, needless to say, were all the very picture of extreme credulity. In their eyes there was an ex-

pression of vain, endless hunger for justice, an expression of long, long waiting. Sometimes it was replaced by an expression of astonishment and puzzlement at the life assigned them, which gave way again to the heart-rending look of waiting. And fear was also in their eyes. For the small earnings of these poor people are by no means assured, and have to be wrung from the looms by work at a frightful speed. The gruesome ghost of want stands at their back lashing them on mercilessly. Round about them they see strangers and enemies, who stand by while they overtax their strength, and look on with lowering, or, at best, with cold, sardonic looks. Thus, their dread assumes vast, mystic forms. Everywhere the poor people see — and not in their fancy, but actually — destructive powers crouching like beasts of prey waiting for the moment when their victims will sink down in exhaustion if only for a second. Then their awful doom is sealed.

Timid, therefore, will-less, and driven, the people were at the mercy of the extravagant representations of the Scharf brothers. They had nothing, good or bad, to say in opposition. Though accustomed constantly to struggle for an existence that was already lost, they never failed to clutch at the straw as often as it was held out to them, instead of the saving beam, in the dark waters of their life. Somebody has said that hope is man's second soul. He who offered that other, loftier, lighter soul nourishment was always highly welcome to them — how could it be otherwise? — even the criminal, the liar, the charlatan. But here were two men who spoke with wild energy, with an unmistakable, mystic rapture of an event that was almost the fulfilment of all hope.

In the people, that is, in the vast majority of the people, especially the under strata, lives the ineradicable, not always avowed, hope in a man, or in a day. And now that man, that day had come, or, at least, were nigh at hand. Pale-faced, their jaws trembling, the prematurely aged men sat about the narrators and drank in their words. The world outside their village and the pictures of the Bible was not a reality to them. It was a place for nightmare visions. But above that world, on pure, untouched heights attainable only after death, sat enthroned Christ the Saviour. And they really believed in Christ. In those striking-looking old weavers' heads belief was still belief in its innermost. That is, it was not investigation, doubt, or knowledge. And among the things to which their faith adhered firmly was the second coming of the Lord and the establishment of the millennium on earth. And now, according to the convincing words of the two strangers, the Lord's coming and the millennium were really nigh at hand.

The little weaver's room was the scene of a truly touching transport of joy. After it was over Martin Scharf said with an air of decision indicating a previously formed resolve:

"Now listen, and prepare to consider what I have to propose."

He unfolded his plan of a community as he had put it to Emanuel Quint the day before. Though he had not got Quint's sanction, they were to recognise the Fool in Christ as their head and serve him by works and deeds.

They declared themselves ready on the spot for such a community. And their ardour did not cool when Martin started a collection. Boxes and chests were opened,

and pennies and even mark pieces were drawn from their scant hoardings stowed in out-of-the-way corners. The brothers scrupulously made a note of all the contributions in a little, well-thumbed blue book.

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CHAPTER VIII

Emanuel was confined in the lockup of the chief town in his county, charged with vagrancy, quack practices, and repeatedly creating public disturbances. The hearing caused the judge more embarrassment than it did Emanuel. His questions failed to elicit from the accused any incriminating statements, and he was unable otherwise to prove his guilt.

"Did you not say you could heal the sick even if they suffered from incurable diseases?" was the judge's first question.

"No," Quint answered.

"Do you not try to make ignorant people believe that you have come down on earth on a sort of special divine mission? Are you willing to uphold this statement in my presence?"

"No," again.

Asked why he did not work in his father's shop, he replied that he knew — and had obtained this knowledge from the Bible — that to care for the sustenance and the needs of the body is not nearly so important as to care for the eternal salvation of the soul.

In brief, the judge was utterly at a loss what to do with the queer man, whose answers were direct, simple, and convincing. Finally he brought up the charge of mendicancy. When Quint calmly replied that he never touched money, that all material goods was sinful, the judge was taken aback. "Oh," he said, and brought the hearing to an abrupt close.

Two days later Quint found himself under observation in a neighbouring insane asylum. The assistant physician asked him very strange questions. For instance, "How old are you?" "What date is it today?" and so on. He gave him an example in arithmetic to solve, got him to tell the time, and led him to the window to see if his pupils would contract in the light — which they properly did.

Suddenly, as if in an access of pity and humanity, he took a bright silver mark from his purse and put it into Emanuel's hand. The money dropped from the Fool's palm and rolled on the floor. At the physician's order, it is true, he picked it up, but under no circumstances would he accept and keep it. The physician's every artifice failed. He threatened, he laughed, he pretended to be angry and insulted. Quint remained firm.

He asked Quint why he refused to take money.

"I would not be richer by a farthing than our Saviour was on earth," Quint replied, and seemed to want to say more, but before he could do so, he was led off by an attendant, and the physician turned to a shrieking woman, whom several nurses in white aprons had the greatest difficulty in holding down.

The alienist's opinion as stated in his report was that Quint was an eccentric type, but on the whole must be declared sound. At most he was somewhat simple, and therefore could scarcely be held accountable for his actions. So it would be advisable to place him under the guardianship of his parents and keep him under strict surveillance.

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A few days later Quint was dismissed with a grave warning. A gendarme escorted him home, to the de-

cayed little hut where his mother, his stepfather, and several children still dragged on their existence.

The long dreary pilgrimage through familiar regions was one of the greatest martyrdoms that Quint, the Fool in Christ, had ever had to undergo. He knew what awaited him. There was no other road he would rather not have travelled, no other place he would rather not have gone to. It was a cold, rainy day. The officer led him across the square past the church in front of which Quint had preached his first foolish sermon exhorting the people to repent.

It was the weekly market-day. Many of the market-women sitting under broad awnings selling vegetables, cherries, and farm products of every description, recognised Quint. The gendarme tried to hurry by as quickly as possible. But before he and and his ward could disappear from view behind the trees of the old city, a hailstorm of pointed remarks descended upon Emanuel.

"Why, look, there's Quint. Say, officer, did he have the itch in his fingers? Well, the Lord have mercy on you when you get back to your father," cried an old woman, almost stifling in her fat, who sold stock and fuchsia in pots. "I offered the starving dog his board and a mark a week," she kept on quacking. "Do you think he'd take it? No, not he! He'd have to help pull my little cart. Not such an awful load, is it? 'Specially with my dog harnessed to it besides. Look at my dog there. Don't you think he can draw the cart by himself? But no, the chump, the lousy beggar wouldn't have it. He'd rather loaf. And that's where he's got to now. What else could you expect?"

A driver stationed with his beer waggon and team at the edge of the market-place shouted, "Hello there,

thief!" And when Quint passed close by, he spat cherry stones, as if by accident, straight in his face. The market-women roared with laughter.

Even the trees afforded no shelter. Everywhere Quint was greeted with "Well, I declare," "Ahem!" and the like. Some of the remarks had a caustic sting to them. When the city was left behind, Quint breathed a sigh of relief, though it was no pleasure to walk barefoot in the rain and mud of the roadside, never resting, but pushing ahead from one rustling poplar to the other.

His martyrdom soon began again. The road grew livelier. Waggons trundled by on the way to town. Most of the drivers — peasants hauling wood to market, the butcher boy, the miller's apprentice, and others — knew Quint. Seeing him in the company of the man of law they said things to him by no means flattering. A few of them, not all, had heard of his mad prank in front of the church. Others knew he had disappeared.

"Did you bring a bag of gold home with you?" "Did they make you minister of the big church in the city?" they called to him in voices that could be heard above the clatter of the waggons and the noise of the rain.

The poor man, a man of sorrows and already acquainted with not a little grief, asked himself why his fellow-men had held in store for him such intensification of his sufferings, for what mysterious reason they all harboured such anger against him, seeing that he never hurt anyone, not even in his thoughts, and was merely trying quietly to follow in the footsteps of the Saviour, whom they all pretended to revere. Though his heart overflowed with pity and love, and a power al-

most beyond his control impelled him, as it were, to force God to receive these men into His spirit and grace, and though he would cheerfully shed his own blood for all, he was being transported like a dangerous wild animal, and heaped with contumely like an enemy at last secured in chains.

In this familiar neighbourhood poor Emanuel was overcome by a fearful growing dread. The gendarme, who was utterly indifferent, did not suspect, not even remotely, when he saw Quint move his lips, that the fervent cry, " My God, my God! " was ready to burst from his tortured soul. But Quint's dismay increased. It seemed to him that with each step he must descend lower and lower into a dark, subterranean torture chamber, where all the hope, all the faith, all the love of the ages were extinguished and Jesus Christ was utterly powerless, and his soul writhed in doubt.

This peculiar mood that now mastered the strange religious enthusiast narrowed him, and, as it were, caused a backward evolution in him. The world of youth is inextricably bound to the circle of sense impressions received at home. This world, even if it has sunk for a time into the background, can be revived again by the old impressions and, according to circumstances, become a source of torment or of bliss.

Emanuel had grown up under the refined scorn of those around him. Scorn seemed to him to be the natural heritage of man. Without ever having made much of it, he suffered unspeakably from all the forms of contempt with which he met daily, hourly, inside and outside his home. He had felt the degradation so keenly that when he was only about nine years old he already came to the conclusion that scorn of one's neighbour is one of the gravest, most awful sins. Its

immediate consequence was scorn of self, a scorn which more than once nearly drove him beyond earthly loneliness into a profounder, eternal loneliness — into death.

In one of those dangerous moments the form of the Saviour had come close to him, and had given him the miraculous solace of the divine Son of man. Thenceforth He became the sole friend of the poor, disdained boy. What wonder that he, the contemned, attached himself with consuming intensity to his kind friend and comforter?

For many years not even Emanuel's mother knew of the divine communion that her son enjoyed in secret. Since this communion was held not with a man of flesh and blood, but only with a form that acquired a fantastic life through a laboriously deciphered book, perhaps the dream world thus forcefully created became the foundation of Emanuel's subsequent foolishness with its fateful consequences.

When a mere child Emanuel took the Bible to bed with him. A Herrnhut colporter had given him a copy, the same that he still carried with him. The cover of the little book was almost gone, worn threadbare by the numerous fervent kisses he impressed upon it in the belief that he was kissing the hands of Jesus. Often his boyish visions went so far that his mother, who had borne him soon after her marriage with the carpenter, though he was not the carpenter's son, was embarrassed by the remarks he made in the presence of the whole family. They were unintelligible words which made her fear for her son's sanity.

Often, for hours at a time, even amid the din and bustle of the carpenter's shop, the boy saw nothing but the Saviour and his way of sorrow. And during such

visions, especially when he clearly beheld the awful agonies of the Crucifixion, before and after the nailing to the cross, a cry would burst from him.

"Mother, mother, they want to stab him," he would scream, and thereby bring down upon himself laughter, ridicule, blows, and other punishments, and redouble the mother's anxiety for this child of pain and sorrow.

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They reached Emanuel's village, Giersdorf. A wide brook, with polluted bed and water, lined with clusters of old trees, ran through the middle. Though the gendarme avoided the main road on the other side of the brook and kept to the so-called small side of the village, he had not passed the second or third little homestead —"stalls" they were called there — before he was noticed. Soon Emanuel again heard those horrible voices, which rose above the noise of the rain and went from house to house.

Since he could remember, those voices racked him with their biting scoffery. He wanted to turn his thoughts away from the threatening present, growing more and more hideous, and he looked up into the leafy arches of the mountain ash and maples, which dripped and rustled softly in the rain. But the abuse and insult did not abate. The Saviour Himself, it seemed, had abandoned him.

At first only children followed, later some idle, chattering women. The things that reached Emanuel's ears were an approximate summary of the stories, mostly of a malicious nature, fabricated after his disappearance. He ignored all the remarks addressed to him, whether mischievous, spiteful, or merely impertinent. He did not answer even his acquaintances. One of the well-to-

do peasants standing in the brick gateway of his yard cracking his whip, called out:

"Hello there, red-head, still got your freckles, I see!" Exchanging smiling salutations with the officer, he swaggered up with an air of importance, and, half in jest, though none too gently, gave Emanuel a cut of his whip, and added insult to injury by saying, "Just wait. Your father's got a cow-hide ready for you."

In such moments the love of man dried up almost completely in Quint's soul. But so also did the hatred, the indignation, which had several times striven to assert themselves. Resistless, will-less in body and soul, and in the end scarcely knowing how he walked, or where he was going, he abandoned himself to the dread of the hour, and so finally reached his parents' house.

Followed by a crowd of people, the gendarme directly behind him, he reached the door almost unconscious. His father appeared upon the threshold. He was an ordinary-looking man of medium height, with a face unnaturally pale and covered with a dirty-grey beard. Without so much as saying a word, he promptly struck Quint several fearful blows on his face. Next the step-father's senseless rage vented itself in a hail of curses, oaths, and foul abuse.

Quint's mother interceded. She threw herself between him and the Fool, but he drew her away from Emanuel with one pull, and again made for him with his fists.

"I will show you, you damned cur, you loafer," he said. "I will teach you all the ten commandments."

Here the gendarme interposed, and tried to put a stop to the man's brutality, but not with an extraordinary display of energy. Perhaps he thought a fatherly lesson of the sort was quite in conformity with

the instructions he had been ordered to leave. However, he did finally pull off the carpenter, who was now quite beside himself. His victim was bleeding in several places.

The carpenter protested that no one, not even the gendarme, had a right to prevent him from punishing the scoundrel who bore his name. It was he who had made that bastard respectable, yes, he, the stepfather. Though it was none of his affair, he had brought him up and fed him all these many years at a great deal of trouble and expense to himself.

"Vermin," he cried, "I wish the life had been knocked out of you a thousand times!"

And so he continued to proclaim to the assembled villagers his own magnanimity and the shame of his wife and son. Frightened by the noise, the sparrows almost dropped from the roofs, the pigeons belonging to the next house flew up in the air, and all the dogs in the neighbourhood set up a loud barking.

Finally the carpenter shouted into the grey twilight of the rainy day:

"Get along with you inside the house. I'll kill you."

People of his stamp — Adolf Quint, the carpenter, was generally idle and greatly addicted to drink — are ever ready with a threat of that sort. The reason such threats are rarely executed is that it is not so easy as is commonly supposed to transfer a man from life to death.

CHAPTER IX

The youngest of Quint's stepbrothers, Gustav, a boy of twelve, was secretly devoted to him. Soon after his return his father insisted on Emanuel's working in the dingy, wofully neglected shop, and Gustav helped Emanuel in every way he could. But August, the best worker in the family, had no fondness for him, though Emanuel had done his best to make him understand those peculiar, exotic traits in his nature which angered his brother.

Emanuel at the bench was indeed a figure so incongruous as to puzzle a thinking observer and amuse or disgust a skilful workman. August was not amused. He was disgusted. With the ethics of his own proficiency he felt justified in continually taking Emanuel to task for his indolence and awkwardness.

By no stretch of the imagination could the Quint family be accounted prosperous. It was the mother who saved them from utter destitution by doing the wash for several families, the pastor's, the teacher's, and some landowners'. Though she tried as best she could to defend Emanuel against her husband, she naturally remonstrated with him on every occasion. In addition to his mother's chiding he had to bear the captiousness of his brother August, who almost seemed to be jealous of him, and that though Emanuel had come home escorted by a gendarme. August was already twenty-four. Yet, for his mother's sake, he had remained at home, which was contrary to custom.

August full well felt a certain spiritual quality in Emanuel, which he was incapable of comprehending — a quality that he secretly admired while pretending to make little of it, in fact, to pooh-pooh it.

He observed that his mother's attitude was the same. It was evident that without understanding her son's foolishness, at bottom she entertained a certain vacillating respect for him. In rare unguarded moments her respect even took the form of motherly pride, and occasionally, in speaking to a neighbour or to the school-teacher, it manifested itself unexpectedly in animated talk.

Thus it came to pass that a great deal of bitterness gathered in August's soul. There he was working industriously, always chained to the workshop, and Emanuel managed to come and go freely, often for no purpose. It seemed to him he had to bear all the burdens of the family, while Emanuel was destined only for pleasure, was unjustly favoured in every respect, even by their mother, who gave Emanuel more love and care.

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His feeling was strengthened by a visit from the young pastor of Giersdorf two days after Emanuel's return. The minister passed August over with a mere greeting, while he immediately entered into a friendly conversation with Emanuel. There was nothing in his bearing to indicate that he had come to give him the reprimand he deserved. On the contrary, he showed a certain deference to Emanuel, which he failed to show to August. It was that subtle respect which August's eye made keen by envy seemed to detect in everybody's intercourse with his brother.

August was embarrassed and tongue-tied in the presence of the lively, jovial minister. Emanuel, he observed, was perfectly at ease. His manner was unconstrained, his language came freely. August was completely puzzled when he saw the minister draw a letter from his pocket — what could the letter have to do with Emanuel? — and begin to question him amiably, and finally invite him most cordially to come to the rectory in the afternoon "for a cup of tea"— the brother heard that distinctly.

After the pastor, who was in a hurry, had taken leave of the Fool with a handshake, both brothers heard him enter the living-room on the other side of the hall, and a moment later heard his resolute voice alternating with their father's and mother's voices. August was at a still greater loss to understand why the pastor very emphatically warned his father to treat Emanuel respectfully and never, in any circumstances, lay violent hands upon him again.

Even before receiving the pastor's admonition old Quint had changed considerably in his attitude to Emanuel. During the last three days many things had happened that did not fail to make their impress upon him. The very day after Emanuel's arrival, people from neighbouring villages had found their way to the little hut of the Quints, and had told the old bewildered idler and blatherskite, who now scarcely ever took a plane in hand, that they had heard of a certainty that his son was a celebrated, wonder-working healer. Since few of them could be turned away without their first seeing Emanuel, the father had to call him. When they met him face to face, they did him reverence bordering on adoration.

But what staggered the mother, father, and brother

most of all was that on the morning of the third day the postman drew from his bag some seventy letters, all addressed to Emanuel Quint. The majority of the letters had come to him in consequence of an item in a small Socialist sheet of the district. In about forty lines it gave an ironical though not unsympathetic account of Emanuel's first sermon, his disappearance, and his return. Mention was also made of the singular belief entertained by some people that he could perform miracles. Emanuel himself received by mail a marked copy of *The Voice of the People* containing the item, also a letter from the editor saying he intended soon to pay Emanuel a visit.

Nevertheless Emanuel felt embittered to the last degree. His soul was unable to extricate itself from the countless strong grey threads in which it was enmeshed like a moth in a spider's web. He felt as if he had swallowed some corrosive fluid which had the magic power of dwarfing everything in him. He was small again, reduced to the poor, wretched, comfortless, God-forsaken boy he had been before.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon that Emanuel started for the rectory. His mother had rigged him up as best she could with his father's boots and an old coat that an innkeeper had given her for her husband years before. She had kept it hidden away all that time.

The pastor received Emanuel cordially. When the cook announced him by rapping her knuckles on the study door, he called out aloud in a pleasant voice:

"Just come in. Come in."

He asked Emanuel to be seated. The cook had beforehand placed a special chair in the study for Quint, and she now hastily shoved it under him. The

minister was smoking a long pipe which reached almost to the floor.

"Do you smoke?" he asked Emanuel.

"No."

"Unfortunately I am very much addicted to that vice."

On the table among piles of books stood a coffee-machine, which the clergyman himself manipulated.

"I live in my study like a bachelor," he explained, "because the women coming and going while I work disturb me."

With these and similar commonplaces the stately gentleman of about thirty opened the conversation. He turned the machine around, watched the coffee percolate into the gaily-coloured porcelain pot, and poured the steaming beverage into the two cups on the table. He offered Emanuel cream and sugar, drank his coffee, waited until his visitor had taken a few sips, drew the girdle of his dressing-gown about his waist, tying a bow with a practised hand, and stretched himself comfortably in his armchair.

"Now, then," he began, "I think I am correctly informed. You are the same Emanuel Quint who delivered a sermon in the market-place some time ago, are you not? Very well. We live in a state and under a government in which only such men as are regularly ordained clergymen, like myself, for example, are permitted to preach the word of God, and that not in market-places or the like, but in houses of worship especially erected for that purpose. Now, I have also been informed, Emanuel — Emanuel is a fine name, it means 'God with us'— that you have felt called upon to be — let us say apostle, as some of your friends call it — an apostle in a number of places on the Bohemian

border of our Silesia. I did not take quite the same stand as my fellow-clergymen from town did when you delivered your first sermon. And I do not care to criticise the police authorities, whose duty it is to maintain law and order. I do not know to what extent they are justified in charging you with quack practises and things of that sort. They have put you in the district insane asylum, and had you examined by alienists. I am far from thinking that if a person does not hit upon exactly the right thing in his interpretation of the Bible, we must jump to the conclusion that he is insane. I am sure your intentions were the purest.

"Now, I will not keep from you any longer the reason I asked you to visit me. I received a letter. You have a very distinguished patroness, a lady of very high standing, both in regard to her social position — she is of the nobility and possessed of great wealth — and principally because of the esteem in which she is generally held for the truly Christian life she leads. What was I saying? Yes, this very influential lady said she would like to know more about you. Do you know a lay preacher by the name of Nathaniel Schwarz?"

Quint's pale face turned still paler.

"Yes," he answered.

"This Brother Nathaniel," continued the pastor, taking tobacco from a bag and filling his pipe, "this Brother Nathaniel has done you an inestimable service. He was led to do it, it seems, by two other men. Let me see — here are their names."

He took up the letter lying next to him on the table and with some difficulty read the names of Martin and Anton Scharf.

"So this is the situation," he continued. "The lady writes that since you are a 'sheep in my fold,' I should find out all about you. I will add that I have also been charged, should our conversation prove mutually satisfactory, to provide you with the travelling expenses, and invite you to her estate, which is near Freiburg.

"Now, then, you will please tell me in brief — I do not expect you to say it in two words, of course — what are your real aims — what is it you desire to do?"

A long silence followed. Quint sat there smiling faintly with a brooding look in his eyes. The pastor scrutinised him sharply. He thought his hesitation was due to shyness.

"Of course," he said, trying to encourage Quint, "it is not easy to plunge right into such deep matters. Perhaps the best way would be for you to treat me as a man holding different opinions from yours, whom you want to convert."

But the poor Fool in Christ was again listening to the rustle of angels' wings. A breath from purer regions was blowing upon him. And when he raised his eyes slowly and serenely, he seemed to shed a radiance from within.

"If the lady, the lady of high rank, of whom you speak, pastor, seeks Christ, then, if she desires, I will go to her at any hour of the day or night. But if she seeks me, then I say, she needs me not. No more do I need her."

The sudden change in Quint and the gravity of his words produced an uncanny impression upon the pastor.

At first he thought Emanuel regarded himself as Christ. This would have condemned him at the outset

in the pastor's opinion. But Emanuel began to speak again.

"I have no need of her because I am accustomed to deprivation and have no wants. All I require is our Saviour Jesus Christ. And she has no need of me because you yourself see what I am. I have never had a father save the Father of Jesus Christ. I have been despised all my life, and justly so. If at times I felt man's contempt bitterly, that was because I was guilty of vainglory and exalted myself above the Saviour. I do not like to say these things. It seems like boasting. If so it seems to you, too, pastor, my father, my mother, and my brother will give you a better account of what I actually am. But if the lady seeks Christ, I seek Him also, and the community of spirit is the community of Jesus Christ."

"But if you have so modest an opinion of yourself, my son,— which is quite in accord with the Christian spirit — I do not understand what could have made you act as you did in a country like ours, which has plenty of ordained ministers, what could have made you act as if our country were abandoned of God and Christ and as if its salvation depended upon your own feeble self. He who is truly modest, it seems to me, does not offend in public like that."

"Pastor," Emanuel said, "unfortunately the cross is always and everywhere still an offence in this world, as the apostle says. Besides, I am modest only in respect of myself, not in respect of Him who is in me."

"Explain to me, who is in you, my son," the pastor asked with emphasis.

"The Father who begat me."

The pastor tried to remain calm.

"What you say, my dear Emanuel, is very strange,

monstrous, I should say. Perhaps I did not understand you correctly. Who is the father that is in you?"

"The same through whom I have been born again," said the poor Fool in Christ.

"Then it is your opinion that you have been born again? How so? On what grounds do you base your opinion? I, for example, should not dare to make such an unqualified statement concerning myself. I am too humble."

"But I," said Emanuel calmly, "I know I have been born again."

"In what sense, my son, have you been born again?"

"I have been born again through the grace of Jesus Christ, not in the flesh but in the Holy Ghost. Weak and enslaved in the body I have grown strong and free in the spirit. I was dead, buried in the contempt of the world, and was revived through the Father. It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing."

The pastor for some reason laid aside his pipe.

"Continue. Speak out what you have on your mind perfectly freely. I have time. I will listen to you," he said encouragingly. "So you are in the regeneration. I assume you mean a different regeneration from the one that takes place in the holy baptism by which we were converted from heathens into Christians, the regeneration we all have in common. Will you please tell me to whom you owe your special knowledge? I suppose you did not get it out of yourself?"

"I did not get anything out of myself. All I have is from Him that is in me."

The minister became a little impatient.

"I would ask you, my son, please to speak to me quite simply and naturally, in fact, I am tempted to say, humanly. What do you mean by saying you

got your knowledge, your information, from Him that is in you? Tell me, who do you think you are?"

"By the birth in the spirit or in the flesh?"

"Well, by both births."

"By the birth in the flesh I am the son of man. By the birth in the spirit I am the son of God."

The pastor rose from his chair horrified.

"For God's sake, what are you saying? That is a conceit which, to put the most favourable construction upon it, amounts to a disease." Though he wore bedroom slippers, the pastor paced the study with a heavy tread. "Why, man, don't you really understand what you are saying?" he resumed, stopping before Emanuel. "Jesus Christ was the Son of God, conceived by the Holy Ghost, begotten of the Virgin Mary. Should you, even in madness presume to assert that you are that Most Blessed, then, in spite of your madness, you will have brought down upon yourself mortal sin."

Quint remained quiet, and a deep inner joy shone upon his face.

"Explain yourself again. Tell me in plain, distinct language what you mean and how you mean it." As if he were stifling, the minister opened a window darkened by the green branches of a beech.

Emanuel said:

"God is a spirit." And he drew forth his Bible, and read: "'And no man knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him.' How shall they know the Son or learn from him except the Father be in them?"

"My good friend," said the clergyman emphatically, "I can only advise you to keep away from

these most recondite questions. Believe me, the greatest intellects, the most erudite scholars, have tried their skill upon them, but in vain, and often to the detriment of their immortal souls. My advice to you is to stick to the usual interpretation, according to which the words of Christ that you read mean that only the Father can fathom the entire power, force, and depth of the Son of God, while we common mortals can only reach an understanding of them through the love of the Son, our Saviour. But before we are through, I should like to know what I am to tell the lady about your practical aims. Are you one of those who believe that the apostolic heritage enables them to heal the sick by prayer or the laying on of hands?"

"No," said Quint. "Neither did the Saviour come to earth to feast and riot and be a minister of his own body, or of the bodies of others. He came not to help us gain the world, but overcome the world."

The pastor rejoined that nevertheless, as Emanuel must know, Jesus as well as the apostles did heal the sick by the laying on of hands. Christ had even raised the dead — Lazarus, the little daughter of Jairus, and the young man of Nain.

Emanuel Quint shook his head almost imperceptibly, and the pastor asked him what he meant.

"Wherefore," replied Quint, "would the Saviour have brought the man, the child, and the youth back to this pitiful world which they had already overcome?"

For a moment the pastor did not understand the singular question.

"I should think," continued the Fool in Christ, "that he did it as a judge of the world to punish them with renewed life for the sins they had committed. But who has made the Son of man a judge of the world?

He knew the Father that was in Him, as I know the Father that is in me. That Father sendeth rain on the just and the unjust alike, and he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, as it is written in my heart. Pastor, He maketh his sun to rise. That does not mean this sun alone, which is now shining on your bookcase. It means the spiritual sun of the Father, which is also given to the evil and the unjust. Now, if I believe in Him who according to the word of the Apostle Paul does not justify the just but the unjust and ungodly — yea, the ungodly — then I ask myself what did he want to do to Lazarus, to the little daughter of Jairus, and to the youth of Nain by raising them up from the dead? Verily, I say unto you, pastor, the Son of God hath not raised these dead except it be into eternal life. But the Son of man would not and could not raise them up. It is not given to the Son of man to raise the dead and heal the sick save through human medicine. It is but given to the Son of man to suffer himself and to suffer for others, that is to say, to love; that is to say, to be merciful."

"You are venturing upon dangerous ground, my friend," said the pastor, raising a warning finger. "You are aware, I suppose, that you are on the road to denying the miracles of our Lord Jesus — nothing less — and so putting yourself in opposition to the Holy Scriptures and the entire Christian Church."

"The Lord hath said," replied Quint, an intense feverish gleam in his eyes, "let the dead bury their dead. He hath not said he would raise the dead in the body back to life in the flesh and to spiritual death. As to the Bible, it was written down by erring human hands. The letter killeth. It is only the spirit that giveth life. Without the spirit to quicken it, the let-

ter remains dead. The spirit is always more than the letter. Now, it is the letter that is in the book, but the spirit is in me. All those who can read, read letters, but what were the spirit if it were confined within the small limits of the letters? The Father does not clothe Himself in letters, neither does the Son. The garment of both is eternity. And therefore, pastor, I think, the Father is in me, the Son is in me — that is the miracle. Nothing else is. Their kingdom is not of this world. And worldly miracles of the Son of man, what are they to the heavenly miracles of the Son of God? And as the Son alone knows the Father, so the son alone knows the Son. And the Father alone knows the Son and Himself even behind the dead veil that conceals them, the words of the Writ and their letters. Only what the Father reads is truly read and recognised by the Father, and what the Son reads is truly read by the Son and recognised by the Son. What is not read by the Father and not by the Son is like a heap of cold ashes which a blind man's stick rakes up."

"Well, so far as I am concerned," said the pastor, "you can expound your chaotic ideas at the castle of the Gurau Lady. I do not think you will meet with favour. After what I have heard I am not anxious to penetrate deeper into the labyrinth of your very peculiar views — very peculiar, indeed. It is a pity. You think, but you think without guidance. That is always dangerous, especially in the uneducated. If you had studied theology, you would certainly not have got so hopelessly entangled in the thorns and brambles of fallacies. I am afraid you have not told me nearly all you have excogitated. I dare say I could learn a lot more wonderful things.

"Now, tell me one thing more. With your ideas and theories have you any earthly aims in view? Do you want to improve the condition of the poor? Are you, like certain crazy religious enthusiasts, awaiting the speedy coming of the millennium? Do you want to reform the church and start a campaign against her dogmas? Do you favour community of goods of the kind the early Christians had? Do you incline to Socialism? It is Socialism I should advise you most of all to keep away from."

To all these questions Quint shook his head. He again scrutinised the pastor's youthful, robust figure, and at the same time a dim impenetrable veil seemed to spread over his face covering all the secrets of his inner being.

"Well," sighed the pastor, "so now we have had our talk." He went over to a tall cabinet of dark wood, a venerable old piece of baroque furniture, opened its folding doors, and took a banknote from one of the many drawers. Fingering it dubiously, he seemed to be deliberating, unable to reach a decision. "I will tell you frankly, Quint," he finally said, "I do not know what to do. I do not know whether in the circumstances the lady would want me to give you the money or not. If I had realised I should have to withhold it from you, I should have acted otherwise at the outset. I wasn't careful enough. Such a thing is so improbable, it is hard to imagine it, you know — I mean the exceedingly strange statements you made. Well, for all I care, go to the Gurau Lady. It will be just a little punishment to her for being so credulous in religious matters. Let her see for herself what one can occasionally expect from that lay intermeddling in religion which she encourages."

With a resolute gesture the pastor held out the note to the strange carpenter-apprentice, who had declared in one and the same breath that he was the Son of man and the Son of God.

Quint shook his head. The minister at first refused to understand. He felt rather small, and shammed good-natured resentment. Quint said he was very grateful to the lady and the pastor for their kindness, but he positively did not need the money, even if he should visit the lady.

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After Quint left, the pastor called his wife into his study, and the two watched the Fool walk through the front garden.

"Do you see that tall man?" he asked, pointing to Emanuel.

"Of course I see him."

"Tell me how he strikes you. What would you think of him from his walk and appearance?"

The pastor's wife, a young, wide-awake little woman, burst out laughing.

"I should think he is the kind that fears a policeman more than he fears God."

"My dear," replied the pastor, "I have never in my life been so staggered as I was by that fellow there who looks like a tramp. Feel my hands."

"Why," said his wife, "they are cold and clammy."

"He says he is no less than Jesus of Nazareth."

CHAPTER X

A FEW days later the Scharf brothers visited Emanuel. He explained to them that in his home they could not hold a conversation undisturbed, and the three went to the tavern of the lower village, which actually bore the name of "The House of Emmaus." In giving an account of all that happened since his arrest, the brothers told Emanuel that they had visited the Gurau Lady, and that Bohemian Joe, the weaver Schubert, the blacksmith John, and the former tailor Schwabe were at that moment in Giersdorf, having yielded to their lively desire to see Emanuel again.

For their meeting-place the next day Emanuel fixed upon a pear-tree on the edge of a field outside the village.

"We cannot meet until twilight," said Quint, "because we must try not to arouse notice. The village is curiously excited on account of me. My stepfather and stepbrother tell me of all sorts of strange things they hear said, and they lay the blame on me. Indeed, my family has to suffer much for my sake. Though I never maintained that I can make the lame walk, or the blind see, or the leper clean, many sick people come to me in the home of my parents. There are others that fight and curse me, as if I were a liar and a cheat."

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The next day at twilight, as the moon rose over a grey fog hanging flat upon the fields, the little con-

gregation of the poor and the foolish quietly gathered about the pear-tree. The Scharf brothers, Schubert, John, Schwabe, and Bohemian Joe did not constitute the entire assembly. There were, besides, about twenty men and women from the village, who had been partly admitted to the secret, having been told that Emanuel was a man inspired by the Holy Ghost.

A rumour from the rectory had reached them, and the rumour had not been denied. The pastor had said that Quint flatly asserted he was Jesus Christ, the Son of God. The report flew into the village like wildfire. The pastor, without any definite intention of doing so, fanned the people's excitement by frequent, lively repetitions of his statement. Within a few days he had spoken to the parish clerk, the apothecary, the lessee of a large aristocratic estate in the neighbourhood, and at the reserved table in the tavern. Emanuel's assertion took the form of a public offence, and Emanuel was branded a dangerous, even though an undeniable, fool.

At the same time the people heard that the false Jesus of Nazareth was to visit the Gurau Lady. This in everybody's eyes invested him with special importance. Those who formerly would merely have shrugged their shoulders pityingly now waxed indignant. And those who knew Emanuel — who in the village did not know Emanuel Quint? — shrieked themselves hoarse with anger, though previously they would have laughed at him. But the very pious people, incapable of forming an opinion for themselves and unequal to this remarkable event in their simplicity and credulity, were excited and transported into a state of hopeful, pious fearfulness.

None of the villagers could conceal certain holy shudderings in the face of this fantastic assumption,

which, after all, was now an event. It derived an undeniable halo of glory from the model it shammed, the second coming of the Lord. The whole village of Giersdorf stretching about a mile along the stream was suddenly alive with religion. In the upper village, which, as it were, was the head of the place, the people spoke of nothing but the holiness of the true Jesus and the ridiculousness of the false Jesus of Nazareth. On their visits to patients physicians discussed the biblical event and the pitiable parody of it. Servant girls spoke of it to the shop-boys over the counters. The poor customers modestly waited for expensive drugs while the apothecary clerks merrily exchanged news of the Giersdorf Messiah. And the peasants walking through the village alongside their heavy horses hauling timber called to each passing day-labourer:

"Have you seen the new Christ with your own eyes?" And generally added, "Well, I'll be ——!"

In the lower village, where the Catholic and the Protestant churches stood opposite each other, even the chaplain was disturbed by the rumour. Women, young and old, coming to confess told him of the madness of the unhappy Fool. Emanuel had acquired such dangerous notoriety that he could not venture forth from his home until after nightfall, and then he had to choose by-ways.

To the Scharf brothers the unusual state in which they found the whole village was a confirmation of their ineradicable belief. The host of the House of Emmaus, a man of seventy, a member of the "Community of Saints," long ridiculed as an eccentric, immediately greeted the Scharfs with the news of the false Jesus Christ. The host had done the unheard-of. For ten years wine, beer, and brandy had been banished from

his inn. Instead, he dispensed milk and Selters, because milk and Selters were the only drinks compatible with the pious principles of his brotherhood. He considered the arrogant folly of the carpenter's son to be one of the dreadful signs of the times, and in speaking of it to his guests, he said it indicated how near was the end of this sinning world.

But the Scharf brothers, both of them at the same time, started as if a light had suddenly been turned on in the dark, and their words and looks reacted vividly upon the inn-keeper.

It was inevitable that the poor people creeping to the pear-tree should be in a state of expectation, apprehension, and terror. It took some time for all of them to dare to gather in a group. Here and there a few had circumspectly held aloof, standing at the edge of the field or at the edge of the birch grove, about a hundred feet away. At last they were all seated, whispering or silent, and waited with secret dismay for what was to come. The moon as large as a wheel, resembling a disc of red-hot iron, rose between the two churches.

Anton Scharf was sitting with his back against the trunk of the pear-tree holding the hand of Schwabe, who sat next to him trembling. Emanuel had not yet come. All were peering into the darkness for a glimpse of him. They thought they saw him coming, now from this direction, now from that. The dogs in the yards were barking. An owl hooted in the woods nearby. The stars came out in greater numbers in the cloudless sky. Over the long rows of the village houses and trees the eastern heavens were a deep, cold blue. But the western heavens for some time retained the dark-red glow from the setting sun. Everything was large, silent, and solemn. Bats from the roofs of the barns

and churches came flying over the fields through the twilight above the layers of fog, and circled in wide sweeps about the pear-tree. The insistent shrilling of frogs in a marshy pond hidden behind the grove pierced the air.

But for their terror the little congregation would have started up a hymn. After a time it became so evident that all were in the clutches of fear, that Martin Scharf asked them to move closer to him, and found it necessary to encourage them with a few low-spoken but pithy words of comfort.

"We know it is said in the Bible that a prophet is not without honour, save in his own country. Nevertheless, have no fears. They may speak all manner of evil against him, they may heap contumely upon him, but the more the spirit of the bottomless pit rages against him, the more surely is God with him."

"Is it true," asked an old, bent linen-weaver's wife, "that he told our pastor he is the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"What he told the pastor," broke in Anton, hasty as usual, though speaking in a whisper, "what he told our pastor, we do not know. But one thing we *do* know, and that is, whatever he said to the pastor is the gospel truth."

A young wheelwright, a consumptive, insisted that Quint had actually stated that he was Jesus Christ, Son of the living God.

Schubert, Schwabe, Anton, and Martin now narrated the dreams they had had of Emanuel Quint. Schwabe had seen the marks of the nails on his hands and feet. Anton had been asked three times by Emanuel whether he loved him, and Martin had seen him walk over a bottomless bog in the Hirschberger valley without wetting his feet. As for Schubert, he had had a genuine

vision, and he gave a vivid account of it, in the way of simple people.

One evening he left his hut on the mountain ridge to go to the teacher Stoppe. He had reached the point where the road down into Prussia branched off, when looking up suddenly he saw Emanuel Quint about fifty feet away also walking toward the crossway. He stood rooted to the spot. Emanuel approached.

"Well," said Schubert, "I thought it was all in my imagination, and I walked on, too, and wanted to go past him or through him, when suddenly just where the road going down into Prussia begins, I was thrown back, as if I had bumped against a stone wall. A second before he had been standing right next to me, but at that moment he disappeared. Then I knew what it meant," Schubert concluded solemnly. "I went home, just explained to my wife where I was going, and the same evening I took that very road down into Prussia. Now you know, dear brethren, why I am here."

Suddenly everybody started. One said he had heard branches cracking and voices whispering in the birch-grove. Another said Quint had come. A third, the wheelwright, jumped up, and said he had just seen him approaching along the edge of the vetch field.

"Dear sisters and brethren, fear not! Be patient!" Martin again tried to calm them.

Bohemian Joe in his reckless courage leapt to the border of the grove to investigate the cause of the sounds that had disquieted some of the brethren.

Bohemian Joe's head was always swarming with maggots. Yet he was surprisingly shrewd and self-willed. Fear of man was unknown to him. If he was afraid of anything it was God and the devil. His mother had been a gypsy. From her race he inherited

superstition, a mystical conception of nature, and the desire for restless roaming.

"People," he said, returning from the edge of the grove, and speaking not exactly in the subdued tones of the brotherhood, "I think a whole regiment of Freiburg Rifles are creeping up."

This piece of exaggeration joined to the comfortable, careless way in which he sat himself down among the waiting people eased their minds and set them laughing, though their laughter was suppressed.

Bohemian Joe had always been religious. Not seldom he was to be seen in graveyards standing now at one grave, now at another, murmuring from time to time and sighing to himself. Always inclined to adventure, he was quickly caught up in the whirlpool about Quint. He reflected much about himself and God. At night, lying on his back, he often looked up at the heavens for hours at a time, experiencing both a sense of oppression and exaltation, while enjoying the whole unfathomable marvel, as only a man who feels things in the very core of his being can enjoy it. Filled with sublime dread he rejoiced in the holy sport of the golden meteors, and in such moments held it for certain that he who could comprehend all this, he the poor, filthy, hideous knave, was a favoured, elect member of the divine creation.

You could tell by the lingering gaze of his fathomless dark eyes that nothing was plain and natural to him. Everything was a wonder. He marvelled at the simplest things. That is why nothing in his nature rebelled against recognising in Quint, the run-away carpenter's apprentice, simple as he seemed, a vessel for mysteries and miracles. Moreover, he did not seem to himself too insignificant for an ever-watchful

divine guidance. He was convinced it was not in vain and merely by chance that a hand from the great Invisible had led him to Quint way up there in the knee-pine.

The Scharfs, however, did not see in him a thorough believer, unreservedly devoted to the cause. To be sure he had contributed lavishly to the common fund, more than any of the others. Yet he did not show that genuine, ardent hunger for the final fulfilment of the promise. In one sense he had nothing but the Bible in his head. In another, it sometimes seemed, he had precious little of it. Quint's personality had charmed him, and now it was the fantastic world of the gospels, the narratives of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, that held his fascinated gaze bound like a child's to the lips of the Scharfs.

His curiosity led him farther and farther into the world of the Bible narratives, which the brothers preached to him with fiery tongues, with unwavering conviction and passion. He grew familiar with the story of the great event, the sending to earth of God's only begotten Son to redeem the world from the curse of sin and restore man to the lost Paradise — an event held to be the event of events, the one grand turning-point in the dreary lot of all mankind. Bohemian Joe began to think day and night of the poor youth, the Son of God, and his sorrowful fate on earth. To be sure, it had been the Jews who had persecuted and crucified Him. Yet Bohemian Joe always shook his head and felt ashamed of the race of man. Sometimes his healthy brain could not grasp what those two cranks, the Scharf brothers, meant when they said Quint was the same as He that had been crucified.

However, expectancy remained alive in him.

Though he had long given up hope of the next day, he kept walking forward to that great event, still hidden in obscurity, yet sure to come some time or other. Occasionally he became impatient. He would then construct a new life and new events upon some star. What was to his taste were ghost stories, such as the one Schubert had told of the apparition of Emanuel. He especially liked to hear them at night in the open air, sitting about a brushwood fire, when some real or fancied danger was threatening. He also enjoyed them in the mountain taverns under the swinging lamps. But nothing more delightful could befall him than this gruesome waiting at night for the outlaw Emanuel Quint, surrounded by mysteries, dangers, and suspicions.

Suddenly the man they were expecting stood before them. All rose from the ground.

"I beseech you, dear sisters and brethren, depart," said Emanuel. His tone was kindly, and his voice quivered with emotion. In the light of the moon, which had turned paler on rising, Quint's face and figure seemed to be formed of nothing but white radiance. "I would not have you suffer on my account," he continued. Despite the half-light, they all saw how worn and wet with tears was the face of the false Messiah. "You must not suffer on my account, for I am nothing. Let them tread me underfoot. It is not that. Verily, I deserve nothing better. But I knew not that to-day, two thousand years after our Saviour's birth into this world, that same world was still so frantic and wrathful in its sinning. Dear sisters and brethren, you see me dismayed, not because the people over there rage against me, but because they rage against Jesus Christ Himself."

" We know they rage against Jesus Christ Himself," suddenly exclaimed the hunch-backed tailor Schwabe, and threw himself face downward before Quint.

Quint started in terror, and wanted to raise him. But he was moved by such readiness in a man to give himself up to the divine, and he instantly felt a tender love and profound sympathy for Schwabe welling up within him. He did not succeed in raising the sobbing man from the ground. Some will say he should have rebuked him and said:

" You are not worshipping God in me, but, rather, the prince of hell. I am a poor man like yourself, a poor, blinded carpenter's apprentice. At best you are giving yourself up to a horrible self-delusion! "

But it had become impossible for Emanuel Quint to say that or something similar. He could not undeceive the poor man. And here he again showed that foolishness peculiar to him, by which his being was divided into two, a spiritual being that seemed to him divine through and through, and a fleshly being, the sinful being of this earth.

" Dear brother," he said, " you did not say that from out of your own heart. Nor did you say it to me, who am standing here before you in the flesh. But He to whom your soul turned in the quiet of the night and before whom you prostrated yourself, He the Father which is in me, heard you. To Him you spoke."

Emanuel did not mean that in the fleshly sense he was Christ, the Son of God, come to earth again. Nevertheless, as later events showed, there was not a man, woman, or child of all those present who did not understand him to say that he was actually the Saviour.

In this brief occurrence there must have lain a confusing power difficult for the modern enlightened man

to comprehend. The statements of all those people compel one to the belief that there must have been such a power. The weaver's wife, an old woman of over sixty, said she felt as if suddenly the stars came raining down from heaven, and as if she could no longer swallow or breathe. The wheelwright said that when Quint bent over Schwabe, he distinctly felt the ground beneath him quivering, and clearly heard a subterranean rumbling. Bohemian Joe declared he did not know what it was, whether a natural phenomenon or magic, but the whole sky all at once turned blood-red, bright as day. He was told that every evening that year the heavens in the west were flushed a bright red until long after ten o'clock, as everybody had noticed. Yet — you could tell it by his manner — Bohemian Joe was not to be persuaded out of his conviction.

The assembly fell into a frenzy. All the people, the Scharfs first, crowded about the Fool, and weeping and sobbing kissed his hands fervidly, tenderly. An outside observer would have been at a loss to explain what was happening. As a matter of fact, the swarm of kneeling, bowing men and women in the moonlight, gathered about a man holding himself erect, had not gone unobserved. Some eavesdroppers — not the Freiburg Rifles — had crept up in the birch grove, and they accompanied the ghost-like proceedings with whisperings and titterings, and sometimes, too, with astonished, questioning looks.

With it all Emanuel Quint was unspeakably sorrowful. He was disconsolate. On all sides he seemed to be forced into a way of lies, which was also a way of contempt. Rarely before had he ever felt so hot a desire to be cast loose from men and be alone with God. But the men encompassed him — this one ready to fol-

low him, that one in the dire need of his soul and body — all demanding salvation from him, and he unable to give it. And he pitied them. He could not withdraw from the world and deceive the few that were close to him and leave them behind in despair. To be sure many an one lives and laughs and eats and drinks, indifferent, hopeless, with the cold ashes of a once burning despair in his breast. Yet he could not kill their belief. Too great was his compassion, too tender his love for him to commit such murder.

Nevertheless, he took the Scharfs aside and asked them, urged them, fairly begged them to leave him.

"Keep the secret of the kingdom, dear brethren, yet leave me." And now, unfortunately, he fell again into his biblical way of speaking, and said, "The son of man has come to bear the sorrows of the Son of man! I am poor. The floors in the house of my father and my mother burn my naked soles. I must leave. The son of man has no roof to shelter him, no bed, no pillow for his head. What await ye from me? What seek ye of me?"

"That you do not forget us," said Martin Scharf in his exaltation, "that you do not forget us when you are enthroned in glory."

Now Quint could not but clearly realise the fearful delusion that had taken firm root in the heads of the smaller circle of his followers.

"Martin," he burst out, in an access of wrath. "Martin, you see who I am! I am not He for whom you take me! What would you have of me? If you will partake of my glory, you see my glory is suffering. I have no other earthly glory! Go speak to my stepfather! Speak to my brother! Listen to what they say of me in the taverns and the houses of the

rich! What you will learn, that constitutes my entire glory! Would you have the coat on my back? Take it! Of gold and silver I have none, and want none! So wealth is not to be expected of me, not now, and not in all eternity. What do you expect of me?"

Anton cried out ecstatically, speaking in the monotonous, chanting tone in which the Bible is read:

"We are looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."

Emanuel drew a deep breath. His soul was racked. He wanted to tear himself away, but the people crowded about him again supplicating like hungry beggars, as if he were holding aloft a loaf of bread. A wave of compassion and horror flowed over him — compassion because of their helpless bodily want, horror because of their undignified, secret greed for other than spiritual goods. And he was struck with horror at what he recognised in their conduct was a senseless lust for misdeeds.

He was almost impelled to take flight when the full force of his calling as a teacher flashed through him. After resolutely disentangling himself from his besiegers, he walked firmly to the top of the hillock on which the pear-tree stood and bade the congregation sit down about him.

He began to speak. His voice again sounded firm and simple, though quivering perceptibly with the foretaste of inspiration.

"You know that Jesus the Saviour, as the apostles tell us, always spoke to the multitude in parables —"

That was as far as Emanuel got.

CHAPTER XI

Many of the villagers afterward sided completely with those who attempted to rid the village and the world at large of a public nuisance. Of course, they said, the butcher's boy was not exactly to be justified in having broken Schwabe's left leg with a bean-pole. But he must be excused on the score of his Christian feelings. Bohemian Joe was universally condemned for having literally tossed an innkeeper of the lower village and farmer Karge's stable-boy into a deepish frog pond. And before throwing them in he had so maltreated them that both were laid up almost two weeks.

It was proved that a mob of excited men, among whom were some putters from the neighbouring coal mines, a horse-dealer, a trader, and a butcher, had left the tavern At the Sign of the Star, in a semi-intoxicated condition with the avowed intention of first going to another tavern, the House of Emmaus, and there seeking a quarrel with the "saints." If they found Emanuel Quint there, they would "give it to him," meaning they would beat him black and blue.

By the time they had crossed the bridge and were opposite the House of Emmaus, they were already armed with sticks of hazel-wood, stones, pieces of rope, and similar missiles. The host immediately closed his doors. Later, on the witness-stand, he displayed a piece of flint the size of a man's fist, and said it had shattered one of his windows.

But no other excesses occurred at the House of

Emmaus. That was due to a bit of shameful treachery on the part of the housekeeper. One of the rioters, the very butcher's boy who broke poor Schwabe's leg, was her lover, and from a window overlooking the yard she called to him and told him of the meeting at the pear-tree.

The mob now changed its tactics. From having been wildly uproarious it became very quiet. Later the rioters, among whom there were a few fanatic Catholics, almost unanimously spoke of the affair as having been a joke. But neither the little group about Emanuel nor Emanuel himself could see much innocent fun in it when the horde of Apaches descended upon them.

Emanuel had scarcely uttered the word "parables" when a shrill whistle from the grove interrupted him. It was the signal of attack, given by the horse-dealer, who had been commissioned to do so because he knew how to produce a piercing screech by putting a finger of each hand inside his bloated cheeks. The little assembly had no chance to recover from their stark fright at the barbaric sound before dark forms leapt into the moonlight from the shadows of the grove, and bounded to the pear-tree. Emanuel often re-lived the attack in his dreams. The same moonlit night with its spacious stillness would surround him, he would see the waving of dark trees, he would suddenly hear the ear-splitting whistle, and then a pack of wolves, as it seemed to him, would come leaping at him. Something that also clung in his memory was the croaking of the frogs in the pond behind the grove.

As the assailants approached, quietly as they had agreed, Quint's surprised adherents uttered one loud despairing cry for help, and scattered in all directions. Later that cry passed into mythology. Some persons

in the upper village said they heard it, and others a great distance away in the very opposite direction, also maintained they heard it. Even allowing for the quiet of the night that was inexplicable.

For a moment Emanuel was left alone, most of the mob having dashed off in pursuit of his congregation, who were flying in all directions. But then he was surrounded by three wild, panting creatures, saw bluish, grimacing faces which he never forgot, and heard, "Here's the fellow!"

At the same time he felt violent hands laid upon his breast, his back, and his arms. He offered no resistance. All of a sudden it seemed to him that he was not himself, that he was not standing on the spot where he actually was standing, that he was not taking part in what was happening. This may have turned out to be an advantage to him, since unprovoked by resistance the men at first did not maltreat him.

But they seized him and for some purpose they seemed to have in view they ran with him over the field to the grove, forcing him to race with them. They pulled and dragged him down a slope and were within only a few paces of a small lake overgrown with sedge, when one of Emanuel's tormentors was most unexpectedly felled to the ground by a mighty blow out of the dark. Without uttering a sound the man sank down among the ferns.

The remaining two continued to drag Emanuel toward the pond. As had been prearranged, he was to receive a baptism that would sober him for the rest of his life. But they were prevented from carrying out their designs. Bohemian Joe reversed the situation. They and not their victim received the sobering bath.

Bohemian Joe in his frightful hideousness had suddenly appeared before the startled rowdies like an evil demon, or the devil himself. With a few blows of his fist he freed the poor Fool from his persecutors. But scarcely was Emanuel torn from the clutch of many hands, when he fell to the ground senseless.

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Thus ended sadly enough the innocent gathering of a few poor misguided souls hungry for salvation.

The incident provoked much laughter. It was taken as a travesty of the holiest, an unintentional travesty, and for that reason somewhat pathetic. In other circles the gathering itself was considered a blasphemy, and the attack, therefore, a healthy reaction of the insulted Christianity of the people.

In Reichenbach there was a religious society consisting of some influential men and a large number of women who strove for a deeper religious life than the church could offer. Many voices in this society were raised in behalf of Quint and his followers. But all in all the incident soon sank into oblivion because at that very time the Czar of Russia and the President of France met on a French war-vessel, and gave utterance to some toasts that agitated the whole European world.

Little heed was paid to what afterward happened to Quint. He had been picked up while still unconscious, and carried home bleeding in several places. His mother, genuinely alarmed, gave a lively exhibition of her motherly love in tears and sobs, and nursed him with the amount of care customary in that class and with a little more than the customary tenderness.

A few days later a physician came to see Emanuel at the request of the Gurau Lady, who had been

told of the misfortune by Anton and Martin Scharf and Brother Nathaniel. The physician found that not only were there a number of skin wounds but also a rupture of a blood vessel in one of Emanuel's lungs, the result of a violent blow.

The physician advised Emanuel and his mother, who stood crying beside the sorry bed, to start a private suit against his assailants. His mother and even his stepfather were willing. But Emanuel would not hear of it.

A few days later after dark he was removed from the miserable, slant-roofed lumber room where he had been lying and transported to a sisterhood hospital founded and wholly maintained by the Gurau Lady.

" Since the poor man," she said, " cannot come to me of himself, there is nothing for me to do but to go get him."

Three deaconesses and a sort of sister superior had charge of the little hospital set in a charming garden not far from the edge of the woods. From time to time the Lady herself, accompanied by her companion, came driving over from Gurau in a satin-lined coach to see for herself how her institution was prospering. She paid her first visit after Emanuel came on a Monday, exactly a week after his arrival.

Before going to see him where he lay she had a long talk with the physician and the sister superior in a room reserved for her. The somewhat shapeless little lady did not stand still for an instant, but kept rustling her stiff black silk dress back and forth in the room, from the wall hung with a steel engraving of the way to Emmaus, to the other wall hung with a painting of the Ascension. Finally she had the sister and the physician take her in to Emanuel.

She looked at him curiously. His lean shoulders were covered by a flannel jacket open at his throat and leaving his long neck bare. He reclined in the clean white bed with his back supported by pillows. On a yellow wooden chair next to the bed were two copies of the Bible, one brownish, soiled, and torn — his own property and the source of his errors — the other the property of the hospital, in fact of the very bed he was lying in. In the views of that Protestant circle and of the founder of the hospital Lord Save Us, the Bible was as necessary to every soul as food is to the body.

"Here is your benefactress," said the physician.

The Lady shook her bonneted head vivaciously.

"I did not come," she said, "to present myself as a philanthropist, Mr. Quint. I only wanted to see with my own eyes whether you were getting any better. What is the matter with you, doctor?" She shook her finger at the physician, displaying her large thin hand in its black lace mitten. "When we do good, you as a pious Christian should know, we simply do our duty." She turned to her companion, a very tall, stiff personage, and whispered, but not so low that the others could not hear, "The man, I think, makes an excellent impression."

The physician now entered into an explanation of Emanuel's ailments, pointing out the various wounds he had received; which seemed to please the old lady. He drew aside Emanuel's shirt, and tapped the right side of his breast over the part of the lung that had been hurt. On Emanuel's white skin was the mark of the blow vivid with all the colours of the rainbow.

Since Quint had been in his care the physician consistently cut out everything that might bear upon the

patient's psychic malady. In her consultation with the physician before seeing Emanuel, the Lady had asked him whether he thought it would hurt the man if she cautiously turned the conversation upon that unfortunate weakness which seemed to be his evil fate. The physician laughed.

"I leave that to your judgment," he said. "But I may as well tell you, it is no easy matter to discover the *idée fixe*, the peculiar maniac thought-system of paranoiacs. For some mysterious reason they are often extremely sly and intelligent in putting an observer off the track. Quint has just had some sad experience as a result of proclaiming his divine origin. So perhaps he will keep his conviction that he is the Messiah a secret for a while, or even deny that he is the Messiah."

When the physician had ended his account of Quint's condition in the bedroom, the Gurau Lady gave him and her companion a look, and they left the room to visit other patients.

Sister Hedwig remained, and moved a wicker-chair to within a little space of Emanuel's bed. The Gurau Lady said "No, thank you," while at the same time seating herself in it.

Often the lady would relate, sometimes even to persons of high rank, how Emanuel affected her on her first meeting with him. She invariably declared it was impossible to look that strange man in the eye without being profoundly moved, without being shaken to the depths of one's soul, without a feeling of slight horror.

"When I went to him," she said, "I was curious. When I left him, I did not know what had happened to my soul."

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The Gurau Lady began her conversation with the polite phrases usual in such circumstances.

"Are you satisfied with the care you are getting?"

Emanuel nodded his head yes.

"Are you dissatisfied with anything at all?"

Emanuel shook his head no.

Conversation came to a slight standstill.

"It's shocking," the lady went on, "how those wicked, rough people treated you. I heard the district attorney had taken the matter up, and you have already been cross-examined. We are supposed to be living in a well-ordered state. What will we be coming to if mobs are allowed to attack peaceful people with impunity?"

Quint lying with his hands crossed on the woollen bedspread listened with intently staring, but lowered, eyes. Now he raised his head, gave the lady's face a long look, and began to speak in a moderate tone without the least trace of embarrassment.

"Do you think that when a man rightly understands Christ's teachings and His life and death, when he knows of nothing better and sublimer in life than to follow Christ's teachings and imitate his life and death, do you think he can be in accord with the procedure of any tribunal of human judges, or, what is more, can ever appeal to it?"

"Yet, I believe," said the Lady, "that our Saviour said, 'There is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God. Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers.' Those men trespassed against God and the powers that be. So they ought to be properly punished."

"Did not Christ sometimes say things in one connection that in another connection have a very different

meaning? What is the most precious, the teachings of our Lord as written down by human hands? The earthly life of our Lord? Or the heavenly life of our Lord?"

"The heavenly life."

"That is what I think, too," said Emanuel. "I believe that in the heavenly life the drossless light of the spirit shone. In Christ's second life on earth, dross already obscured that holy light of the spirit. So how much more dross must there not be in the third life, in the printed pages of a book, which reproduces something related by men, heard by men, written down by men. Or are there persons who think that the glory enveloping the Son of God originates in this book? No, it merely contains a faint reflection of His glory."

The Lady felt a little ill at ease. Quint's remarks seem somewhat dubious.

"I think," Emanuel continued, "that the passage about the higher powers may, in a sense, be counted along with the dross. At any rate, it is meant for those men, the rulers as well as the ruled, who are excluded from the regeneration and belong to the kingdom of the dead. But I do not belong to the kingdom of the dead. My kingdom is not of this world."

The Lady suddenly looked at the Fool with intense curiosity.

His shirt stood open at his throat. The muscles of his neck quivered. His finely cut lips opened and closed gently under his reddish mustache and pointed beard. In the vein below his ear and the delicate veins of his pale temples his blood pulsed perceptibly. His eyes, though wide open, were not fixed upon the outer world. Their gaze was turned inward.

"My kingdom is not of this world. In this world

where the reward of sin became the sting of death, the strength of sin became the law. He that hath the understanding, let him understand. I am not under the strength of sin. Therefore I am not under the law. And therefore I seek not mine honour before the law. I seek in myself nothing but the honour of Him who sent me."

Thus, all of a sudden, the Gurau Lady had plainly set before her that comprehensive maniac thought-system, in which she had not believed. Since she was incapable of penetrating the peculiar form of the Quint dialectics, his mania seemed more monstrous than it actually was. She fairly shrank in terror. But the hot and cold waves that shivered down her spinal column were pleasant to her. She sought and found similar titillations in her religious philanthropies, though never before had she been so shaken.

Emanuel Quint seemed neither ridiculous nor pitiable to her, neither a fool nor a sick man. The strong impression he unexpectedly made upon her was by no means weakened because he immediately, without circumlocution, began to speak of his religious ideas. She went through the same experience as many others who had been enthralled by the strange enthusiast's delusion. The sudden assumption in a man that he was no less than the Saviour stunned her, even though she denied the assumption. She got the illusion that the Saviour was near, and the modesty with which the Fool in Christ gave expression to his belief strengthened the illusion.

To be sure, Quint had not roundly asserted that he was Christ arisen again. But in the Lady's opinion the poor patient in his last statement had said no less than that, and her black bonnet began to quiver.

"I did not quite understand everything you said, Mr. Quint," she began cautiously. "I am a poor old woman, and my head was never any too good. In my simplicity I think the powers that be have the right to judge and to punish. I do not know you well enough yet, Mr. Quint. I am especially ignorant of the story of your life and religious experiences. I know it is written that the Lord hid things from the wise and prudent and revealed them unto babes, unto them that are poor in the spirit and pure in heart. I know it well. I am also completely filled with what St. Peter said: 'We have a sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the daystar arise —'"

"'In your hearts,'" Quint concluded.

"Yes," rejoined the lady, "in our hearts. But external signs will also appear when the Son sits in the clouds on judgment day on the right hand of the Father. Let us keep ourselves from snares and temptations, let us not fall into pernicious error."

She grew more and more excited as she spoke, and her voice quivered with heartfelt emotion. Quint let his hand glide lightly over her trembling hands with soothing gentleness.

"God is a spirit," he said, "and they that worship Him shall worship Him in the spirit and in truth. Meditate upon this, dear lady. God is spirit. The holy men of God, as Peter said, are everywhere — and verily I am more than Peter was! — As long as the world has been in existence holy men of God have been preaching, led by the spirit of God. But the very word through which the light shines upon the earthly obscures the light, and insofar as the spirit

killeth not the word, the word killeth the spirit. But when holy men of God speak, we know whose children they are. God is a spirit. So we know to whom and of whom they say Father. The Father is spirit and they alone that are born again through the Holy Ghost will call Him Father and will be called the children of the Father. Not so they that are dead in the body and born again in the body on a judgment day.

"Do not think that God is a God of the dead. As the Saviour revealed to us, He is a God of the living, not the dead. Woe to them that sin against the spirit. They commit unforgivable sin in making an image of the Holy Ghost, in turning the Holy Ghost into an earthly king, a magician, a king enthroned on the clouds surrounded by winged angels carrying fiery scourges, a man who judges us and therefore neither hates nor loves us, who stands under the law, the law born of sin, who cannot be, and may not be, a father to us. For when was a father ever set in judgment over the life and death of his children? A father loves his children because his children are his blood. We are our Father's blood because we pray, 'Our Father which art in heaven.' Our Father sits not in judgment over us. Neither justice nor injustice, but love, is between Him and us. And nobody sits enthroned on His right hand that is more than I am, I the son of man! Nobody sits on His left hand that is more than I am, or more than anyone that has been born again through Jesus Christ and included in the community of the spirit. What do you all fear? Woe to them that spread lies as if the spirit were not spirit, but a gaoler of eternal destruction! Woe to them that came to torment and torture the world with the 'spirit!' Verily, verily, I say unto you, I have un-

locked the gates of hell, so strong is the power of the Father in me. There is no darkness into which the light of the spirit shall not penetrate. There is no poor wretch whom my love will not set free. They will all recognise the truth, and the truth will make them free. Why await ye the coming of the Lord? The mystery has been revealed! God is not far away! He is not in a remote country! God is here! God is with us! God is in me!"

Later Emanuel Quint often developed the same line of thought so eminently characteristic of him. And the stiff-neckedness with which he maintained it was taken as a form of his mental ailment. The clergy saw nothing but danger to the dogmas of the church in his odd deductions. Subsequently the clergy were divided into two camps. The one camp saw danger in the fact that his reasoning and observations were prepossessing, even illuminating. The other, far larger camp did not take the trouble to penetrate into the logic of his foolish wisdom. Perhaps it was unable to. In this respect a wrong was done Quint in taking him for an out and out charlatan and cheat, who thought of nothing but his own advantage, who exploited the never-failing credulity of the people, and who, like some hypnotists, spiritualists, and other jugglers, cynically invested himself with the nimbus of the Saviour.

The poor Fool in Christ was no such arch-imposter. And the Gurau Lady never took him to be one. She was of those who maintained that at the worst he was an honest, though misguided seeker of the Saviour. Sometimes, even in the presence of a number of people, she said:

"Who knows but that he was a man who saw the light and your too-clever theologians could not understand him?"

As she sat there listening to Emanuel she held her smelling salts to her nose several times. His ideas quite unnerved her. She was profoundly shaken. Though a stout-hearted little woman with a fund of sound sense and humour, she had to struggle against a certain exuberance of feeling, and often regretted having displayed too much sentiment.

After Quint had done speaking she felt as if a great light had suddenly burst forth and were shining upon her; as if veils had fallen away, and a final mystery were revealed; as if until now she had heard of the Saviour's love only in sounding brass and tinkling cymbals, and were now for the first time feeling it in all its true glory, in its full significance; as if a hot ray from the heart of that strange yet familiar man had penetrated into her innermost being. Her brain reeled. She felt the throbbing of her heart in her throat. Had she not controlled herself by main force, she would actually have sunk down sobbing at the bedside of the poor Fool in Christ.

But at the same instant she heard Emanuel give a hard little cough, and she saw the handkerchief he held to his mouth turn red. He indifferently shoved the handkerchief between the mattress and the frame of the bed. The Gurau Lady rose to leave.

"You spoke too much, Mr. Quint," she cried in sincere alarm, blushing to the roots of her hair like a young girl. "I should like to have listened to you a long time, but unfortunately it mustn't be. Our physician is very strict and will take me to task."

Sister Hedwig stepped in. She handed Emanuel some sliced lemon on a plate. Emanuel paid no attention to her.

"I trust this is not the last time we shall see each other, Mr. Quint," said the Gurau Lady, holding out her hand to him.

Emanuel let her hand rest in his, and looked into her face, nodding his head almost imperceptibly. Strands of his red hair fell over his pale, sunken, freckled face, on which shone a ray of the morning sun shimmering in through white curtains.

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Rustling up and down again between the Ascension and the way to Emmaus, the Lady kept repeating in that determined worldly tone for which she was known:

"I tell you, you must cure that poor man. Don't leave a single thing undone that can be done for him, doctor. I will send fruit and wine for him." And turning to the sister superior and some deaconesses, "Do your best for him. Don't try to be saving of my funds."

"So you really got him to speak?" the physician queried in astonishment. "That is remarkable. The whole week he never, not even remotely, touched upon any sort of religious topic either in my presence or the presence of any of the sisters."

"He merely read and wrote," the sister superior explained, "and scarcely answered us except when we had to speak to him about his illness. If we spoke about anything else, he would shake his head slightly, and smile a tired, kindly smile."

CHAPTER XII

The same day the Gurau Lady had guests to dinner, Brother Nathaniel, one of the large tenants on her estate, her bailiff Scheibler, and his wife. She got home late from her visit to the hospital, and her companion had to preside at table for a while. That lady could not contain herself. During the very first course she had to unburden herself by describing the wonderful impression Quint had made upon her mistress.

When the Gurau Lady herself appeared at table a little later, they all realised that her companion had not exaggerated. Though they had instantly checked their conversation about Quint, which they had carried on in suppressed tones, she of her own accord came back to the same subject as soon as greetings had been exchanged and everybody was again seated.

"Tell me everything, *everything* you know about him, Brother Nathaniel."

She turned to the busily chewing apostle of home missions, whose thick-set figure was clad in a well-brushed black suit.

Brother Nathaniel quickly swallowed what he had in his mouth, wiped his bushy beard with his napkin, and began to speak.

He told of his sermon in the village school, where he had first seen and spoken to Emanuel, and recalled certain details in their conversation. Turning to Scheibler he told how he had met his young nephew Kurt Simon the next morning, and how on their walk

together they had come upon Emanuel Quint on his knees near a haystack praying.

As to the following incidents Brother Nathaniel was not particular to be very accurate. He did not touch upon their enthusiastic communion service, still less upon the strange act of baptism by which he ineradicably implanted in the breast of the carpenter's son the sacred idea of a special mission. That he kept a secret.

When the Scharf brothers approached him about Quint, he wrote a letter to the Gurau Lady, though not without some regret and trembling because of the offence that Emanuel was everywhere giving.

In the homes and at the tables of his Christian hosts the pious brother by no means spoke in those thunderous tones that he hurled from the pulpit. His voice was veiled to humility. When he had finished his account, he concluded:

"May God lead that poor Christian brother back to truth if he has been misled, and may He forgive them that misled him, and misled him unintentionally. Satan's power is too great. We must not cease to be on our guard against him every moment of the day and night. For it is clear Satan cannot hate anyone so violently as him who serves our Lord by day and night with all the ardour of glowing love.

"I have known Martin and Anton Scharf for years. They are the first proofs of His grace that the Lord gave me, unworthy minister of the word that I am. He willed that their souls should be awakened and led back to Christ through me. Now it seems the old wicked enemy has been playing his tricks with them.

"A few days ago I asked them to visit me. They follow that misguided man. For hours I held up to

them all the reasons against their strange opinion of Emanuel Quint, all the dangers of such an opinion. But they stuck to it — the strength of the spirit of the Lord was in him, and the power over life and death.

"I did still more. I did what is the only thing to do in order to penetrate to the truth in Christ in such circumstances and in all questions of life — I went with them in prayer before the Lord. Heaven grant that by now the force of error has been broken within them."

"Tell me, Brother Nathaniel," said the bailiff, "what is the error by which this man or boy of whom you speak, this Emanuel Quant, or Quint, as you call him, is possessed?"

"My dear Mr. Scheibler," exclaimed the Gurau Lady, "have you never heard of the so-called false Messiah of Giersdorf?" Mr. Scheibler said he had not, and she continued: "He is a man who, pastor Schuch of Giersdorf in this letter here positively assures me, considers himself the Redeemer come back to earth again."

"And many poor misguided people, it seems, take him for that, too," supplemented the Lady's companion.

"Why," said the bailiff, utterly astonished, "the thing's inconceivable!"

Mrs. Scheibler, a feeling Christian, here put in her word.

"It's a disgrace," she cried, shaking her head. "It's an outrage. *I* think it's the worst blasphemy against the sublimest and the holiest. He's probably a poor, crazy fellow, possessed of some horrible demon, and we should do everything we can to get him out of Satan's clutches."

"But the strange thing is, Mrs. Scheibler," the

Lady interposed, "that this Emanuel Quint by no means makes the impression of a crazy man."

"Well, then, how can he maintain such a monstrous absurdity?"

"Things of that sort prove that the day of all days is no longer far off," said the bailiff, almost solemnly. "What other name is there for so fearful a false prophet than anti-Christ? The days of the anti-Christ are beginning, as numerous signs of the times distinctly indicate. How can one doubt that the spiritual Babylon is not in full flower everywhere?"

"That is a dreadful word — anti-Christ — Mr. Scheibler," said the Lady. "Would we not be branding a poor stray sheep of Jesus with too big and terrible a name in calling him anti-Christ? You have to see him to realise that anti-Christ is by far too hard a name for him. When he is quite well, I will invite him here."

"A teacher in the Riesengebirge, Brother Stoppe, writes something very remarkable to me," said Brother Nathaniel after the roast was served. "Emanuel Quint was in his home. He assures me that Quint himself never laid claim to supernatural powers, in fact Quint repeatedly declared that he had nothing to do with wonders or magic of any kind. Yet, Mr. Stoppe said, consciously or unconsciously, Quint undoubtedly emanated a certain power. He subsequently convinced himself of it. For instance, Quint cured a lame man and saved an old woman's soul by enabling her to die. That is more than lies within ordinary human power. Stoppe also writes that he himself never heard Emanuel Quint call himself Christ."

"The Giersdorf pastor says he did hear Quint positively state that he was Christ," said the Gurau

Lady, holding a glass of white wine to her thin-lipped, slightly wrinkled mouth. After taking one or two hearty draughts, she continued, "Besides, I must say, sorry as I am for the peculiar man, he as it were indirectly confirmed his insane idea of being the Son of God. At any rate he said to me — I know he did — I can hear him saying it — that he is more than St. Peter."

"For God's sake! Then he's worse than I believed!" cried Brother Nathaniel, turning white beneath his heavy beard. "Then I was deceived in the man. On account of my own experience of him and Brother Stoppe's letter, I always felt there must be some misunderstanding. I assumed that the people misunderstood a pure, serious, sacred attempt to walk in Jesus. But it is impossible to hold that belief any longer."

Scheibler, by nature a mild man, regretted what he had thought and said of Quint in his first access of horror.

"You are right," he said turning to the Lady, who was staring into space meditatively. "A poor stray sheep is far from being an anti-Christ. We human beings are prone to be hasty. The seven-headed beast of blasphemy, it seems, is already in the world. For all that we must not break the rod on the back of any of our poor brethren. The judgment is God's. In the poor man's own interest I should like our friend Brother Nathaniel to try to bring the fool back from his folly. I mean he should go to him and try to impress his conscience with the pure, simple strength of the Gospel. He should represent to him the dangers threatening those that wander from the right path. He should say to him, 'You teach others, but fail to teach yourself! You glorify yourself with

God, yet you dishonour God!' He should pray with him and bring to his heart the true Christ, so that the true Christ in his unending grace and love should free the poor, bewildered false Christ from his dreadful madness. I am convinced the Lord will not withhold Himself from the poor, sinning man if he repents his sins."

"You must put to him clearly the consequences of his dreadful infatuation, Brother Nathaniel," said the bailiff's thin wife. "You must call his attention to the fact that it is one thing to do wonders by the strength of God, another thing to do wonders by the strength of hell. To be sure, the Bible says, 'If ye have faith as a grain of mustard, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence.' It also says, 'Ask, and it shall be given you.' And we know how you yourself, Brother Nathaniel, by your faith and your prayers have helped many a poor sick person whom the physicians gave up for lost. Our Lord distinctly said, 'Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do'— if repentance and contrition, which involve forgiveness, accompany the prayer. Such wonders we all know occur every day, every hour, among the believers, even though the world will not see them, will not hear them, will not admit them. But woe to him who by God's grace can heal the sick or even raise the dead, if he therefore presumes to say he is God's begotten Son, or merely that he is more than any one of the twelve apostles! And, Brother Nathaniel, tell him of Simon Magus, the sorcerer and false prophet," she continued, speaking excitedly. "Tell him the enemy performs the same sort of wonders to the destruction of them that produce the wonders and of them upon whom they are exerted. Tell him of the punishment for sorcery.

Simon bewitched the people of Samaria giving out that himself was some great one. And Peter said to him, 'Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter: for thy heart is not right in the sight of God.' Tell him about eternal punishment, Brother Nathaniel —"

The Gurau Lady intimated that she wanted to speak, and the bailiff's wife immediately broke off.

"I scarcely believe," the Lady said, "that that would be the way to deal with Emanuel Quint. You would not accomplish anything. As I have to admit, he exerts a strange fascination. You cannot believe that a man who seems to be all peace and serenity is a tool of hell. And I do not hesitate to avow that I was devout in his presence and listened to him as I never did to anyone in my life. I seemed to be bewitched. His voice sounded like a heavenly instrument, and nothing about him seemed, as it should have, false, repulsive, or ridiculous. I think he denies hell."

The Lady rose from table, took the bailiff's arm, and led the way to a lovely terrace giving upon a spacious English lawn surrounded by trees. The castle stood in a large park full of fine old trees. Amid the singing of birds, in the dappled shadow of a chestnut roofing the terrace, the company drank its after-dinner coffee.

"If he denied hell," said Brother Nathaniel, stroking his unkempt yellowish beard with his coarse fingers, "that alone proves that he has strayed from the right path." Brother Nathaniel's small eyes began to gleam piercingly. "Have we not the parable of the rich man and Lazarus? Do we not know from the Bible that the Son of man will come to judge the twelve tribes of Israel and all the nations inhabiting the world, the living and the dead? That he will say

to the sheep, 'Come to me, ye blessed of my Father,' and to the others, 'Depart from me, ye that work iniquity!' The righteous shall shine like the sun, while the others, those which do iniquity shall be cast into a furnace of fire, and there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth."

Brother Nathaniel continued a long time in the same strain. The perfume of freshly cut grass lying in the sun filled the air, and from all over came the merry din of the finches.

The Lady remarked:

"I wish our zealous Brother Nathaniel had heard Emanuel Quint this morning when he spoke about God's judgment, about Christ's not being a judge, and the like." She began to search her memory for the exact words of the Fool in Christ, and suddenly she recalled, "Nobody sits enthroned on His right hand that is more than I am, I the son of man! And nobody sits on His left hand that is more than I am," and so on. She turned pale, and jumped up from her wicker-chair. Tripping up and down the terrace she cried repeatedly, "After all this Quint *is* a remarkable character. Think of it, these were his words, 'I have unlocked the gates of hell, so strong is the power of the Father in me!'"

Brother Nathaniel wanted to be off to the hospital that instant to visit the wretched man — thus he thought of Quint. But the Gurau Lady absolutely forbade him. She told him that even her short interview with Emanuel had made him cough up blood.

"But I shall not have a single peaceful moment until I see that poor deluded boy and lead him back into the right way."

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About two weeks passed before Brother Nathaniel was permitted to visit his baptismal child, now his child of sorrows. He did not find him in bed, as when the Gurau Lady had visited him, but seated in a wicker-chair at an open door giving upon a balcony. The morning was warm and a little showery. Emanuel wore the hospital patient's blue-striped cotton jacket.

He was moved to tears by the sight of Brother Nathaniel.

As for Brother Nathaniel, he had determined, no matter what happened, to be very severe with his former brother in Christ, and he fought down his emotion upon seeing Emanuel again. He would have Emanuel observe that he had come not for a mere visit, but upon a far weightier errand. So, at last to rid himself of his pricks of conscience, he immediately began to expostulate.

" Dear brother in Christ, I must first unbosom myself of all that has troubled me on your account many days and nights. I have spoken of it in my prayers to the Lord our Saviour, and he finally put it in my heart that I should go to you and call you back to the pure, simple spirit of the gospels. It is true, you seemed to me to be one of the elect, one of those belonging by nature to the circumcised. But I see the enemy has followed in your footsteps, and has led you — forgive me! — aside from the way of eternal salvation to the broad way of destruction. Now, since nothing has the strength of salvation except it be begun with prayer and concluded with prayer, let us supplicate our Father together, dear brother, before we commence our war upon Satan, who, as you know, always sows tares among the wheat."

And Brother Nathaniel recited the Lord's prayer.

Emanuel did not fold his hands. He held his eyes fixed upon Brother Nathaniel questioningly, and seemed not to be praying with him.

With a mighty arching of his broad chest and drawing a deep, full breath Brother Nathaniel equipped himself for the connected presentation of his entreaty.

First, he told in detail everything he had heard about Emanuel from people who had spoken or written to him directly. He did not refrain from deprecating Emanuel's way of imitating Christ, and spoke of the secret baptism for which, he said, he was responsible, though its one meaning could have been to consecrate Emanuel in all humility as a servant of God.

"But now," he cried, "you have wofully succumbed to arrogance and presumption!"

He charged Emanuel with having misled many poor souls, assuming it to have been proved that Emanuel had sought by every possible means to gain followers and ensnare souls. After several starts he came to the most dangerous point.

"I can scarcely believe it," he said, "yet I cannot doubt it either. I hear rumours on all sides. It is the thing for which they attacked you. Or why did they attack you?"

"Because I avoided evil," Quint replied, "and because I exposed a very little bit of the mystery of the kingdom. Do you not know, dear brother, that the Scriptures say, 'He that departeth from evil maketh himself a prey to all?'"

"But you admit," Brother Nathaniel rejoined, "that they attacked you because the devil moved you to blaspheme our Saviour, to blaspheme by saying something I can scarcely repeat, that you are more than Peter and nothing less than He Himself, the Lord, the

Christ, the Son of God. Tell me, is the report I heard correct?"

"First, Nathaniel, my brother in Christ, you tell me, you who once baptised me with water, if I in return should baptise you with the Holy Ghost?"

This utterly alarmed the poor lay-brother.

"No!" he exclaimed. "Don't speak to me of baptism! Spare me your baptism! I have enough to repent, enough to do to wipe from the book of my sins that morning on which I in my blind trustfulness sprinkled you with water. I don't want your baptism."

Nathaniel sprang up from his chair.

Emanuel turned white to the very finger-tips of his long, nobly formed hand, and gazed into the open, his lips trembling.

Nathaniel had had much experience in life, and had dealt with many sick, even insane persons. Pious Christians summoned him to pray at the bedside of sick sons, daughters, mothers, or fathers, and by his ceaseless prayer, he had soothed a number of crazed patients to rest. But here the horrible mask of madness itself seemed to be grinning at him. Here was a disciple, a friend, to whom from the very first his soul had gone out in a warm wave of feeling. And dreadful words came from the mouth of that friend, passed over his lips easily, simply, unprovoked by excitement — mad words so gruesome in their hardness that Nathaniel was reminded of hard, dead masks of stone before which he himself almost turned to stone.

"Emanuel!" he cried at last, no longer severe, but full of compassion. "Emanuel," he besought him, "turn from the way you are going if only for my sake, for me from whom God will demand your lost soul on

the day of days. You spoke of the mystery of the kingdom. My hair is standing on end, Emanuel. Let us pray that God remove from you this spirit of mental darkness. The mystery of the kingdom is the Lord's. Our Saviour will reveal it to them that wait, to them that wait in humility, as He promised, when He will return, not in the flesh, but in all His glory. He will then reveal everything to us. Now, do you wipe from your soul the stain of the evil spirit, the canker-worm, the lying spirit of the arch-liar, who makes you believe that you have discovered the mystery of the Lord. Set your soul free from that canker-worm. There are many beside you who go about saying they alone have been admitted to such mysteries. I have seen them with my own eyes and spoken to them. A number of them have been screaming and raving for years behind the bars of the insane asylum.

"Emanuel, let us pray that God spare you the like fate. Bethink yourself that you are Emanuel Quint, son of a poor carpenter in Giersdorf and nothing else, the worst, the least, the unworthiest servant of your Lord."

Emanuel, whose features by this time had regained their composure, smiled, and shook his head gently.

"Come, don't be obstinate, let us pray!" Nathaniel repeated.

But the Fool in Christ said:

"When a man is in God, as God is in him, he does not pray. To whom should he pray?"

Brother Nathaniel's terrors were renewed. The coarse hands of the former tiller of the soil were already folded for prayer. He let them drop slowly, and stared in stupefaction at the tall, thin, pale patient. He

caught up his old worn slouched hat apparently with the intention of leaving at once.

But Emanuel Quint kept his eyes fixed upon him and smiled his former faint smile, now tinged with an expression of bitter renunciation.

"I have come more and more to understand the judgment of the Son of God in a special way and to see that wherever He appears the world is immediately without His instrumentality divided into two camps. My mother came to me and wrung her hands and begged me to desist from my madness. But I know I am not full of sweet wine, or weak-minded, or foolish of heart, or arrogant, or deceiving. I know I am walking in the footsteps of the Saviour.

"He that hath the understanding, let him understand. My feet step in the marks of the feet of the Son of man. I speak words of the Son of God as the Father put them into my heart to say. But you come to me from all sides crying and screaming, 'You are mad!'

"They let my mother in to see me. She told me how earnestly she hoped my miserable experiences — the handcuffs, the jail, the contempt of the people, the attack at night, the abuse of me, and the exhortation of good persons — would make me wiser. No, I have not become wiser, no wiser than the Father that is in me.

"I do not pray! Neither did the disciples of my brother Jesus, the disciples of the Son of man, pray. And the disciples of John came to Jesus saying, 'Why do we fast oft, but thy disciples fast not?' And they insisted, although He had said, 'Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him.' Yet they insisted that He teach them to pray, until He gave them the Lord's prayer, a prayer which is not so much a prayer as a source of living water.

"Because I spoke to you of the light under the bushel, of the grain of mustard seed, of the treasure hid in a field, in brief, of the mystery of the kingdom of God, you think my soul has been clouded by the evil spirit. But I say unto you, I have found the treasure hid in the field, and if I possess anything, I will give it all that I may keep this field in which the treasure that I have found is hid. I will give it all, Brother Nathaniel, for I was a merchantman seeking goodly pearls. And when I found the best, the most precious pearl in that hidden treasure, I knew I should gladly give up everything I have to keep the pearl of the treasure hid in the field. Understand me, Brother Nathaniel, I should give up everything for it without hesitation, joyfully, for though I win thee and the whole world, what availeth me, if I must therefore lose that pearl of the treasure hid in the field? I will give up all for it, gladly, even my life, Brother Nathaniel."

While Emanuel quietly, clearly, slowly enunciated his doctrine, Brother Nathaniel stared at him as if he were Satan himself. He grew helplessly confused, clapped his hand to his brow, and crushing his hat in both hands rushed from the room.

CHAPTER XIII

Few of Quint's followers remained together after the night of that unhappy descent upon them. Schwabe lay with a broken leg in the district hospital. Several days later, when Bohemian Joe learned of his plight, he visited him. Schwabe inquired for Emanuel, and asked whether he had fared as badly as himself. Bohemian Joe told him that Emanuel was sick in his own home.

In his delirium Schwabe had raved about Emanuel Quint day and night. Though his fever was not severe and soon disappeared, he remained as excited as before. Often his nurse heard him muttering prayers in a semi-wakeful state. From the day he watched Emanuel in the old woman's house Schwabe loved the Fool in Christ. Even had his imagination not been fired and misdirected to religious hallucinations, he would have been devoted to him life and soul.

Bohemian Joe had perhaps conceived no less strong an attachment for the strange visionary in Christ. But so far his curiosity as to where it would all lead and his in-born love of adventure still outweighed his vacillating faith.

"Schwabe, what do you say to our going back to our mountains now?" Bohemian Joe asked.

Schwabe shook his head emphatically.

The gypsy was not a little impressed by the way in which he found his jolly companion — with a crucifix at his side and an open Bible on his knees, which he read

spelling out the words. And what was more, he observed an incomprehensible change in him.

The tailor urged Joe to become converted and examine his soul and repent. With an ecstatic expression of bliss he declared he himself was on the road to forgiveness. He said he was thoroughly repentant and had resolved to lead a pure life in Christ. Good-bye forever to smuggling and crooked business of any sort.

"Promise me, Joe," he said, "that you, too, won't defile your poor soul any more by making money dishonestly and carrying on unlawful trade. Stop doing such things. Don't send your soul to perdition. I tell you, I am so happy since God sent me this new spirit. And since he thought me worthy of this trial — my broken leg, I mean — I tell you, the spirit has come upon me with a certainty I cannot doubt. Though I lie here quietly, held tight in a plaster cast, my heart leaps with joy."

Bohemian Joe was at a loss what to reply, and Schwabe continued:

"Take my word for it, Joe. Unless you are entirely blinded, you will partake of things that were scarcely ever partaken of by any man. Believe me or don't believe me, but I who am lying here say to you, he for whose sake I am lying here with a broken leg is no other than He whose second coming was promised to us."

Joe now made bold to speak. He gave an account of what he had done for Quint with his fists, discreetly passing over a number of things.

"Your good deed will surely be remembered in heaven," said the tailor, and proceeded to tell of the many vivid dreams he had had of Quint. He interlarded his narrative with unintelligible words from the

Revelation of St. John, acquired partly from the Scharf brothers, partly from his own reading.

It is well known how dangerous to simple-minded people may be the reading of this Revelation — a mystification rather than a revelation. It would not be uninteresting to make a study of its disastrous influence upon men's minds throughout the history of Christianity. Suffice it here to cite the great Münster Frenzy, when the Anabaptists imagined they could build up the New Jerusalem in a whirl of orgies — orgies in which the Anabaptist movement culminated and was engulfed.

Schwabe spoke of the Son of God, whom he had seen in his dreams with eyes like flames of fire and feet of brass and a face none other than Quint's. He also interjected remarks about the hidden manna that he had eaten, intimating with an air of mystery that he was of those who knew the secret that Quint concealed. "He that hath an ear," he repeated often without much relevancy, shaking his finger — an imitation of the ecstatic outbursts of Anton Scharf, which came over him, as they thought, with the strength of the Holy Ghost, "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches."

"And I saw, and behold a white horse: and he that sat on him had a bow; and a crown was given unto him; and he went forth conquering and to conquer."

These and similar passages Schwabe jumbled together until the hospital orderly rudely interposed, and drove Joe from the ward.

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Hidden in a cornfield, the larks trilling over his head, Bohemian Joe lay stretched on the ground under the blue roof of the sky, meditating upon what he had seen

and heard, upon the strange, the incomprehensible metamorphosis of his comrade Schwabe. He could not keep from questioning, all in secret, whether his friend was quite right in his "upper story."

But mystery and promise and the chase after an illusion are natural even to healthy minds, so also is the desire to settle one's ever-present indefinite faith upon some definite object on which to feed and grow large. Bohemian Joe, therefore, despite his doubts felt inclined to regard the change in his friend as the effect of divine intervention. At the same time he began to long to see Emanuel again.

He went to Quint's home. When he appeared in the dark of the night, Quint's father and brother repaid him for his vigorous defence of Emanuel with a hail of stones and abuse.

This did not anger Bohemian Joe. He merely sighed, and when out of range of the stones and oaths, stood irresolute for a long time. It came hard to him, harder than he had expected, to have to forego a meeting with Emanuel. Becoming conscious of this feeling, he suddenly realised he was tied to Emanuel by invisible bonds. In the midst of these reflections it occurred to him to try to find the wheelwright, who had seen Quint on the evening of the raid. It was a comfort at least to be able to talk about Emanuel and perhaps learn what had become of Schubert and John and the Scharf brothers.

Made wise by his previous experience Bohemian Joe did not venture into the wheelwright's shop, but first made inquiries of an old woman hobbling by. He was grieved to hear that the wheelwright's master had turned him out of his house neck and crop for the part he had taken in the night's event.

Bohemian Joe spent the night in a haystack in the open field. The next morning he arose very early, and went to the House of Emmaus to inquire about Martin and Anton Scharf of the host. He found him mowing hay in his orchard behind the inn. Slightly raising his elaborately embroidered cap from his bald pate, he told Joe that he had received a letter from Martin Scharf from a certain mill, which stood by itself on a brisk little stream down in the valley. Martin invited him to prayer-meeting, which, he said, they could hold at the mill without fear of being molested.

After taking some bread and butter and thin coffee, Joe at once set out for the mill. He did not reach it until evening. On nearing the lonely house, he could hear above the splashing and swishing of the wheel, the singing of pious hymns. The congregation was in a little room, the window of which looked out upon the wheel and the drained bed of the stream. There were the Scharf brothers, the lean miller, the discharged wheelwright, the weaver Schubert, blacksmith John, and, strangely enough, Martha Schubert.

Bohemian Joe had never in his life been given so enthusiastic a reception. They paid no heed to the thick layer of filth that had eaten into the skin of his flat, ugly, brown face, they were not afraid of the vermin in his dark, matted hair. They embraced him and kissed him as a brother, as one they had been anxiously expecting, as one arisen from the dead.

When the first joy of the meeting was over they began to sing exultantly, "Now give thanks to the Lord!"

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All sorts of suspicions were afterward cast upon the doings in the sequestered mill. The miller, a widower

of thirty-five, who had lived many years in Brazil, was said to be a disreputable man, once implicated in a murder near Breslau, about which horrible stories of a fantastic nature had been circulated. But in the course of a long trial nothing could be proved against him. He had not lived happily with his wife, and one day she was found floating in the stream. It was proved that she had suffered from acute melancholy, which drove her to suicide. The miller Straube was certainly an eccentric person. He read books, seemed to have no great liking for people in general, was taciturn and distrustful. A deep fold of bitter suffering ran from his nostrils to the corners of his mouth. No further qualities are required to ruin a person's reputation.

It was said that at the meetings in the mill vile scenes and orgies were enacted by Quint's followers — those peculiar scenes which have been re-enacted again and again among Christian sects — and that a number of profligate women took part in them. On the whole the allegation is false. Never, for instance, not even remotely, did it occur to any of those assembled in the mill to put out the lights suddenly, and cry out to the brothers and sisters groping about in the dark, "Be fruitful and multiply!"

At the miller's suggestion they called themselves "The Brethren of the Valley." They had community of goods — which, it is true, comes dangerously near being community of wives — and lived from a common treasury entrusted to Martin Scharf.

In the intoxication of simplicity, of spiritual and intellectual poverty, in the intoxication of want, misery, and fear, of sin and purification, of strife, of the unusual deed, and the desire to rise up from the slough, in the intoxication of seeking and waiting, of sanctifica-

tion and the blood sacrifice of Jesus, but above all in the intoxication of love, they had mutually convinced one another that the Saviour had appeared, and the New Jerusalem was at hand. They were the messengers of the glad tidings, they were those who knew. And this brought the added intoxication of secrecy.

To declare and demonstrate that all these people were fools is, from a certain superior point of view, by no means difficult, no more difficult than to prove that they were narrow-minded and uneducated. But it is not our aim to judge. It is our aim to understand and forgive.

These men found nothing remarkable in one another. But a man of mature fine intellect and keen observation would have recognised in them the truly disinherited of the earth. He would have discerned that dangerous fever which with shifting chimeras, now heavenly, now hellish, compels either recovery or death.

Their conscious spiritual life was dominated by a yearning for life, by a many years' waiting and hoping in unspeakable everyday monotony. Suddenly their patience gave out. They could no longer wait for the final fulfilment of their deferred passionate desires, their inclinations and needs. It was like a mirage before the eyes of weary, thirsty travellers in the desert. Suddenly the mirage conjures up broad alluring lakes and shadowy forests, reviving all their life forces deadened by resignation. Passionate yearning and hope again spring up in their breasts.

What was remarkable was their faith in Emanuel Quint.

But faith is always incomprehensible except to him who shares it with the faithful. The presumption, therefore, is that the perverse faith of the Valley

Brethren was an absurdity, and the presumption must suffice. However, even among higher types of men, the representative and mediator of the divine is a higher type, but he is a man and nothing else. God remains mute to us unless he speaks through men.

The history of religions proves that the Deity has never come down to us except in the God-man, and the only divine heritage we have is what such a God-man is able to comprehend of the Deity.

No one wants to remain always and forever unanswered when he speaks to a Being. We prayed to our own father before we prayed to God. We humanise God with the word father. The Catholics prefer to pray to saints because saints are deified men. For the same reason they pray to the mother of the Saviour. In her own body she felt the pains of every earthly mother, and so centred upon herself the full naïve trust of the suffering mothers and the children of mothers. The Protestant, too, prays with greater fervour to Jesus the Saviour, than to God, because God is far beyond his reach, while Jesus is humanly near.

An invisible God may be feared, but he is not loved. On the other hand, the human mediator is loved, and the unfathomable love concentrated upon Jesus radiates into the cold dark of the invisible, warms the strange Godhead with its breath, and, declaring itself a reflection of God, holds out a promise of infinite love.

It is true, the faith in Quint was neither unmixed with doubt nor of the same degree of intensity among all the Brethren of the Valley. Martin was strongest of all in his faith. The quiet man, at times grim and sombre, often sat for hours, even days, without saying a word, completely engrossed in thought. But when he did speak, his silence was explained. He had

been pondering over the deep significance of some word from the mouth of Emanuel Quint. Anton Scharf was usually in a state of passionate faith, though sometimes he succumbed to grave doubts. Schubert often shook his head as if he harboured certain scruples. As for the miller, no one knew to what extent he believed in Quint. The miller was inclined to try experiments in communism and Socialistic Utopias. He came of a very bigotted family, and his father, also a miller, had ended his days in an insane asylum. John, the blacksmith, in his attitude toward Quint was dominated by strong suggestion. Nevertheless, he often put shy questions, which betrayed that he was not free from pangs of conscience.

The strength of a thing, the strength of a soul, of an error, of a belief, right or wrong, develops with the resistance it encounters. The Valley Brethren — there were also a few sisters — were very well aware that their little community was surrounded by the hostile ocean of the world. This consciousness increased their self-esteem, by no means overbalanced by the traditional humility of Christian sects, which they, too, strove to attain. The Lutheran phrase, "bliss only through belief," had to serve to conquer moments of weakness, when faith in Quint and his divine mission wavered.

The Valley Brethren kept up their doings for months. Schwabe turned up among them, also his brother-in-law, the weaver Zumpt. One of the most active of the Brethren was the blacksmith John. The first steps toward the formation of a well-knit community had been taken in Zumpt's house, when a church treasury was started, and Quint and his folly continued to be financed most touchingly. The Scharf brothers con-

tributed all that was left of their cash. Blacksmith John sold his smithy, and put a part of the returns in the treasury. Martin administered the funds, which soon reached a very large amount for such poor people, and the constant influx of smaller contributions kept adding to the sum.

One of the Brethren was a former member of the Salvation Army, a very scantily clad "Captain," about thirty years of age, still wearing the faded insignia of his rank. He came from the vicinity of Bromberg. Before joining the Salvation Army he had served several terms for fraudulent practises and had been "saved" by some women officers of the Army. Dibiez, a good-natured fellow, was what the alienists call an inferior type. One day he had appeared at the mill, as usual doing that mild form of begging which consists in offering "The War Cry" for sale. The Valley Brethren seized the occasion for making him one of their own. Dibiez proved to be very useful. He not only brought them the systematised orgiasm of the Salvation Army, its songs, and its watchwords, but also many a good bit of advice for their future organisation. The Salvation Army had employed him in widely separated districts in Germany, and he greatly broadened the Brethren's narrow horizon by telling of his experiences, of the vast number of men and women he knew, all of whom were listening for the cry, "Christ is arisen!" He soon obtained a sort of practical leadership among the Brethren, although they very decidedly excluded all the childish soldier tomfoolery of the Salvation Army. One day they took his coat and badges behind the mill and burned them.

To conceive the spiritual atmosphere in which the Valley Brethren lived, one must transport oneself to a

time when emigration was restricted, and there were no steam or electric railroads. For though the Brethren actually lived in this age of steam and electricity, very few of them had learned to know anything outside the narcotic choke-damp of their native soil.

Sufficient recognition has not been given the significance of the imagination in the life of every man, especially the simple-minded man. Imagination is a man's cloak. Imagination is the thing that nourishes the intellect, the thing upon which man's soul feeds. The soul of even the driest, the hardest man, as naturally as the lungs draw in air, fetches sustenance from the imagination, even though he fights it down and belittles it. And if a man were to succeed in stifling his imagination, his intellect, his soul would suffocate to death. In the realm of man's imagination live his fellow-men, the world, God, his wife, his children. Heavens and hells hover in his imagination. Every individual is enveloped in a gay, fruitful cloud, which he sees about himself, but not about his neighbour, though in reality his neighbour is also enveloped in a similar fruitful cloud of fancies.

The greatest ideal tie of a social character is a thought held in common. This is a fact well known to those who have tried to weld a multiplicity of human beings into one manageable whole. Subjugators of this kind, founders of states, natural rulers, make use of individuals who, gifted with a fanatical imagination, possess faith in their own dreams, demand that same faith from others, and succeed in obtaining it. Thus, among the masses is established that common sanctuary for the preservation of which they soon come to think no sacrifice is too costly, and they cling to their idea for long periods.

The spiritual life of civilised peoples resembles a huge spring drawn upon by the imagination and fed by the waters of the heavens, not from one official source by any means. The spring suffers from eternal floods. Great masses of humanity, though grouped about the one imaginary sanctuary, constitute numerous sects each grouped about its own temple, its own gods, and other ideal creations. The formation of sects, strife among sects, sectarian beliefs, and sectarian progress are a distinguishing feature of modern cultural life.

The sect of the Valley Brethren, with Quint as the secretly arisen Saviour, with its fantastic belief in the approach of the millennium, at the basis of which was a conception two thousand years old, resembled those that had arisen in countless numbers throughout the long middle ages. Even in the nineteenth century sects prospered the germ of which was a much madder delusion, a delusion often combined with deception on the part of some hysterical leader. Remember Joseph Smith's magic spectacles, the "Urim and Thummim," and his revelation of the Mormon bible. Mormonism was impossible except in the most practical, and withal the most adventurous part of the world, America.

The Valley Brethren were more purely and profoundly rooted in the ancient Christian-European soil of faith. A delusion, it is known, can seize whole nations, all the more so small communities such as the Valley Brethren. It is a psychic fever constantly heightened by contagion. Children, love one another! A common faith, a common delusion nourish a common flame of love, which illumines, warms, or consumes, as the case may be. Sometimes its flame burns up idols and temples. The Brethren prayed, had visions, interpreted dreams, and made confessions of sin. Sick

people came to the mill, and the Brethren thought they helped them by the laying on of hands. Herrnhut pamphlets, Scriptural verses, and text books found their way into the mill, and, like the Bible, furnished the Brethren with passages for oracular purposes. Some persons, of course, joined not so much impelled by an inner need as voluntarily deluding themselves, because the delusion gave an unexpected sublimity to their existence. There were others again who were fascinated by the charm of mystery.

Dibiez, Anton, and Martin, blacksmith John, and miller Straube formed a committee, and often withdrew into a back room in the mill for special consultations. Here, above the rushing of the wheel, the belief of the Valley Brethren assumed its fastest form, though later, at his trial, the miller confessed that, strange to say, he had both believed and not believed. In a search of the premises a manuscript in Dibiez's handwriting containing the confession of faith of the Valley Brethren was found in the drawer of the table around which the conferences were held.

It differed from the general Protestant confession of faith in only a few points, in articles seven to ten. The seventh article read: "We believe in the powers and gifts of the everlasting gospel, this is, in the gift of faith, belief in spirits, power of healing, tongues, interpretation of tongues, in the power of wisdom, mercy, and brotherly love." Article eight: "We believe that the mystery of the kingdom has not yet been revealed. We believe and we know that the hour of revelation is at hand. God hath sent his Son into the world. Verily he hath no form nor comeliness, and they esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. There are those among us to whom the Holy

Ghost has granted to see him with their eyes. He will proclaim the mystery. He is one of the most despised of men, but we praise his name, Emanuel."

The ninth article also is important. "We believe in the establishment of the New Jerusalem, in the millennium in Christ's dominion on earth in heavenly glory. And we believe that we, assembled here, in watching and praying, will not die in the body before the Lord fulfils His promise."

The Brethern buried themselves in the Bible. Those that could, read aloud the Gospels, the Epistles, or the Revelation of St. John. They made search in the New and the Old Testaments, and everything they found dove-tailed, of course, most fascinatingly and surprisingly, into a confirmation of their mad belief. In their seekings they prayed for the light of knowledge, and Satan gave their interpretations, usually false, the secure peace of truth. In the opinion of the Brethren their secluded life was truly apostolic in its daily sanctification. Every day they performed the ceremony of communion, and before each meal in memory of the Last Supper they drank wine from a certain goblet. When this became known, it aroused especial indignation. The mitigating circumstance is that the Brethren did it in a genuine ecstasy and in that simplicity which believes in wonders and which sometimes transforms a foolish act of the poor in spirit into an act finding favour and forgiveness with God.

Had anyone observed the Valley Brethren at their devotions, he would have been reminded of the truly pious emotion portrayed in German Gothic sculpture, or in the bas-reliefs in the Naumburg Cathedral. Painters and sculptors of religious subjects would have found a collection of wonderful old models from the

lower classes, sturdy and true-hearted, who might have inspired them with some of that pious simplicity and strength which is so irresistibly convincing and uplifting in the German works of the middle ages.

The Valley Brethren naturally did much theorising concerning the mystery of the kingdom — would it be this way or that way? The active, unemployed imagination of the congregated men would not permit of a patient waiting for the fulfilment of their ardent hope. Without admitting it to themselves they had staked their all upon that fulfilment as upon a card; and they knew they should forfeit their all were they to lose the game they were playing. Naturally they asked questions about the money they had invested and gave open expression to their concern. Their hearts still hung upon their capital, and the only appeasement of their anxiety was the thought of reimbursement in the millennium.

A feeling of jealousy asserted itself, a pitiful manifestation among people all of whom considered themselves of the elect. The first blissful millennium in store for them was nothing more than the old beloved world of this earth where, according to the promise, the first would be last and the last would be first. That is why the idea of the millennium is most popular among the disinherited in this world. They substitute for their enforced renunciation a sort of voluntary action, and repay themselves a hundredfold with the fullness of material life, which they profess to have renounced. They repay themselves in earthly currency, though "all is vanity." It is natural, then, that each one of those poor wretches secretly desired to be the first and not the last.

The Valley Brethren had stepped across into the unusual. Their existence no longer jogged along in the

habitual rut of their daily routine. They inspirited themselves with ill-understood sentences from the Bible, such as: "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." They had been uprooted, and their constant singing of hymns to the accompaniment of the rushing of the wheel helped to remove the solid ground from beneath their feet and detach them from all earthly things.

One song they intoned more frequently than any of the others. It was a song of tears, a veritable debauch of tears, endless stanzas of tears. It was like grey, dripping, trickling, drenching rain.

"Tears and tears and naught but tears
Is the Christian's life on earth.
He whose soul to God adheres
Walks in tears bereft of mirth.
Tears we eat and tears we drink,
Tears till in the grave we sink.
Mention but the name of man,
You will mention tears again."

And so it continued in the same strain. The last stanza, however, went:

"Tears, sweet tears, of heaven blest,
To an end this plaint I bring.
One thing still let me attest,
Tears the Christian's virtue sing.
Shedding many tears of pain
Makes bliss easy to attain;
For each tear dropped here below
Is a heavenly crown you sow."

After the tears came the exultation.

"Haste thee, O my soul, repair,
In the Saviour's graces,
To Jerusalem the fair,
Warmed in His embraces."

Or they sang:

"Pluck up courage, soul, and fly.
To the wounds of Jesus hie,
Winged with flaming pinions."

Another favourite song, which evoked a lively accompaniment from the trees and bushes about the mill — the call of the oriole, the warble of the robin, the piping of the finch and the titmouse — was Number 542 of a Protestant hymnal printed in Breslau in 1790, by Gottlieb Korn, *cum privilegio regio privativo.*

"See ye what a man is God,
Hear His lamentation.
See His heart dragged in the sod,
See His deprivation.
See how sorrowful is God,
Hear his palpitation."

And so it went on repeating the line, "See ye what a man is God." Its fervent, soaring sentiment joined with its crass reality was calculated to mingle illusion with reality, the heavenly with the earthly, and reinforce faith in Quint — "See ye what a man is God!" — who to the intoxicated enthusiasts had actually become the God-man for whom they yearned.

CHAPTER XIV

The Gurau Lady suggested to Emanuel that to complete his cure he should live with her gardener Heidebrand and his wife. Emanuel listened to her proposition with a serene air, and accepted gladly.

Heidebrand besides being the castle gardener had supervision of all the parks and gardens of the Lady's entire estate of Miltzsch. Like all her employés he was a Protestant and a God-fearing man. Over his rose-covered doorway he had put the inscription from the Bible, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

The gardener's house, an ancient structure, formerly the castle proper, was an idyllic place. Thick-stemmed ivy covered the walls with two kinds of leaves, and young shoots reached out their tiny baby hands into Quint's pleasant attic room. The front part of the grounds, where several men were always at work, was devoted to rose culture, and the paths between several endless rows of glass hotbeds were lined with gooseberry and currant bushes. There were large strawberry beds, and raspberry bushes, too, grew luxuriantly against the back wall of the garden. When Quint settled in his new quarters, not all the peaches had been plucked. Some ripe ones were still hanging on the trellis.

Heidebrand received his ward with his usual kindness. He showed him over his entire realm, and invited him to help himself to any of the fruit. To him Quint was

a young man endeavouring to walk in the way of God, whom Satan was trying to lead astray, but who was certainly not lost.

Heidebrand immediately took Emanuel under his wing, regarding him as a ward entrusted to his care by God. Men like Heidebrand are convinced that they are in constant intercourse with God and act under his special orders. Though it was by the will of the Gurau Lady that Quint was placed with Heidebrand's family, yet it was God's doing.

Quint instantly got the feeling that he was living in sheltered seclusion, and soon succumbed to the spell of the breath of earthly paradise emanating from the fruits and blossoms. And the warmth and the fragrance were not dispelled after little Ruth, the gardener's fifteen-year-old daughter, had visited his room. She had come to bring him a pitcher of fresh water and ask if there was anything he wanted.

She and her mother began to take care of Quint as if he were a member of the family.

A rich and harmonious life in those idyllic surroundings now began for the Fool in Christ. He kept himself secluded from the middle of the summer to the fall of the next year; not wholly secluded, but sufficiently so for the avalanche of blind faith he had precipitated to be halted for a time in its downward course.

Back of the garden was an endless stretch of level fields with meandering paths between. It was a place that could not have been better fitted for the meditations of an eccentric. Several gates in the front wall of the garden opened on the park, where a spacious English lawn set with great old trees surrounded a silvery lake reflecting the castle's white façade. The castle was generally unoccupied, but at the Lady's orders it was

always kept in habitable condition. Her brother, who lost his life in an expedition across Africa, had been fond of living in it, and had collected a library, which his sister, out of respect to his memory, kept in good condition and added to from time to time. The pastor of the neighbouring village Krug, one of the men the Lady patronised, occasionally acted as librarian.

Five days after Quint's arrival, the Lady visited her garden, and took the poor carpenter back to the castle with her. When, as on this occasion, she unexpectedly appeared in one of her castles, her employés would say, "She's got one of her executive days on her." No religion then. Plain, practical matters, dry words, firm resolutions — resolutions formed in quiet moments with the help of God and the help of her keen mind and upright heart.

On their way to the castle the Lady, who was unaccompanied by her attendant, had a lengthy conversation with Emanuel, and the two remained together in the library a long time. Later, in her presence, the keeper of the castle solemnly handed over the key of the library to the unfortunate false prophet. In the evening she had Quint and old Mr. Heidebrand to dinner, and her upper gardener then learned what were her intentions in regard to Quint. They were resolute, generous, capricious, irrevocable, as was to be expected.

"Emanuel," she said, "look upon yourself for the present as my foster-child. In my opinion you are a man who ought to be given the opportunity to educate himself in freedom from material cares. I will not hamper you in the least. You can begin your education as you please. Until you are well, stay here. Then, if you wish, go to any school, or any teacher, and study whatever you want, and I offer you the necessary means.

My brother was an original, too. I know it myself, and I heard it often enough from him, that certain natures do not get any good from compulsory studies, from drill, and a set programme. You yourself will find the way to what is good. But learn, learn, learn! In your eyes, Emanuel"— here she had to turn her look away from him —" there is something that fills me with a certain *spirit*. Perhaps with what you have in you, you may exert an important, beneficent influence upon humanity. But before that can be, it is necessary to learn the doings of the world and men.

"To be a good influence is not necessarily to be a missionary. May God lead you in the right way. As I said, I do not in the remotest dream of exerting the least coercion upon you, whether in externals or in matters of the soul. I know if I were to, you would slip away from us. Visit me if you care to speak to me, or find other company for yourself — clergymen, if you will, or not clergymen. The chief thing is to associate with persons from whom one can learn."

Quint listened to the lady's friendly, emphatic advice with a quiet seriousness almost alarming in its clearness, and returned with Heidebrand to the gardener's hospitable home in a state of meditative peace interwoven with a subtle inward smile.

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In the hospital Quint had acquired proper bodily habits, still further refined in the well-ordered household in which he lived. At table his manners were naturally correct, and he usually took the midday meal with the family.

According to an old Christian custom, before beginning the meal, the family stood about the table and

said aloud, "Come, Lord Jesus, be our guest." This in itself lent the meal a simple dignity.

One day after the prayer had been said and all were seated, Quint remarked:

"Do you know that when you summon Jesus that way he actually is a guest?" And he continued, "When a meal is begun with that prayer, it becomes nothing less than a Lord's Supper. If Jesus comes at your request, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper is performed. But if, in spite of your summons, he remains away, you did not pray in the right spirit, and are as far from Him as He is from you. For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself."

When Quint spoke of such things, the gardener usually tried to turn the conversation. He was domestic in his piety. It did not concern itself with matters far beyond his own garden walls. Besides, he had been well instructed that there was a morbid spot in Quint's soul that had to be healed before anything truly useful for the kingdom of God was to be expected of him. Whenever the Fool in Christ spoke of the presence of Jesus, a shudder went through the gardener, who felt that so far from its being Jesus, it was the prince of hell that was present.

Mrs. Heidebrand was not so clear in her feelings regarding Emanuel's strange character. Whenever his sickly spirit flared up, she wavered between terror and credulity. Often, until late at night, Ruth heard her parents in their bedroom peaceably discussing Quint. From what she could overhear through the thin frame walls and from many conversations she herself had with her mother, she realised how seriously Mrs. Heidebrand's

peace of mind was disturbed in regard to the Fool in Christ.

Ruth was a lovely child, just growing into womanhood when Quint came to take up his abode in her parents' home. She was passing through that dangerous springtime when bud and blossom venture forth, and everything tender and fragrant exposes itself innocently and trustfully to the alternations of icy cold, glowing heat, heavenly bliss, and raging tempests.

A young man, the only child of a widower, the pastor Beleites of Krug who had charge of the castle library, had known Ruth from childhood and hoped to have her as his wife. He was a quiet, ambitious young man of twenty, who had just graduated as a physician. Ruth's parents liked it when he came to visit them. They were well aware of his intentions, and knew he was counting upon having an assured livelihood at about the very time when Ruth would have reached the proper age for marriage. They already regarded him as their son.

Young Beleites was spending the summer holiday after his examinations with his father. On his way to and from the castle library, which he was using, he would drop in at the gardener's almost daily for a longer or shorter visit. He was the first to observe a pronounced change in the girl's manner. The poor boy had always known her to be an innocent, open-hearted creature. Now he often found her in a state of shy, gloomy reserve. At first, in the light of his newly acquired medical knowledge, he explained her condition by the critical period of her life. But being a sound, strong young man and having counted upon the first signs of awakening warmth in Ruth, he had to admit

to himself that on the contrary her feelings had perceptibly chilled.

On his very first visits to the Heidebrands, Beleites noticed a curious workman among the rose-bushes, and a few days later, to his amazement, he met the same workman at table with the family. After the meal he walked to the lake with Ruth to feed the swans. The slender, dark-eyed girl looked pale, and his attempt to extract information about the stranger met with no success. In the evening, when he returned home, he spoke to his father about Quint.

Despite his fifty years Pastor Beleites was a robust, vigorous man, with a very sound understanding of everything unrelated to dogma. He laughed when his son told him of the Heidebrands' boarder, and observed it was a misfortune for the *beati possidentes* and a misfortune for his honoured patroness that she could carry out her every whim without the least restraint. He told his son Quint's strange story, or as much of it as he knew. In the consciousness of the theological education he himself had acquired, he forgot, when denouncing as a public nuisance the events for which Quint was responsible, the promise Jesus Himself had made to the poor and weak in spirit.

Young Beleites, resorting to his course in psychopathology, proved that Quint bore signs of degeneracy, apparent to him the instant he first saw him among the rose-bushes, and undoubtedly was hydrocephalic. During his student years the stock of religiousness Beleites had inherited from his parents had dwindled considerably, yet enough remained for him to emphasise the dangers with which the presence of a man suffering from religious insanity threatened the healthy spirit of a religious home.

"See what *you* can do," said his father, "against such a spirit of misdirected philanthropy."

Hans Beleites actually did try to see what he could do the very next opportunity that afforded itself. Pretending to be credulous he won Ruth's confidence, and got her to tell him all about the stranger's adventures. Ruth poured out her story with naïve, childlike enthusiasm. The two were standing beside a path behind the garden at the edge of a field of tall waving wheat ready for the mower. Ruth spoke ecstatically. She drew from her pocket a tiny New Testament, and great hectic spots flamed on her neck.

Hans read her a lecture.

"Listen," he said, to her amazement taking the New Testament away from her, "this must stop. In the first place you will please take some iron. I will give you a prescription. What you need are red blood corpuscles in your body. In the second place I positively forbid your reading anything, even the Bible, for the next few months. You have always had a little too much 'temperament,' and you are at an age now when temperament is doubly dangerous. I will speak to your mother, and ask her to let you off from going to churches and cemeteries and singing hymns, and so forth. That constant repetition of the Lord's passion, his crucifixion and burial may have an ominous effect upon you. Let us talk about our future, Ruth. Be gay. You used to be —"

But Ruth was looking at him with wide-open, uncomprehending eyes.

Beleites went on, and frankly criticised her father for being so ready to receive Quint.

"Emanuel Quint belongs in the Diesdorf asylum. He's a cretin. It is bad for a young, immature person

to associate with a sickly-minded creature like that. He's a common type. A number of cases like his have just cropped up in France and Switzerland."

Beleites grew more and more indignant, and his expressions, by no means lacking in candour, fairly ran over with his own superiority and contempt of Quint.

He would have gone on endlessly in the same strain, if all of a sudden he had not discovered that he was addressing the air. Ruth had slipped away. There was nothing for Hans to do but leave the spot looking somewhat sheepish.

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The next day Hans Beleites had a similar conversation with Mrs. Heidebrand. This time he succeeded, but the very success of his warnings prevented him from seeing how greatly the Fool's influence upon her was increasing.

"It may be that you are right, Hans," she said, "but you should not have spoken to Ruth as you did. You intimidated her by saying such severe things about Quint. They actually made the child sick. I advise you, if the old friendship between you is to continue, don't say another word to Ruth about Quint. Don't fancy it is an easy matter to judge him. Just go speak to him. I am sure you will find him a simple, modest man without any extravagant notions. Father has taught him how to do a few things in the garden. He can graft rose-bushes, and clip hedges, and even use a spade. Though he never makes advances to anyone, you can see a change for the better in all the workmen and boys. They all want to be near him. You should come once on a Sunday. He sometimes sits back there in the field, where the boundary stone is, with

forty or fifty children about him, and never tires of telling them nice little stories. Anyone can go and listen. Your presence would not disturb him. If you find any signs of insanity, or weak-mindedness, or monomania, I shall be greatly surprised."

The very next evening Hans carried out Mrs. Heidebrand's proposition.

The toads were croaking, and the crickets in the rye field were chirping. A warm evening breeze was stirring the lofty crowns of the trees in the park. The round moon was hanging in a pale sky. It was still bright as day, though the sun had already set. Quint had spent the greater part of the day in the fields helping the shepherd watch his flock. When he appeared at the head of a herd of several hundred sheep, the children, among whom were Mrs. Heidebrand, Ruth, and Hans, were already awaiting him. But he walked on at the head of the flock, and guided the tripping, pattering mass of animals through the gateway into the yard, and, with the help of the dog, into the fold.

The shepherd followed with a second flock. In passing he called out to Mrs. Heidebrand:

"At last I have a boy with whom I am satisfied."

Good shepherds, it is known, are good veterinarians and good surgeons, and the "Shepherd of Miltzsch,"—the only name by which the fine old man was known — had set many a broken limb for the servants or workmen in the neighbourhood.

On Quint's passing Ruth clung to her mother passionately, showing marked excitement.

Hans had to admit to himself that the strange shepherd at the head of the herd made a remarkable impression. A biblical halo seemed to radiate about the bucolic picture, and Hans came near raising his hat

respectfully. Of course he hunted for symptoms to confirm his hastily formed diagnosis, but he found that the Jesus-like impression Emanuel made was not lightly to be ascribed to external artificialities — alienists consider the passion for being different from one's fellow-beings morbid.

Emanuel's mustache was light and downy, his beard pointed. His nose was long and sharp, his brows arched and bushy. His large eyes had a kindly expression, with no look of wonder in them. Perhaps there was a certain design in his wearing his hair too long, though his beard was short and well kept. And there seemed to be no premeditation that his shirt was open, his trousers short, and his feet bare, and that he held a long crook in his right hand. The other shepherd also had a crook, and, like Quint, carried his jacket slung over his left shoulder. It was quite consciously that Quint sometimes fell back into his habit of going barefoot. He said he wanted to remain in touch with the forces of mother earth.

The onlookers could see how the new shepherd carefully washed his hands and face at the running water in the yard; after which he walked up smiling and shook hands with Mrs. Heidebrand, Ruth, and Hans. The children crowded about him. The way he stroked one child's flaxen hair, laid his hand on another child's neck, shook hands with one of the older children, and lifted a baby from its sister's arm to seat it on the grass — all that was like an experienced shepherd bringing order and peace into his flock.

"Sit down," he said. "How much time have we before supper, Mrs. Heidebrand?" Mrs. Heidebrand told him, and seating himself on a boundary stone, he began:

"Dear little fellow-men, sons of man, and daughters of man, he who speaks to you and is with you is the Son of man. Suffer the little children to come unto me, He says, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God. You, children, you have the kingdom of God, and you shall spread it in the world. Your eyes, dear children, are like a heavenly spring to me. But you, too, have evil in you, for somewhere, at some time, tares were sown among the wheat in our Lord's pure creation."

The children listened intently while Quint told them Christ's parable of the enemy that came and sowed tares in a man's wheat field.

"I give you a sermon," he continued, "yet I give you words while you give me the spring of your silence, the spring of your waiting, the spring of your childhood. When I take from the spring you give me, and pour into the vessel of my soul, I pour limpid water into turbid water." He took up one of the little boys, and seated him on his knees. "It is said that he who loves his child will chastise him. But I say unto you, he who chastises a child is himself chastised. The Son of man will not raise his hand against you, except to caress or cure you. This is the healing power of the Son of man, that he destroys the seeds of evil in you, so that they do not grow along with the kingdom of heaven, which is established in you. Verily I say unto you, Except ye become as this little child"—he laid his hand on the head of the boy sitting in his lap, and looked at Mrs. Heidebrand, Ruth and Hans—"ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

The rest of his sermon seemed to be addressed to the group of adults, who were now joined by Mr. Heidebrand and the castle-keeper.

" Children, love one another."

Emanuel spoke in a simple natural tone, very different from the canting bathos of the pulpit. He showed that there are various phases of development in the child's soul in man. The first phase ends with the real childhood of the body, though to be a child does not necessarily mean to have a child's soul. A man with a child's soul loses it in the natural course of his growth when he reaches the age at which he learns the world's sorrows. Sometimes his experiences in that period age him and rob him forever of the kingdom of heaven. Everywhere people hardened by life are to be seen going about their daily tasks with grim, embittered faces. In a third phase, Quint said, the childhood of those whom God loves is re-acquired, and blossoms more beautifully and luxuriantly than in the former phase. This is the childhood of the disciple John, who unconsciously bore the secret of the kingdom of God in his soul, and the Saviour loved John very dearly.

Hans Beleites did not know what to make of his impressions. He could not discover any evidences of what a physician would call morbid symptoms, though the sermonising of the children was in itself a curious performance, and it was unusual that a man of the lower classes, a pale, somewhat sickly-looking man, who had attended only the village school, should have such language at his command. Yet he spoke without extravagance of sentiment, and his ideas stimulated thought. Had it not been for Ruth's presence, Hans would probably have gone up to the singular man and spoken to him. As it was, Hans was embittered and alarmed by Ruth's noticeable dependence upon Emanuel, and this turned the Fool in Christ into the object of his jealousy, a rival in love.

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One day Hans and Emanuel met in the library. Emanuel greeted him with simple warmth. The Fool made frequent use of the privilege extended him, and generally went to the library on hot afternoons, when he would spend several hours at a time there sitting and reading, or walking up and down meditatively with an open book in his hand.

The Shepherd of Miltzsch had just effected a cure of the miraculous sort discredited and despised by the great guild of regular practitioners. A landed peasant-farmer in the neighbourhood, Fritzsch, had been stung by an insect, his whole left arm was swollen and blue, and a famous physician in Breslau, who examined him, said amputation was unavoidable. The obstinate peasant would not consent to the loss of an arm, and went to the Shepherd of Miltzsch, who actually succeeded in saving his life and limb. The only after-effect was a slight stiffness in his arm at times.

Hans did not believe the story, and for that very reason began to discuss it with Quint, intending more or less consciously to provoke opposition. His heated remarks about the shepherd fairly swelled with youthful conceit. He went for the shepherd's quackery tooth and nail, yet failed to make an opponent of Quint, who said both the physician and the shepherd had the best intentions of doing good, and actually did do good, though the greatest good was with God.

"In my opinion," Quint continued, "the physician's profession is the noblest calling. I envy you the way that lies before you, the way of mercy."

That was an aspect in which Hans had never viewed his profession. He merely regarded it, like the ordinary humdrum Philistine, as a means for a substantial livelihood.

Quint showed how the true physician of the body is also a physician of the soul, and he fell back upon the Bible, so intermingling things spiritual with things corporeal that to Hans his language seemed the very type of extravagance and mental derangement. For instance, Quint said he who cannot raise the dead is no physician. That, Hans thought, surely overstepped the limits of sanity.

Hans never succeeded in convincing Ruth's parents of the need to rid their home of the enthusiast. Heidebrand himself always said, no matter how much he tried, he could not see anything bad about Quint. As a matter of fact, nobody could have led a simpler, less conspicuous existence than Quint in those days. His personal habits grew still nicer. He became accustomed to a clean bed, a clean room, and, through the Lady's kindness, to clean linen and good clothes. Even at his parents' home he had washed himself at the trough in the yard with almost priestly feelings of purification. Now he was fairly obsessed by a frenzy for cleanliness. One of his practises, however, got him the reputation with the country people of being not quite right.

The August sun on rising between three and four o'clock in the morning looked upon villages wrapped in slumber and the naked body of Emanuel Quint beside the arm of the lake from which he had just emerged. Profound silence and seclusion hovered over the spot, save that the religious services had begun which always accompany the rising of the sun. A few moments before the many-throated chorus of joyous song-birds had burst forth in the branches of the gigantic park trees.

That bath was a lofty joy to Emanuel, it was paradisiacal bliss. It was even more. It was a sacred rite.

The enchanting devotion of that hour sanctified his whole day.

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An event occurred which broke the peace of the gardener's household. He and his wife held long, serious deliberations whether for Ruth's sake they could continue to harbour Quint.

One Sunday the family had scarcely got out of the coach in which they had driven home from Pastor Beleites's church, when Ruth fell into a trance-like sleep. She lay in a darkened room stretched on an old flowered sofa, her parents beside her listening in alarm to the strange things she began to utter. They closed the door of the room.

Ruth had never been a talkative child. Now, speaking by fits and starts, she seemed to be obeying an inner influence that made her deliver long speeches, which could not have originated in her own mind. Her parents had seen persons in such a state before. A spiritualist and her companion had visited those parts going from one estate to another, and the Heidebrands had attended a séance at Mr. Scheibler's house. They had often spoken in Ruth's presence of the remarkable things they had witnessed there.

So Hans Beleites had been right in his concern for Ruth's mental state. Even without Quint the spiritual atmosphere of the house was not wholesome. Among the gardener's associates the very same topics were discussed that had forced Anton and Martin Scharf into dangerous ways. The Bible recognised the gift of prophecy. It promised that those upon whom the Holy Ghost descended should speak with tongues and proclaim the mystery of the kingdom of God, and it did not

deny the possibility of the resurrection of the dead. Moreover, the Revelation of St. John in this circle, too, kept alive a burning fever, which infected some souls here and there.

Therefore, when Ruth fell into her ecstatic sleep, the one question that troubled her parents' naïve minds was whether she was an instrument of good or evil spirits, whether she was in relations with God or Satan. Finally, in listening to her, they came to take a more common sense view of her condition, were properly alarmed, and thought of calling in a physician.

To judge by her actions Ruth seemed to be in communion with no less an one than the Saviour. Her manner alone would have converted her in people's eyes into something like a Spanish nun. Undoubtedly, had she had more such attacks, she would gradually have come to be regarded as a saint. She saw the Saviour. She spoke with him. He stood in a halo of pure light. He gave her explicit orders, which she showed a happy, childlike will to obey.

On awaking it took her a long time to adapt herself to her narrow surroundings. Her parents told her she was sick, and her mother wanted her to go to bed, and spoke of elderberry and fennel tea. That outraged her. She fought against the impossibility of making her mother understand. Why, it had been an experience, a glory beyond human expression!

"I am not sick!" she kept crying. "How can you think I am sick when you sat right beside me? How can you? How is it you do not know what heavenly grace has been bestowed upon me!"

Her father tried to calm her, while her mother burst into tears of alarm.

"Mother," exclaimed Ruth, "how can you cry when

the bridegroom is so near, here, in this very house, and the wedding is prepared? "

The Heidebrands considered whom to call in for help. They were not willing to make the incident known to any or everybody. An instinct led them not to contradict their daughter — apparently the proper course to pursue, since it seemed to calm the girl inwardly and outwardly. They could come to no conclusion. In the first place, they were dependent upon the Gurau Lady, and it was she who had placed Quint in their care. Secondly, they were simple people, who did not wish to create a sensation. Besides, they did not know of a good physician for such a case. There was an old country doctor in the neighbourhood, but he did not inspire confidence with his few well-known stock remedies, which he applied to every trouble, even to the ills the seed of which the enemy had sowed. His views of the life of the spirit, its lights and its shadows, were entirely opposed to those of the gardener's credulous circle. The Heidebrands put greater reliance in the curative efficacy of prayer. In the evening, after Ruth had gone to sleep and they heard her quiet breathing in bed, they went to God for an explanation and help. And God strangely put the firm resolution into their hearts to take Emanuel Quint into their confidence.

The next few days they spent in observing Ruth. They could clearly detect that Quint held their daughter bound to him by invisible chains. Everywhere the Fool went Ruth followed at about a stone's throw behind him. If he stepped from the house, she soon had to be outside after him, no matter what she was doing, whether folding the wash or helping her mother in the kitchen.

When Quint spoke to her, her waxen face turned deep red, and beamed with delight. From a distance she would read his wishes — not always correctly — in his light-lashed blue eyes, and bring him a spade, or a rake, or some other garden utensil. Sometimes Emanuel would mow the English lawn in the park with the mowing-machine, and Ruth, serious and engrossed in thought, would rake up the grass in his tracks. But she never touched him. Nor was Emanuel ever seen, in the garden or grounds, to lay his hand on her hand, or shoulder, or hair.

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When Mrs. Heidebrand, with marked concern, told Quint of her daughter's sickly trance and dreams, he manifested simple, earnest sympathy, without showing the slightest signs of a guilty conscience, not even when the gardener spoke to him. It was impossible to detect any connexion between the condition of Ruth's soul and his mysterious madness. And the Heidebrands did not dare to insinuate that there was a connexion.

After the conversation Quint went about his quiet pursuits as before — the inward pursuits, which were hidden from those around him, and the outward pursuits, which were visible to all and which he chose at will.

Since Ruth did not have a relapse, but passed her days in quiet cheerfulness, her prophetic trance soon fell into oblivion.

CHAPTER XV

One Sunday Sister Hedwig, who had nursed Quint in the hospital, paid him a visit at the gardener's. He went with her to the shepherd's hut next to the sheep-fold, where there were some twenty peasants, who had come to consult the shepherd about various ailments. The sheep-dogs chained in the yard ceased their mad barking when the Fool and the sister passed by. On entering the hut they found the shepherd splinting the broken leg of a harvester, whom two men had brought on a stretcher. Hedwig and Emanuel greeted the shepherd, who immediately enlisted their services.

Sister Hedwig was of direct help to him with her technical skill, while Quint spoke with some women to learn the nature of their complaints. The shepherd cast stolen glances at Quint, and with his looks hinted to Sister Hedwig to watch Quint's behaviour. To the shepherd his conduct seemed to be a thing to wonder at. As he worked busily over his patient, he called to Hedwig above the noisy bleating from the fold:

"They're all leaving me and going to him!"

Hedwig noticed that even the sick man under the shepherd's hands kept looking over at Emanuel. She well knew what a fund of patience Quint had at his command. During his sickness he had accepted his sufferings placidly, cheerfully, as if a kindly spirit had conceived them for his good. She had been touched, and was drawn to him by the silent warmth of his soul, which she felt to be the purest gratitude. And young

woman that she was, filled with a woman's seeking and yearning, she detected a change in herself. She was touched with the balsamic effect of his heart. He seemed to have made her happier. She knew what evil rumours were afloat about him, but never having heard him say extravagant things such as were uttered daily by persons in her own circle and in the conventicles she attended, and responding to an indefinable power in his personality, she surrounded the report about him with a supernatural halo.

She was delighted when Emanuel offered to accompany her to her parents' home, about an hour and a half's walk from the shepherd's hut. He walked beside her in silence, or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say, she walked beside him, across the stubble fields beneath circling flocks of crows and pigeons.

Her father had been a teacher of a village school for thirty years. The school building was a romantic structure hidden among old lindens. When the two entered the yard, the girl felt the beating of her heart in her throat. But her father and mother received Emanuel with hearty pleasure.

Krause was a man of fifty-three, youthfully fresh in appearance and freer and more genial of manner than is usual in men of his class. His little wife resembled a ball of fat. In the middle of the living-room stood an old-fashioned grand piano, and against the wall a parlour-organ. When his daughter and her companion entered, Krause was sitting in the corner of a flowered sofa. He instantly arose, raised his embroidered cap, shook hands with Emanuel, and gave him a cordial welcome.

Within a few minutes Emanuel was feeling at home.

Hedwig removed her deaconess' cap, and went into the kitchen to help her mother prepare supper. Marie, her younger sister, a full-figured, stately girl, dressed in a light gown, came in holding her straw hat and a book. She had been sitting in her favourite spot behind the old churchyard wall, enjoying the chirp of the crickets in the last warm moments of the declining day. Krause did not wait until after supper to sit down at the piano and play. Without any airs and graces Marie consented to stand next to him and sing simple folk songs in her pretty tender alto to the accompaniment of the spinet-like tones of the old instrument.

Mrs. Scheibler and her nephew Kurt Simon dropped in while the family were at supper. Kurt, who had not seen Emanuel since that one time he had met him with Brother Nathaniel, exchanged greetings without recognising him. It took him some time to realise that the man in neat, clean clothes was the same that he had seen kneeling half naked near a haystack. Mrs. Scheibler started when she heard Quint's name. She was still full of exaggerated reports of his former ways, though influenced to be somewhat milder in her judgment by the Heidebrands. She observed Quint with curiosity and horror. Recently at a mission festival she had met Pastor Schuch, who had stuck to his assertion that Quint had called himself Jesus Christ, the anointed of the Lord. The only alternative open to her was that Quint was either unsound in mind, or possessed of the devil. As soon as she found herself alone with Mr. Krause she expressed her grave doubts wholly in Pastor Schuch's spirit. She asked him how Quint happened to be with his family, and dwelt upon the dangers of receiving him. But the teacher, in his kindly, emotional

way paid no attention to her scruples. He spoke of other things, and incidentally represented Quint as a simple, modest man.

Mrs. Scheibler had come loaded with all sorts of provisions from the store-room on her farm, a way she had of helping the teacher's family. Hers was a resolute, practical nature, with a good deal of the healthy animal in it, despite the loud prating she did about ideals. The Krauses admired her, and looked upon her gratefully as their benefactress. She took motherly care of Hedwig and Marie and many young girls in the neighbourhood, besides. Gifted with a beautiful voice — in speaking concealed by the hard, rough tones of her idiom — she saw to it that the daughters of her farm labourers learned music and singing. She taught them useful crafts, how to conduct themselves in society, how to trim a hat, how to dress, and also, if need be, how to wash themselves with soap and water.

As a young girl Mrs. Scheibler had been famous at balls for her graceful dancing, and she would have taught her peasant girls how to dance had her life not been blasted by the death of her one child, a boy. Formerly her religion had been untinged by gloom. She had had a trustful joy in mingling with the world. But now there was a chasm between her and the world. She lived in enmity with it. It had robbed her of her every hope, cheating her of her first passionate love, then taking away the thing that was dearest to her. She now placed her hopes in Christ. Her heart hung upon the heavenly child Jesus and the heavenly bridegroom to whom she was mystically wedded and with whom, in the life beyond, she walked in dreamy oneness. The sight of Quint filled her with indignation and disgust. That he with his ordinary, prosaic presence as-

serted he was the Saviour seemed an impudent mockery of the divine glory of her tortured dreams.

"How in the world," she asked Hedwig, "did you come to bring that horrible man along with you?"

Mrs. Scheibler's son was buried in the old churchyard in Dronsdorf, which was no longer used for burial except in case of death in the family of the church patron. It was kept locked and Krause was entrusted with the key. He also kept the key to a weather-beaten chapel standing guard over the graveyard. Mrs. Scheibler almost always visited the grave when she came to see the Krauses. The vicinity of the place where her child lay buried filled her with painful joy, the one blooming oasis in the dry desert of her existence. Had she been forced to leave the neighbourhood of that ivy-covered mound, or prevented from taking her daily pilgrimages there, she would have been robbed of her son a second time. Everything that still blossomed in her soul would have turned to ashes.

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After supper the whole company except the mother, who was too stout to be brisk, accompanied Mrs. Scheibler to her son's grave. Mrs. Scheibler striding on ahead with a masculine gait seemed to disregard Quint intentionally. She was walking with Krause, and as the two mounted the slope to the church, the teacher's loud voice resounded in the balmy silence of the falling night, echoing from the moonlit gables of the little cottage and the white wall of the chapel. Quint and the two girls, one on each side of him, fell behind. As their father's voice grew fainter in the distance the chirping of the crickets sounded louder and louder, like a chorus of bacchantes.

The girls told Quint of Mrs. Scheibler's sad story. Hedwig was the more talkative, and described the magnificent pomp with which Lorenz Scheibler had been laid in his grave. Sympathy for the bereaved woman had been universal. Five or six pastors stood in front of the coffin at the altar, and spoke words of love, faith, exhortation, and consolation. The final blessing was pronounced by an old pastor of ninety, who still held office. His noble, saint-like face and silvery white hair flowing to his shoulders made an impression of sublimity upon the two sisters, at that time still mere children.

Marie exceeded her sister in piety, even though Hedwig wore the deaconess' garb and outdid her younger sister in good works. Hedwig seemed always to be seeking something, while Marie's self-sufficient being seemed to be listening to an inner harmony.

Mrs. Scheibler's repellent manner toward Quint evidently disturbed the girls. They assumed that Quint had noticed her coldness, and in their profound respect for her, they tried to excuse her on the score of her anguish over her dead son, and told of all the good she did.

Emanuel, however, in his attitude to Mrs. Scheibler, was apparently affected by nothing but her own trouble, and listened with quiet attention to the girls' account. When they reached the open churchyard gate, Emanuel, in the magic spell of nature's nocturnal enchantment, involuntarily raised his hand to ask the girls to be silent.

Hedwig Krause was twenty-four years old, Marie not yet twenty. Marie already possessed a woman's full charms. She was a graceful blonde, with a small childlike face breathing innocence and virginity. Hedwig's features already bore the impress of the severe

self-renunciation demanded by her profession. Bitter experiences of every sort were easily to be deciphered in her face. Yet she, too, was a lovely blossom of youthfulness, and the two daughters of the teacher of Dronsdorf were each in her way, counted among the prettiest girls in the district.

Mr. Scheibler and Mr. Krause returned from their visit to the grave. Their voices sounded closer. The others heard the large key turn in the rusty lock of the chapel gate, and the gate itself creak as it swung on its hinges. A few moments later Quint and the girls and Kurt Simon, who had come another way, were standing in the deep, whispering shadows of the ancient lindens looking into the obscure depths of the church nave. A light was flickering inside, and the organ was beginning to rumble. It rose and swelled harmoniously, then ceased, and Krause softly called to Kurt Simon to come up and blow the organ for him. Now, above the suppressed rumblings, rose a clear, soul-stirring note, which seemed to Quint and the sisters to come from heaven. They listened as if held in a spell.

Mrs. Scheibler sometimes sang in church, sometimes alone with the teacher and a peasant boy to blow the organ, and sometimes for her friends.

"O Jesus, my sweet light,
Now is the night departed
Now is Thy saving grace
To me again imparted."

Emanuel had seated himself on a bench between the sisters. Hearing the song the picture of poor Martha Schubert shaken by convulsions rose to his mind. She had sung the same song, but in an artless, childlike voice. Emanuel felt that the voice he was now listening

to was filled with profound grace as from God, was sanctified by sorrow and fervour. He could not recall ever having heard the Saviour's honoured name, the name Jesus, borne to him upon such pure, tender waves of love.

Since the Fool in Christ lived at the gardener's, a quiet cheerfulness had come upon him. The outward expression of it, usually free from any assertiveness, betokened nothing but hearty, human simplicity. The insight he had gained, the security of his hedged-in existence had filled him with a bright inner harmony. "Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns." The spirit of those words of Christ seemed actually to be alive in him.

But now dark shadows crept up from the profundities of his spirit. The triumphant notes of the song were marred by the recollection of an unpleasant child's voice, and the hell of the Schubert hut stood before his soul a black, consuming flame. A pang went through him, only in part the pang of the moaning mother. Emanuel knew it was his old companion of the days of his awakening, his old companion announcing its return, very different in its nature from the mother's anguish over her dead child. Emanuel thought of his mother, but the moist gleam of his eyes in the moonlight shining through the church window, was not for her sake. He thought of the mother of Christ and had to admit to himself that this woman, so hard in her manner toward him, was not unlike Mary at the cross.

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Kurt Simon accompanied Quint to the inn where Krause had engaged a room for him. The young man

again felt the spell of the "Son of man," as the Fool had called himself. He found Emanuel changed. They seated themselves at a table in the empty dining-room, and Kurt feeling at ease spoke about intimate subjects without constraint. The poor boy had little opportunity to unbosom himself in the home of the Scheiblers, whom he was soon to leave for the capital of the province, where he was to take up new pursuits. He was at that dangerous age when the fermenting sap in a man rises and announces the torturing intoxication of love, when the allurements of love suck at his heart while the fulfilment of his love is unattainable, when a burning love-fever, vague and unspecific, sometimes drives the lover to the edge of an abyss, and even drags him down over the precipice with curses against the world upon his lips. For the wild embraces with which a boy thinks he will snatch life very often close upon a very different object, and love finds its sedative in a very different bed from what his passion conjured up before his eyes.

In the meanwhile Mrs. Scheibler went home with a servant of the Krauses instead of Kurt. On leaving the church she had gone back to the teacher's home, and had again spoken excitedly against Quint.

"God's blessing seems to depart with his presence," she said. "The Heidebrands were too good, too trusting in taking him into their home. He has created a perfect upset there. Hans Beleites is miserably unhappy, and poor little Ruth is filled with a strange, refractory spirit, which surely did not emanate from heaven. Fancy, he never goes to church."

To Mrs. Scheibler's amazement, the girls took the Fool's part, even Marie, although her forte was listening rather than talking. Blushing vividly she dared

to pledge her soul that Emanuel's ways were pure and pleasing to God.

Thenceforth Emanuel visited the Krauses several times a week. Though Mrs. Scheibler, whenever she came, expressed the same fears and kept her distance from the Fool, he became more and more welcome in the teacher's family. He was seen walking with Marie for hours at a time along the balks of the stubble fields, and the girl's parents grew accustomed to the idea that one day they would be joined at the altar. Mr. Krause, not finding it in his power to mention certain considerations of his to Quint, mentally constructed his daughter's future without consulting him. During the past weeks Quint had shown great eagerness to study. Why should he not become a missionary, and why should not Herrnhut send him and his wife Marie to a foreign country to convert the heathens?

A friendship had grown up between Emanuel and Kurt Simon. Kurt visited Quint twice at Miltzsch, and Quint called for Kurt to go walking. Here again Quint's strange power of attracting became manifest, a power greatly enhanced, perhaps, by the very fact that he showed no intentions of attracting. Kurt was still worried by his cogitations in favour of and against a degenerate Protestantism practised in the circle of the Scheiblers. Almost daily the pistol was held to his breast to choose for all time between eternal damnation or eternal bliss, eternal death or eternal life. Besides, his nerves were in an excited state from lack of rest, the exigencies of his work curtailing his time for sleep at both ends. His nights were filled with frightfully realistic dreams coloured by the ideas discussed during the day — gloomy landscapes as before the creation of the world, judgment day, the blare of

trumpets, hell tortures, the destruction of the world. He rose in the morning with the weight of leaden weariness upon him. The flash of emancipating thought had not yet darted through those sultry premonitions of a storm. There was nothing in the atmosphere but a dull brewing and smouldering. The terrible heritage of the fear of death, strengthened by the dread of punishment in hell, had not yet been sweated out of him. There was a barricade in his life between him and salvation from such ideas. When hot, lascivious dreams announced the awakening of love and a paradise of rapturous bliss forced its way into the dreadful shadows of his nights, he called it the temptation of the devil, and was tortured by still greater pangs of conscience. After such nights he crept about like a man with the mark of secret crime branded upon him.

Emanuel Quint, about ten years older than Kurt became an authority to him. The quiet, tranquil influence his personality exerted in those days, the pure love of man his being emanated, gave Kurt a feeling of regeneration and sheltered seclusion. Quint never threatened. The little he said in rejoinder to his new friend's endless confessions had the saving force of "Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee." Kurt felt infinitely grateful to Emanuel, not only because he had restored his self-respect to him, the consciousness of his own value, but also because Emanuel was the first man that had met him as an equal. Moreover, through Emanuel, Kurt learned to know a joy he had never experienced, the noble joy of friendship. Now he was filled with the delight of friendship and pride in it, and a passionate love bound him to his idol.

Quint was sometimes invited to the houses of the gentry in the neighbourhood, who were interested in

his curious career and especially in the fact that he was the Gurau Lady's guest. They frequently discussed him at table without ever coming to an agreement about him — how account for it that on the one hand there was the universal contempt of the people at large, and on the other hand there was the good opinion of the Gurau Lady, the Heidebrands, and, above all, Krause, whom everybody loved and respected? The people never called Emanuel anything else than the Fool of Miltzsch, as he himself was well aware. So, in their arguments, the large party among the families of rank that opposed Emanuel could appeal to the *vox populi*, which is the will of God.

In Silesia and other Prussian provinces east of the Elbe one meets here and there with country gentlemen who are strictly religious yet of an irritable hardness by no means suggestive of Christ's mildness. When such men, of whom there were a few in the neighbourhood of Miltzsch, happened to hear that Quint had been invited to this or that company, to the druggist of Krug or Salo Glaser, owner of a manorial estate, they could scarcely contain their indignation. Extremest of all was a Baron Kellwinkel, whose property bordered on Miltzsch. The mere mention of Quint's name was enough to set him in a rage.

He was a man of over sixty. A mighty white mustache spread its wings under his spectacled nose, and in anger his bushy white brows contracted in truly martial style. His face aristocratically bespoke hardness, penetration, and ruthless intolerance. A speech of his in the Reichstag defending corporal punishment had temporarily brought him before the nation's notice. Occasionally he resorted to corporal punishment on his own estate, and his keen eye was always

alert for suspicious signs of the times tending to limit the power of his own strong ruling hand. He did not believe in paternalism, and refused to recognise poverty. Poverty, he declared, was the victim's own fault, it was well-merited punishment. He would have liked to expunge from all writings and even from the pulpit those eternal admonitions to be compassionate and charitable. In his opinion authors that wrote books or magazine articles describing evil conditions and giving examples of woful misery were fit candidates for the penitentiary. "The fellow belongs behind lock and key" was a favourite expression of his. If things had been arranged according to Baron Kellwinkel's ideal, Germany's entire emotional and spiritual civilisation would have been placed behind lock and key.

Without ever having seen him, the Baron nourished violent hatred of Emanuel Quint. Not only that his hatred was fanned by the butcher and cattle-dealer of Giersdorf, who had taken part in the attack on the fools in Jesus — the Baron himself attended to the selling of his fattened cattle; not only that a sectarian spirit hostile to the church set him afire; not only that his pride in caste was outraged because he scented something like slave rebellion in Quint's attitude; over and above all this was something come down to him from his freebooting ancestors — he felt himself insulted in his power as an absolute lord by Quint's mere existence.

Every moment some news about Quint came to his ears to vex him. The thing that exercised him most was Quint's absurd obstinacy in not accepting or spending money. It would have been wiser in Quint not to keep reviving his reputation as a fool by refusing money, but in this respect it turned out, he was not to be bargained with. Baron Kellwinkel was also an-

noyed by the increasing number that visited the Shepherd of Miltzsch on Quint's account. He wrote several furious letters to the Gurau Lady, in which he spoke of the ragamuffins haunting the vicinity of Miltzsch and disturbing the borders of his own grounds. The people refused to work. When questioned by him or his inspectors, they had the proper papers to show, they were not begging, they paid their modest board at the inn, yet it was impossible to extract the least reason from them for their suspicious tramping about the country.

Emanuel had no surmise of the entire extent of the rumours and intrigues of which he was the object. Nevertheless, several things happened to shake him out of the feeling that he was stowed away in a secure hiding-place remote from the world. He received the first intimation that popular ill-will was seething under the surface at the end of February on a Sunday walk to Dronsdorf. It was noontime and church was letting out. From the very midst of the church-goers abusive epithets were hurled at him. All showed their contempt, anger or ridicule.

The first to make sport of him was a little old woman. Next a peasant in a long funereal coat and chimney-pot cried, "Take care! Look out!" Then a number of voices together chorused, "The Fool of Miltzsch! The Messiah of Giersdorf!"

It was a mild spring day. The chatter of the sparrows in the rows of wet, naked poplars lining the road mingled with the chiming of the village church bells. That horrid bawling of men was a shrieking discord in the harmony. Quint's soul filled with painful bitterness. His heart ached when he left the crowd behind him and in his thoughts again tasted the insults the

pious congregation had heaped upon him. Had not a man once before, the father of the Scharfs, to whom he wished to bring peace and actually did bring peace, turned from him as if he were Satan himself. And did he deserve it that the boys should shout the name of the Arch-enemy in his face?

"Look out! There's Old Harry!"

And some labourers' wives who wanted to make themselves conspicuous pointed at him, and shrieked:

"He has a cloven hoof!"

Even that was not enough. Quint thought he had escaped the crowd and was alone with his dismay and heartache, when all of a sudden something struck him from behind. For an instant his senses left him, and he reeled. A shout of triumph and other signs told him that the congregation by way of farewell had sent after him, with full force, a clod of earth and stones.

The cause of this outburst was connected with many invisible hostile agencies. A number of people were annoyed merely by the fact that Emanuel was different from the ordinary. Others were envious of his favour with the Gurau Lady. But the strongest influence of all was an occasional sermon of Pastor Beleites, from whose congregation Emanuel had just learned his bitter lesson.

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The same day Emanuel told Marie what had happened to him. He could distinctly see that the girl had long been suppressing a secret sorrow, which his story reawakened. In her grief she betrayed herself. Her silent, flowing tears, a few bitter words suddenly revealed that she had been reproached for her association with him.

As a matter of fact Krause, both alone and in her presence, had been taken severely to task on Emanuel's account. One day during the winter Brother Nathaniel turned up at the school like a man pursued by the furies of an evil conscience, and fairly filled the warm, comfortable room with his passionate language. He made much of the annoyance Emanuel Quint had caused him. He utterly condemned him. His former belief in the poor Fool and the sacred rite of baptism that he had performed weighed upon his conscience like mortal sin. The disciple and master of old he deemed rejected of God and led astray by the devil. Disturbed by terrorising dreams, he was convinced that the Judge of the World, sitting on the Father's right hand, would hold him responsible on Judgment Day for the soul of that sinning man. Krause tried to calm him.

In opposition not only to brother Nathaniel, but also to Pastor Beleites, and even his own church patron, Krause insisted that Quint was a man without guile, a simple follower of the Saviour. But Emanuel's enemies — those whose belief was insulted, those whose caste consciousness was outraged by the Fool's " good luck "— increased in number. The Gurau Lady's protection inspired envy. It was incomprehensible to them, and the only explanation they could find for it, in their vulgar conception of things, was that Quint was an impostor.

Krause with his simple frankness fought down all arguments against Quint, sometimes calm, sometimes excited, but always steadfast.

Quint was now informed of all this, and realised how little his retired life, lived neither for anybody's good nor anybody's ill, could shield him against the hateful powers of the world. Even the Gurau Lady's au-

thority could not protect his quiet, retired existence. The lovely asylum she had prepared for him suddenly seemed to be surrounded by wicked, lurking forces, which, in some way unknown to him, he had offended. He was not even allowed that other asylum, the home of teacher Krause.

Here in the course of a beautiful autumn and winter Emanuel had become even more closely acquainted than in the Heidebrand family with the harmony of an intelligent, sunny Christianity. Here faith was something living, more nearly resembling the asters in the garden or the chirp of the canary in the window than a lesson learned by rote and drilled into one's mind by a strict teacher.

"Any religion that makes us gloomy is false," Krause was wont to say. "We may be forced into serving the devil, but the only way we can serve God is freely, with happy hearts."

So the atmosphere in his home was usually gay and full of song. The teacher's love of his profession had arisen from his love of children. He himself was a great child, of merry glances and roguish jests testifying to the fresh enjoyment that had been granted him by God's grace even in this life.

Though respected far and wide by high and low alike, Krause had to listen to much outspoken cavilling on Emanuel's account, and had to undergo experiences such as his unimpeachable fidelity to his vocation and his strong personality had hitherto spared him. Never, for instance, had Pastor Beleites, the school supervisor, found fault with him before the day he severely censured him for tolerating that dangerous fool Emanuel Quint in the class room during school hours. The two men were old cronies, and Krause, firm and en-

ergetic as he was, had laughingly upheld his side, but did not succeed in stemming the insulting stream of insistent advice. The pastor even dared to denounce Quint's and Marie's intercourse as a grave danger. This almost produced a sudden rupture in the old friendship.

That Sunday afternoon in February, when Marie on a walk across the fields along by-ways, told the Fool in Christ all these things, he gave no direct reply, but made fragmentary remarks reminiscent of the New Testament, and Marie could not tell what was stirring in him.

"If these men be already offended in me, how greatly will they be offended in me in the days to come!"

"God is with me, and I am with God."

"I have preached like John, and publicly exhorted the people to repent. When they persecuted me therefor, I did not complain. But who will explain to me why they persecute me now that the light is hidden under the bushel?"

Staring in front of him he repeated several times meditatively:

"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

He sighed:

"Silence is sin."

"The time is fulfilled," he declared, and sighed, and sighed again:

"The Son of man must remain a pilgrim in this world. He that went before me had no fixed abode on earth. It is said of Him, 'The Son of man hath not where to lay his head.'"

Marie returned home with Quint at supper time. While Quint looked through some books in the living-

room, she reported to her father what had happened to him and the things he had said to her on the walk. Krause, taken aback and excited, instantly went in to speak to Quint.

The conversation lasted for hours. Krause explained to Quint in detail his position with the local powers, and even went farther, putting it to Quint candidly as an older man, whether it would not be possible for him to give up his whim of refusing money, since it so excited the people, and he counselled Quint occasionally to go to church on Sundays, whenever possible to Pastor Beleites's church. The fact that he was never seen at church was the chief source of the people's bitter feelings against him.

But Krause, for all his good, wise advice, met with unflinching resistance.

With the greatest caution, yet with cordial insistence, the teacher now tried to work upon what he considered the weakest side in Emanuel's character. Sitting there in his staid freshness, shifting the mouthpiece of his long pipe from one side of his mouth to the other, blowing serious clouds of smoke through his quivering nostrils, and in his high-spirited way shoving his embroidered cap now over his right ear, now over his left, he looked like anything but a friend of eccentricity. So it was not Quint's adventure with Pastor Beleites's congregation and the hostility lurking behind their conduct that caused him the greatest concern. It was the fragmentary expressions that Quint had employed on his walk that afternoon with Marie.

In distinction from many pious persons in his environment Krause scarcely ever mixed Bible quotations with his ordinary talk. Quint, too, throughout that quiet period of his existence, had rarely found an oc-

casion for doing so, and never in Krause's presence. But gradually in private ways Krause had informed himself accurately of Quint's past, and was compelled to admit to himself that the use of sacred words was a particularly evil habit of Quint's, which gave great offence. Nevertheless, when he wanted to refer to the Bible phrases that Quint had used in Marie's presence and wanted to show him that there was a vast difference between the divine fate of the blessed Saviour of the world and the simple incident that had befallen Quint in the afternoon, the ready-witted man was at a loss for words. Before the look of Quint's large, quiet eyes, he was unable to perform that surgical operation which he thought was necessary to prevent a relapse into Quint's old dreaded folly, the sickness that had almost been cured.

CHAPTER XVI

On a clear day in early March, while the workmen were airing the long rows of hotbeds in Heidebrand's garden, a hideous fellow appeared among them, more nearly resembling a monkey or a pug than a human being. The men laughed, and poked fun at Bohemian Joe. He inquired for Quint, and they directed him to the head-gardener's house. He stumped on his crooked legs to the entrance door, where he was met by the slender figure of Ruth Heidebrand. He stood gazing at her for a long time, again asked for Quint, and when told where he was went up the creaking stairs to his attic room.

Bohemian Joe was the fourth or fifth messenger whom the Valley Brethren had sent to Quint. Emanuel told each of them very firmly that it was his duty in Christ and the duty of all Christian brethren to await patiently the coming day. In the meantime he advised each one to go about his allotted work — advice which they did not heed.

Quint, the poor *Messias designatus* of the Valley Brethren, asked Bohemian Joe what he wished, and Joe, without any preliminaries, came out bluntly with the stupid, bald question, "What is your mystery, the mystery of the kingdom of God?"

Emanuel looked at him, and smiled.

That sweet, scarcely perceptible smile which sometimes played about Emanuel's lips was something that won him many hearts. It was irresistible. Martha

Schubert, Hedwig Krause, Ruth Heidebrand and Marie Krause dreamed of it. It seemed to understand so much and forgive so much. It was like the spring sun, which melts the ice and causes the buds to blossom. It drew swarms of children about him. It was a seductive smile, and had its effect even upon Bohemian Joe. Down on his knees he went, panting like a dog, and tried to kiss Emanuel's hand.

Quint grew serious. He asked how the Brethren were faring and what was the cause of his blunt question.

Joe told him a great dispute had arisen among the Brethren concerning this mystery. Some said that to believe in Quint's message was in itself to have the mystery revealed. For the mystery was nothing else than the knowledge that Quint was the new Messiah. Others maintained that though Emanuel was in a certain sense the Saviour come back to earth again, yet he who had thought well on the words he uttered on various occasions must know that there still remained an ultimate mystery which Emanuel kept to himself. There were still others, who in the teeth of the fanatical faith of the Scharf brothers dared to assert that it was not yet proved whether Quint was indeed the anointed of the Lord. This was the question in which Quint's mystery was involved, and which provoked a raging conflict.

Bohemian Joe, in his peculiar way, a mixture of seriousness and drollery, described the controversy. The Scharf brothers out-howling the other contestants, had declared that Emanuel Quint must be the most prodigious impostor in the world if after expressing himself as distinctly as he had, he did not bear within him the blood of the Son and the spirit of the Father.

Poor Emanuel was a seeker after God. Every other striving, every other purpose was thrust into the background to make way to this seeking, this finding, this apprehending, this holding of God. But he sought not God with the understanding. He sought Him with love. And his love, as if in possession of the divine, poured forth a veritable sun of grace over brothers and sisters, old and young, the children, the lame, the deaf and the blind. The divine light kindled a divine light, and estrangement between Quint and his brother or his sister vanished like a cloud, and pure union in God was attained. Thus he felt himself at one with Marie and even with Ruth Heidebrand. And he stood in the same relation to the Scharf brothers, and to all those that labour and are heavy-laden, whom he may have met in an hour of common devotion, or only spiritually in the kingdom of divine love.

But now a rude hand was raised from among them, menacing him.

For weeks Quint had been suffering from sleepless nights. Until then the serenity of his life, its settled evenness, its pleasantness, had lulled him into harmonious calm, and had moderated the passion of his life in God. Those, therefore, who became acquainted with him in that period and never met him again retained the pleasantest memories of him. Quint never approached his fellow-men except through the ethereal medium of the divine. He never spoke of his own personal affairs, and never interested himself in the personal affairs of others. To natures like Marie Krause's that very personal inaccessibility seemed to have the quality of divine nearness.

From this state of half-slumber Emanuel Quint was now aroused by one knock after another on the door

of his house. A cloud was lifted, and he found himself with his love and with God in his heart naked, exposed to the demands of his suffering brethren, to the merciless hatred of the world, and to the imperative call of his conscience, or perhaps of Satan.

The word impostor touched him to the quick, although he felt perfectly free of the sin it implied. A wave of indignation swept through him, but immediately passed, giving way to a spirit of reconciliation. Those men erred, they were deceived, but they had sought Christ even as he had sought Him, and he remained bound to them in Christ.

He was well aware of the danger of their tenacity. The brothers Martin and Anton Scharf followed him like the leaders of a pack of hounds hungering for salvation. Since they had once got on his trail in the market-place where he had delivered his first sermon, they had never dropped his scent, and followed him across streams, over mountains, through gorges. Nevertheless, he did not regard them as beasts of prey, but rather as harassed sheep of a stray flock, and felt bound to them more through comradeship and love than through fear. He looked upon himself as their responsible shepherd.

Yet, while Bohemian Joe was speaking to him, the poor Messiah anticipated the horrors of a fateful moment, when the merciless hunters would close around him. He felt the invisible enemies gathering about his lair. Or were they judges and was he burdened with some guilt for which he had to atone? No. At the utmost he had been guilty before his account with God was squared through Jesus the mediator, through Jesus who was in him, who was indeed his soul.

"Not I, but Christ, liveth in me." This saying of the apostle Paul had become his very being.

Unfortunately from his regeneration arose the Fool's sad fate as the seed sprouts from mother earth.

"I have celebrated the mystical marriage," he said to himself. His prison dream, in which the Saviour entered into him, was an ever-present reality to his soul. "If I am Jesus, then I bear his responsibility. I *am* Jesus, and I bear it," he reasoned. "In this sense the Valley Brethren in calling me the Saviour and demanding His works from me are right."

It may be said that Quint's consciousness of being the Saviour coarsened in proportion as he was forced to adapt it to the gross, crude, sordid demands of his community.

The conversation between Quint and Bohemian Joe would have come to an end with Quint's quiet words of greeting to the Brethren and a strong admonition to possess their souls in patience, and their question about the mystery would have been left unanswered, had not Bohemian Joe after some hesitation begun to speak again, and revealed more and more details, until so strange a story was unfolded that Quint jumped up from his seat horrified, and punctuated the conclusion with a blow of his fist upon the table.

Ruth Heidebrand the whole time had been hiding behind the door in the room where the bulbs were kept. She had heard the entire conversation and through the crack in the door she could observe the Fool's face. Never had she seen her idol in such a rage.

"Men should not put new wine into old bottles," he cried, and dropping the biblical mode of speech, went on excitedly: "Go and tell the Brethren that what

they are doing is an abomination, it is not serving God. Tell them the Saviour is in God and God is in Him, and that He does not sit on God's right, nor does God the Father sit on His left. Their wrangling for priority in the kingdom of God is just the same as the soldiers wrangling and casting lots for the garments of the dead Christ on the cross. There now! That is my mystery, you brutalised slaves of greed, you hellish bedlamites! Did you make the Son of man a judge on the last day? Then you are criminals yourselves. Did you make him a king with a sceptre and sword, the lord of the earth? Then you have set a bloody fool's crown upon him and disenthroned him as king of heaven. You fools and servants of fools, do you serve for pay? Then get behind your plough and eat your fodder. Do you want to gather treasures, to gain gold and rich garments? Then go and serve Mammon, not God. What do you want with your millennium, that one brief day before God? To eat, drink, whore, sit at the head of the table, curse, damn, condemn to death, sing trembling praise to a terrible Adonai, whose left hand caresses you, and whose right hand snatches your brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers from their graves, myriads upon myriads, and hurls them into the jaws of hell. Do you covet that millennium more than the life in Jesus Christ for all eternity? Woe to you if the heavenly kingdom means nothing more than a refreshing drink to quench your burning thirst for revenge! Tell the Brethren that in heaven the last will be as good as the first and the first as good as the last."

Quint's first impulse was to shake off the obtrusively ridiculous following of the Valley Brethren, who had made him the object of a rank superstition, but the next instant he repented, and although he recognised the

impulse as the voice of sound reason, he commanded it to be silent in the name of what he thought was all mercy, all love, and the embodiment of divine wisdom.

This, the will of the Saviour Himself, bade Emanuel betake himself that very evening to the Brethren of the Valley.

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He sent Bohemian Joe in advance to announce his coming. Everybody in the house had already gone to sleep, and he departed without taking leave of the family. His heart was heavy. Although he meant to return to the garden, and actually did return within a few days, he had a premonition that he would soon leave his retreat forever. He trod softly, paused an instant at Ruth's bed-room door, and stepped out into the lonely brightness of the moonlight. He hesitated again at the gate in the park wall, and looked pensively about the place to which he had been transplanted like a tree from rocky soil.

But when he reached the road behind the park his sadness left him, and he became resolute and light of heart. He looked behind, and he looked ahead to what was in store for him. Emanuel Quint was filled with gratitude. He appreciated the goodness of the Gurau Lady, of the Krauses, the Heidebrands and all those who had admitted him to their higher order of life. Nevertheless he stepped along the road with a surer, freer gait than he had for months.

He was again acting upon his own responsibility. He trod upon the earth, the common mother of all, and over him was the vault of the heavens, the common roof of all. He was no inmate of a shelter, no recipient of alms. All the gentle fetters and considerations that

had insidiously wound themselves around him, and put ever stronger constraint upon him now suddenly dropped away. For the first time since his confinement in the hospital he felt he was again the guest, the friend, the king, the god of his inner self in a broad, spacious abode worthy of him.

He stepped forward like God.

Emanuel was humble in relation to divine things, but filled with that exalted pride which comes from a man's consciousness of his mission. It inspired him with renewed strength. It was a pride compatible with divine humility. He knew that the lukewarm kindness of the friends he had acquired on the Lady's estate had snatched him out of the fiery vortex of his existence and placed him in cool, calm shallows with neither eddy nor depth, safe, therefore, against drowning. They were honest, worthy people all, and in their kind treatment of him fancied they were performing the Christian duty of charity. They did not know that in Emanuel's opinion they were doing this only on condition, or, at least, in the hope, that he would deny Jesus Christ.

He waved his arms and smote the air as if, like Simon Peter, he were holding the sword of Malchus. In the holy rage of his peculiar battling for God he now almost more dearly loved the enemies that had driven him from his retreat than the friends that had provided him with it and wished to keep him there.

The Valley Brethren were threatened with the visitation of justice. But their error, which Quint desired to destroy, exalted him. They were devoted to him with all their foolish faith, with all their foolish desires, and with a wild, blind passion. Those whom he had left behind him merely tolerated him. It is one thing to be tolerated, even though out of goodness of heart. It is

another thing to be fervently desired, ay, to be deified, even though in simplicity and foolishness.

The Fool, it is true, had not the slightest knowledge of all that had happened at the meetings of the Valley Brethren in the mill.

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Quint found the community in a state bordering on barbarism.

They had spent the winter in Straube's mill going and coming, hoping and waiting, praying and singing and "drinking the holy blood of Jesus," as they said. The miller Straube seemed to be by no means the loser for having the Valley Brethren assemble in his mill, although, with his turn for adventure, he would probably have opened the door of his decayed, secluded mill regardless of material considerations.

Dibiez had gradually introduced some of the orgiastic devotional features of the Salvation Army, and at the suggestion of Anton Scharf the Valley Brethren now called themselves "The Fellowship of the Mystery," from the Epistle to the Ephesians.

The degeneracy that by degrees set in at the meetings and made continuous headway was caused partly by the Salvation Army tambourine and David's harp, partly by the mystical character of the community. The Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles have always furnished the romantic impulse in man with ample pretexts for the formation of secret societies. The individual lost in the crowd would fain single himself out by laying claim to the possession of a mystery, which invests him with knowledge and leaves the mass in ignorance. Possessed of such wisdom he regards himself and a greater or lesser number of comrades as called

and chosen. Without their mysterious knowledge they would be no more than a few drops in the sea, insignificant particles compelled to live, according to their insignificance, unnoticed and unregarded. Even children possessing a secret in common swell with a sense of importance.

Dibiez also introduced the custom of confessing aloud at the meetings, and the Valley Brethren began to tell of their conversions and the way they had come to see the light through the grace of Jesus Christ. These somewhat flat and mechanical expressions of religious awakening, common to certain sects through many centuries and still in full swing in the huge camp of the Salvation Army, were soon thrust into the background by other manifestations of a frenzied, eruptive nature.

The brethren and sisters began to speak "with tongues," wherein tailor Schwabe especially distinguished himself. He it was who first began to prophesy, who introduced the apocalyptic tone, the apocalyptic ravings and vagaries in the community of the saints, and designated himself, the Scharf brothers, and the weaver Schubert as saints, speaking, as he thought, under apostolic inspiration. The stronger the consciousness grew among the speakers and the listeners that they were the saintly and the elect, the more fanatical and excessive became their pious exercises.

Anyone who had known these people in their former state, when bent and silent under the yoke of daily toil and want they went about the earning of their wretched food and direst necessities, would have been enlightened as to man's marvellous capacity for transformation. Tailor Schwabe, formerly the picture of retiring shyness, was here a commanding figure. On one occasion

certain ecstasies, which he was the first to manifest, almost made him the undisputed leader of the Valley Brethren. He always opened up his devotions with the same words: "Silence! Silence! People of the Lord! Wherever His word is proclaimed, He is present! Silence! God is present!" And so he proceeded. It is readily to be imagined that in the sonorous tones of God's herald there was little trace of the shy smuggler of old.

When the Brethren were not holding meetings, or praying, or sleeping, they disputed about the meaning of God's word in the Bible. Little wonder that their dull, heavy minds grew more and more confused wrestling with texts from the Gospels, the Acts, and the Epistles, not to speak of the Revelation of St. John and the Old Testament. Many words from the burning souls of the apostles wrought fearful havoc with their misty, infantile brains.

The foolishness of the Brethren, which grew more dangerous from day to day, was radically reinforced when Bohemian Joe with his thick finger under the line spelled out the Bible verse: "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth." Another added this text: "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." A third found a similar passage. Finally everything seemed to assume a sinister aspect for those hungering creatures to whom the voluptuous joys of the millennium began to beckon alluringly. Their hopes turned into a rigid, stationary delusion. The biblical commandment to love one's neighbour as oneself stepped out from the all too limited sphere circumscribing their spiritual existence and entered the region of the animal, arousing its slumbering passions. Their anxious waiting and

yearning for salvation became a burning thirst, a feverish lust, an unstilled hunger, a consuming malady.

And one night after they had repeatedly moved heaven and earth, and for many successive hours had invoked bliss, sin, punishment, grace, God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the New Jerusalem, and Judgment Day, the meeting culminated in a terrible, savage paroxysm.

In the world of the spirit the Valley Brethren had exhausted nearly all possibilities. They had heard spirits knock, had seen ghosts, walking apparitions, and the disembodied spirits of the dead. What now followed was the outbreak of a physical disease epidemic in the fanatical middle ages. It began in this way.

They were holding a meeting in the miller's granary, dimly lighted by three or four lanterns. A strong, healthy peasant girl of eighteen, Therese Katzmarek, in a spirit of contrition, overwrought by the constant shouts and calls, suddenly began to shake her head in a most peculiar manner. At first it moved slowly, then faster and faster, until it reached such velocity that many of the brethren and sisters noticed it, interrupted their devotions, and tried to stop the girl's strange behaviour. But there was no stopping her. They called to her, they gripped her head in their horny peasants' hands as in a vice. Of no avail. Her head continued to move as soon as it was freed. The girl's pretty, innocent, childlike face flew convulsively from side to side. Her strong chin bounded from shoulder to shoulder with such rapidity that it made only a streak to the eyes of the onlookers. The poor head seemed to have become a being apart. Like a captured bird choking in the attempt to escape from the snare, it seemed to be bent on breaking loose from the body at any cost. Natu-

rally she attracted general attention, and everybody became silent. In this silence the helpless tossing about of the girl's head combined with the noise it made assumed even a more gruesome aspect. At first her plait flapped across her breast and shoulders. When the motion grew more violent, her hair loosened, and cracked against her face like a whip. Her open mouth, her eyes staring rigidly in horrified astonishment were awful to look upon. There seemed to be no hope for her. Each moment the Brethren expected to see her head, though set on a full neck, fly from her body.

At that moment a noise arose in another part of the granary, and everybody turned to see what it was. The head of a little old woman with a pale, wrinkled face was beginning to perform the same wild antics. The next instant a third woman was struck to the ground, the wife of a brickmaker who did the same work as her husband in a neighbouring brickyard. She turned and twisted and babbled, and her body shot up with a peculiar jerk, like a large fish out of water.

When these three victims succumbed — victims of long waking, praying, and singing, of self-accusation and contrition, of all possible heavenly and hellish illusions — there arose a general shout of terror. A single voice raised in an involuntary cry above the others gave the incident a sinister turn.

"The end of the world is here! Judgment Day is here!"

With the exception of miller Straube, there was not one in the whole assembly that was not seized with the same mad frenzy. Many more began to roll on the ground. The night was dark, the trees rustled. The larger number began to push and rush to get into the open. When outside, some listened for the first sounds

of the approaching Judgment Day. Others fell to the ground, and pointed to the heavens, screaming that they saw God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost sitting enthroned on the clouds surrounded by angels. Some climbed on trees. The children cried. Martin and Anton Scharf, in order to see something or other more clearly, waded up to above their knees in the dark, gurgling stream.

Who does not know that the night alone is sufficient to unchain all the demons in man, while the sun covers the depths, and lights the soul's way to order? The things that happened in those moments of general turmoil the day would never have permitted.

The tie that unites all communities in Jesus Christ is love. As Paul says, in the name of the Saviour a wall is removed between man and man. The danger in such a tearing down of walls is evident. But when in addition men without a call preach an apostolic doctrine such as this, " that man is justified by faith alone, that faith removes mountains, and that to those who are justified by faith there is no law," then the danger is great indeed.

In short, seeking for help, or not knowing what they did in their fear, terror, joy, and madness, they caught hold of one another, and embraced and kissed. In the miller's little vegetable garden feebly illumined by a ray of light from the window, a brother and sister were seen whirling about in a dance. Women — or was it one woman only? — ran about the mill with flowing hair and skirts like a prying ghost. Some women, their nerves completely unstrung, for some reason tore the coarse shirts from their shoulders and the skirts from their waists, and perhaps under some impulse to immolate themselves, ran stark naked up the slope into the

field. They must have had in mind, more or less remotely, the parable of the foolish and the wise virgins. Through the cunning device of the arch-Enemy, the heavenly bridegroom was in some instances replaced by Brethren fired by the same orgiastic frenzy.

Miller Straube took care of Therese Katzmarek, who had recovered in the meantime. Bohemian Joe slunk about silently with glowing eyes. The things he perpetrated in the dark and the general confusion never became known.

These religious orgies were repeated. News of them gradually leaked out, and one day reached the ears of Nathaniel Schwarz, who passed sleepless nights in consequence. Finally at the risk of having his fair name implicated in a very unsavoury matter, he determined to intervene, and try to put a stop to the Brethren's shameful doings. One evening, after the congregation had been regaled by the extravagant effusions of crazy tailor Schwabe, Nathaniel Schwarz arose, and took his place at the speaker's table in Straube's granary.

But for his conclusion, his exhortation would undoubtedly have had a wholesome effect. His warnings, his admonitions, his violent apostrophes, and passionate threats impressed his hearers, the Scharf brothers especially. It gave them a feeling of relief. They had been troubled by Quint's absence and the wild doings of the Brethren. Unfortunately Brother Nathaniel committed the mistake of attacking the very source of the Brethren's foolishness. Thus unwittingly adding fuel to their frenzy, he was made to feel their mania in all its naked violence.

"I knew your Emanuel Quint," he said, "probably before any of you ever heard of him."

He went on to tell that not only the testimony of

trustworthy strangers, but even of his father and mother proved, to put it mildly, that Quint had been following the wrong path ever since his boyhood.

"It is not my intention to reprove the faithful of this assembly for having fallen into the error of thinking Emanuel Quint a favoured minister of the Word. I myself was deceived almost as greatly as you by a certain plainness and gentleness in him. I am even willing to confess to a sin that I committed against him and myself. Many a time have I fervently prayed to God to forgive me for that sin."

Nathaniel now gave a faithful account of his morning walk with Emanuel and what might virtually be called his baptism, an act to which he had been misled in a fit of emotion now incomprehensible to him.

"I will be candid," he continued, "and admit that I did not administer the baptism in the proper spirit. Still less was it received in the proper spirit. You see, I am willing to confess to my part of the guilt in the offence that Emanuel Quint is giving. Had it not been for my baptism, he would scarcely have felt himself so strongly confirmed in his overweening, impious presumption."

The last word was hardly out of Brother Nathaniel's mouth when a murmur of dissatisfaction went through the assembly. Above the others rose the voice of a ragpicker, who had joined Quint's community in Giersdorf, had been present at the night attack, and had received some injuries. He was over fifty years old, pale, wizened, greedy for gain from long years of petty trafficking. There was a feverish gleam of suffering in his eyes, restless impatience, desperate avidity. It is astonishing how eagerly a hypochondriac clings to life, if only by bitter toil he can manage to keep away

dire want — astonishing how he fears death. It is the fear of death that makes men reach out for the phantom of eternal life. It is cowardice that drives naïve persons into the snares of the quacks of the body and the soul.

This ragpicker had snatched desperately at the illusions and myths that had formed about Quint, as a drowning man snatches at a straw.

He cried that Quint was either what he himself said he was, or else he was the greatest scoundrel, the most colossal impostor that ever trod the face of the globe. And he attacked the speaker with such fury, with such a stream of savage words that a shiver ran through the entire assembly. Brother Nathaniel stood at the table aghast.

He was called in turn liar, traitor, the apostle of Satan, and lastly Judas. That word fell like a spark on a cask of powder. The whole audience exploded. To escape the consequences Nathaniel had to effect a speedy retreat.

After Nathaniel Schwarz's visit, the Brethren's frenzy reached an even higher pitch, though it started the discussion among the leaders of the faithful, which resulted in sending Bohemian Joe to Emanuel.

When Bohemian Joe returned and announced that Emanuel would himself come to the "Brethren of the Valley," or to the "Fellowship of the Mystery," their excitement again assumed the strangest forms. There was weeping and exultation. They greeted one another with "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." They told one another of Quint's miracles. They gave fantastic, glorified accounts of his life since his delivery of the sermon in the market-place. A formidable list of insane delusions was evolved. The

Scharfs declared they felt his approach bodily. Women and girls who had gone away for a while leaving the rest of the congregation to the singing of *Kyrie eleison* and Hallelujah, which they kept up for hours at a time, came running back out of breath to announce that they had seen the Saviour approaching the mill. One had caught sight of him gliding across the meadow, another across the field behind the thicket, a third across the stream.

As far as he understood it, Bohemian Joe delivered Quint's reproachful message to the inner circle, which consisted of the Scharf brothers, tailor Schwabe, Schubert, Krezig, the choleric ragpicker, the miller, and a few others. They listened eagerly, anxiously. Though they understood that their idol was indignant at some mistake they had committed, they were still farther strengthened in their mad faith by Bohemian Joe's account.

CHAPTER XVII

At nine o'clock in the evening after the repeated attempts of various members of the community to catch sight of Quint, Martha Schubert created a veritable pandemonium by dashing into the barn and crying, "He is coming! He is coming!" She told the Scharf brothers, she told her father, she told everybody, "He is coming — there — down the road back of the bridge!"

After the general excitement had subsided and in the expectant silence every heart was almost standing still, a dark figure appeared in the gateway and stepped into the moonlight under one of the arches.

It was a stirring moment for Quint and the assembly, as big with fate as it was stirring. Advancing slowly and peering intently he saw in the middle of the yard a silent multitude with folded arms kneeling in rows — some with their foreheads to the ground, others with their faces turned heavenward, some weeping, others mumbling prayers.

Even miller Straube, who was not much to be trusted in matters of faith and seldom spoke about them, declared he had struggled with all his reason, in vain, against the powers that threw him prostrate before Quint.

This double, or rather triple, deception — the congregation deceiving itself and the Fool, and the Fool deceiving himself only — is perhaps not to be dismissed off-hand or regarded as a sheer absurdity. In the first

place they were all deceived deceivers. Secondly, there was something in the true inwardness of the event that for a few moments at least gave it the semblance of a mystery. God is a spirit. Jesus the Nazarene is regarded less as the incarnation of God than as the vessel of God. Quint knew, or believed, that the spirit of God was in him. His crude, clownish followers, it is true, did not see in him that spirit, but the vessel long ago shattered to pieces, Jesus, the son of the carpenter of Nazareth. Nevertheless, what sent them prostrate before Quint in fear and trembling was a profound experience of the spirit communicated to them from him. Now who will say with certainty that in this material error God, the Christ, was not present in spiritual truth?

The event proved momentous to Quint and many of his adherents. It re-secured the bond of union between them, and consecrated him to a new mystical mission.

Emanuel standing in the yard looked upon the kneeling men and women. Strange to say, not even after he had recovered from his first astonishment and excitement did these deceived people seem to him either ridiculous or fearful in their madness. Quint possessed admirable self-control, which served him well in every situation in life. It was innate self-discipline with none of the marks of the foreign or acquired. Of his own force, without the aid of education, he had risen to mastery of himself, had subdued every passion within him, except his love of God and the divine. Unless he so desired, his outward conduct never betrayed his emotions.

Profoundly touched though he was, his voice sounded calm, as he asked for Anton and Martin Scharf. The brothers arose and went up to him and he walked with them in silence — the kneeling congregation thought

he glided — into the house. The chained dog whined humbly as he passed.

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With Emanuel's arrival in the mill quiet and order were restored as if by a miracle. The orgiastic spirit gave way to a meek, sobered waiting. Soft whispering took the place of the loud singing and praying, and Dibiez's tambourine and David's harp were not even touched.

Martha Schubert and others passed in and out of the house and brought reports to the hungry crowd waiting outside as if there were a famine and the king were at the table inside. Even miller Straube, who had always looked upon the doings of the Brethren with an air of impenetrable or ironical reserve, was now serious and solemn. For the first time he ceased to be the self-conscious, genial host, and became the modest guest, like all the rest.

Emanuel had withdrawn into a little room. The crowd waiting anxiously in the hall were told that he would speak first to the smaller circle of the elect seeing each member separately. The mill, only a short time before the scene of tumultuous life, suddenly became as silent as the grave.

The first one called into Quint's room was Martin Scharf, who remained closeted with him for about half an hour. Anton Scharf, Schubert, Dibiez, Krezig the ragpicker, Zumpt, miller Straube, and tailor Schwabe followed in turn, each almost beside himself with excitement as he was summoned by the miller's maid into the presence of the "Giersdorf God." Cold perspiration stood on their foreheads. Their rough hands were like slabs of ice.

Their love, obedience, faith, their blind, unreasoning devotion were only heightened by these private interviews, though Quint exacted from each a complete account of the doings in the mill and condemned them without reserve. It seemed that his mere presence sufficed to make them sensible of the enormity of their offence, that contact with his person gave them the right instrument of measurement, put into their hands the plumb, the rule and the gauge, by which they immediately found that their house was crooked.

He told Dibiez that the kingdom of God had nothing to do with outward poses and attitudes, a statement incomprehensible to the captain. He repudiated not only the Salvation Army tambourine, Dibiez's guitar, the bacchantic hallelujah songs, but also the simple church hymns. This greatly astonished them, while increasing his authority.

"When Jesus walked on earth the first time almost two thousand years ago," he said, "He did not sing. He spoke the pure word of God out of a simple, holy mouth."

Whether Quint was determined, at any cost, to quench the diseased spiritual fever in the mill or whatever his motive may have been, he advised them very strongly to give up confessing aloud and all so-called prophecy and public prayer.

"If you must pray," he added,—"the disciples of John the Baptist pray, the disciples of Jesus do not pray — then do it by yourselves in your own rooms. But I say unto you, it would go hard with you and the heavenly Father if He did not know your needs without your praying for them. The spirit of the Lord is a spirit of wisdom, a spirit of peace, a spirit of justice. Whatever it may be that creates in you images of ter-

ror, horror, or sensuality and causes you to worship them, it is not the spirit of the Father. Whatever it may be that tears away the bridges of light spanning the abysms of your natures, allowing the poisonous fumes, the benumbing exhalations of death to rise up and obscure the brightness of the life in Jesus, it is not the spirit of the Father."

The miller when in Emanuel's presence could not wholly control himself or find the right answer to the Fool's simple questions. He betrayed his guilty conscience, and gave contradictory answers in regard to the paroxysms that had seized the women.

The next to be summoned was Therese Katzmarek. When alone with Quint, shudders ran through the girl's body and she kissed his hands and feet shedding copious tears. He calmed her and she began to confess. All the Catholic fervour in her heart found a vent. Emanuel had merely intended to advise the girl in a kindly human way, but now he was made lord of her life and death. She told him of all her transgressions, how she had sinned against chastity with the miller himself.

Emanuel was profoundly stirred by these proofs of almost canine love and dependence. His mere presence rejoiced his followers and moved them to tears. Though he had come with the sole resolve to clean the nest, he now felt he should also like to be a shepherd of those poor, stray, helpless sheep.

Throughout their lives they had hungered for the miller's bread. Is it strange, then, that despite bodily want and dire poverty, they also hungered for spiritual bread? Is it any wonder that their onslaught upon the provision chambers of the Bible and their choice of nourishment was so ill-advised and helpless, in the ab-

sence of that finer instinct that might have led them aright?

That evening the starving men were fed at the doors with the miller's bread, and were told it was to be the last meeting in the miller's granary. They went away satisfied as to their bodily hunger, but not satisfied in their hope of hearing the idolised man speak or ever seeing him again.

All who had spoken with Emanuel individually were now asked to gather in his room. Emanuel rose from his seat beside a round table, on which there was a lighted candle, and for half an hour the little room resounded with the guttural ring of his voice, high rather than deep, soft yet youthfully firm.

He spoke chiefly against superstition. Beginning in a tone of simple seriousness he waxed indignant and rose to the heights of great wrath, a mood in him to which the Brethren were unaccustomed.

"To-day, as in the days of Jesus of Nazareth, the earth is overgrown with rank weeds. We cannot form too exaggerated an idea of how the weed of superstition is spread throughout the world. Therefore, the mystery of the kingdom is still the same profound mystery as in Christ's time, for no other reason than that it is hidden in caves and pits under the roots of a forest of superstition. From time to time Jesus comes walking through these woods wholly abandoned except by God. Thus you see me solitary and abandoned who am called among those whom God did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son, that He might be the first-born among many brethren, as Paul says. You know nothing of this mystery which has been vouchsafed to me. And I cannot reveal it to you. None but the Father which is in me can reveal it to you. And if

He reveals it to you, then come and call yourselves my brethren."

He bade them dismiss him from their thoughts and cease to follow him beginning with the dawn of the next day. At that they all cried aloud almost weeping:

"Lord, Lord, cast us not away from thee, forsake us not!"

But Emanuel continued to speak:

"You have seen how even Brother Nathaniel, who baptised me, has fallen away. You did wrong in calling him Judas. True, it is written in the Bible: 'Whosoever shall say, Thou Fool, shall be in danger of hell fire.' But I say to you this Nathaniel is not my brother, because the Father did not esteem him worthy of knowing the mystery of the kingdom."

Schwabe cried:

"Tell us the mystery, Lord!"

In the excitement of seeing him again, and in their increased respect produced by his better clothing and better-groomed appearance, the designation "Lord" came as naturally to them as if from long habit.

"The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed," replied Quint. "It is like to a pearl for which I would give up all. It is like to a treasure in the field which I bought. It is within me. The kingdom of heaven is a child's possession. But it is not your New Jerusalem, which comes falling out of the clouds with houses of gold, with valleys of jasper, sapphire and emerald. Why would you have it that to your terror the Father, Son and Holy Ghost should descend from the clouds amid tempest and the blare of trumpets, when the Father, Son and Ghost are unknown to you?"

And now Emanuel Quint, the poor Fool in Christ,

performed that sacrilege — let us hope it was unpremeditated — which later so hardened the hearts of the judges who were trying him for a grave crime of which he was accused.

As was the custom, a copy of the Bible was lying next to the candle on the table. Emanuel picked it up and threw it against the wall with such force that it was torn in shreds.

The poor workingmen, though they started in terror, and in the first few seconds thought fire must come raining down from heaven, did not stir.

"I forbid you that book! Do you hear? I forbid you that book!" Emanuel cried, by no means in the spirit of Luther. "I forbid you that book because it is a granary full of weeds, a granary full of deadly nightshade with only a few blades of good wheat between. Here again the kingdom of God is like to a grain of mustard seed.

"What do you get out of that good book? What do you reap from that field of the good husbandman in which the enemy sowed bushels of tares while men slept? You fill your veins to bursting with torturing terrors, torturing desires, feverish images, which are nothing but lying hopes. You think when you are drunk with the poison of the poppy seed and are swollen with frivolous vanity into aping the Almighty by the laying on of hands and the performing of wonders, that you have received the Holy Ghost. What you have received is the plague of greed, the thirst of madness. Do you think the love of Jesus is the irresistible passion of greed? What would you have of God? Do you toss about and torment yourselves and scream your poor throats hoarse, that the heavenly Father should

share the sceptre with you? Do you think that in your blind hands it is in better keeping than in His?

"Why do you pull at God's chair, at the hem of his garment? Why do you shriek and howl? Why do you knock against the gates of heaven with your fists, your coarse heels? Verily, I say unto you, you won't plunge right into heaven, and there won't be any bread or ham or the tiniest drop of whiskey there.

"What do you get out of that book? Lies, lies and lies again. How luxuriantly lies still flourish in all gardens and fields! How lies still overgrow columns, gates, towers and temples! — the highest columns, the highest gates, the highest towers, the mightiest temples of gold, jasper and precious stones!"

The Brethren listening with high-arched brows understood none too much of the violent discourse. But Quint continued. In his desire to shake off this nuisance of the Valley Brethren he went on to warn and threaten them. The months he had spent in the gardener's house, in the Gurau Lady's library, as a Samaritan with the Shepherd of Miltzsch, with Krause's family and other good Christian families, could not pass over him without leaving a trace. Yet he did not look upon the Brethren from a new view-point of caste, nor was it a feeling of caste that widened the chasm between him and them. From his manner, and from the courageous strength of his words it was easy to conclude that the force of his obstinate delusion had increased during his life spent in quiet. He did not succeed in shaking his followers in their fixed belief, according to which he was their Saviour in distress, their new Messiah. Indeed he confirmed them in it. In listening to him they easily detected that in some way

or other his feeling of oneness with the Saviour was strengthened. And why should not their belief have been confirmed when he explicitly stated that he had arrived at the possession of the mystery of Jesus?

In truth, Emanuel Quint scarcely saw the Saviour in the Bible any more, but — horrible to say — only in himself and as himself. Since his dream in prison, in which Christ literally entered into him, his holy madness had found time to take firm root. The Fool's manner was now affected by a something very different from his former modesty and humility. His opponents who later noticed this in his bearing called it a ridiculous assumption of infallibility. Emanuel himself called it the glorious liberty of the children of God. Often when his friends reproached him with a certain cheerful assurance and unconcern, despite his characteristic gravity, he would say:

"Raise yourselves from the slavery of perishable matter to the glorious liberty of the children of God."

During the meal which the strange Quint apostles and miller Straube took with Emanuel in the room where the baking was done, it was evident how little the essential purpose of Quint's visit had been attained. Now it was Martin, now Anton, now the rag-picker who cautiously approached him with eager questions and listened apprehensively for his answers, and, it was Schwabe who said:

"Yet, Lord, thou hast performed wonders on old Scharf, on Martha Schubert, on that crippled woman, on that old woman in the organ-grinder's hut, and many others."

"What I did unintentionally and unconsciously," replied Quint, "if I have done anything at all, was not done by me, but by the Father."

"But Jesus performed miracles."

"Like myself," said Quint, "in this and no other sense."

Though he entered upon an explanation, he could not rid his coarse-grained companions of the opinion that Jesus and he, he and Jesus had performed the same miracles.

"Why do you try to understand God's miracles," was his explanation, "since you do not yet understand all the prodigious wonders with which the Father has surrounded you? You ridiculous triflers, cannot you see the woods for the trees? What are you? What am I? Are we by one hair less than the greatest wonder? Would you know what to ask of God that is as wonderful as the thousandth part of a lily or a cornflower in the field, the throat or the feathers of a single nightingale, not to mention the whole great, rocky, blossoming earth, or the infinite firmament with all its stars? He who seeks signs was born deaf, dumb and blind. You know that no sign can be given to such a generation."

"Lord, if we have not prayed in the right spirit, teach thou us," said Anton Scharf to Quint.

"Pray, 'Thy Kingdom come!'" was the answer.

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A woman, a girl of fourteen, a boy of twelve and another boy of nine, the wife and children of the miller's man-servant, were standing outside the window staring in at the supper in the baking-room. Now and then the servant himself also came up to take a look. It was a curiously biblical sight, Emanuel Quint like the Saviour at the Last Supper sitting among his disciples. The onlookers could not turn their eyes away.

The long table was covered with a clean, gaily-coloured cloth. Two huge platters were sending up steam, and Anton Scharf, his face beaming, went from guest to guest and filled their glasses with a dark wine which Bohemian Joe had contributed. Sometimes the saviour himself drank. When he spoke, the person addressed would jump up from his seat full of zeal and awe.

Sometimes a ripple of hearty merriment and laughter went through the whole company. It seemed that not infrequently the lips of the new Messiah curled over a jest.

Of a sudden the children of the miller's servant noticed a strange young girl standing next to them. They had not heard her come, and stared at her with great, astonished, stupid eyes. The girl paid no attention to them. She seemed to want nothing but, like them, to look into the room undisturbed.

She was slim, had finely shaped ankles and tapering fingers which showed in the black silk mittens she wore. A dark cape with a red-lined hood covered her narrow shoulders. Her face, a long oval with great long-lashed eyes, had all the tender charm of untouched virginity. She was carrying a hat trimmed with dark ribbons in her hand. The hem of her simple dress did not reach to her ankles. At her slender waist it was held in by a broad girdle of black patent leather. When she turned, the light fell on two heavy dark plaits, which reached below her hips.

It was astonishing to see a girl evidently from a refined home in such an environment. Yet like the other children, or rather more eagerly, she watched what was going on at the strange meal, at which most of the participants were uncouth boors.

The girl had been standing there a little while when Bohemian Joe left the table and drew near the window. All of a sudden his hideous face appeared directly in front of the group of onlookers. At the sight of him the little stranger, visibly alarmed, drew back into the dark.

A few minutes later he stepped outside to take a look at the children. His prying eyes could not discover the girl, who kept herself hidden in the dark. He seemed to want to question the children, but suddenly left them and returned into the mill.

In the meantime Emanuel, in the increasing familiarity of the festive occasion — this reunion with his first friends, at bottom excellent souls, was a festive occasion to him, too — was questioned about various matters, still the object of the burning desire of hungry, waiting Christians.

Would not Emanuel impart the mystery of the kingdom to each one of them by himself, one of the men asked. Schwabe in great anxiety observed that probably the apostles of old, the twelve, had been called to be judges on Judgment Day. All of them were impatient to know about when the millennium would come, when the Father, Son and Holy Ghost would finally show themselves, no longer in lowliness but in all their glory.

Emanuel merely smiled and refused to take up their questions. He was sorry for the good people and bad Christians, as he called them to himself. Sometimes he shook his head sadly. At other times a smile would play about his mouth at the droll fears of the simple souls. And the blind leader of the blind, with genial irony, would stroke the shaggy heads of the Scharf brothers and the cheek of the hunchbacked tailor.

But before retiring at twelve o'clock Emanuel got each and all of them to promise firmly to disperse the next day at dawn.

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Emanuel Quint awoke after scarcely more than an hour's sleep. He rubbed his eyes, but still continued to see a dark shape at the little window of his room, under which the mill-race roared. He asked whether anyone was there, but received no answer and the slender figure at the window did not stir. The Fool's heart throbbed mightily. He sprang out of the huge tester, dressed himself hastily, lit a light and recognised — or had already recognised — Ruth Heidebrand.

The discovery almost robbed poor Quint of his powers. Later he said that though he could not possibly foretell the exact ways that fate would choose, he had instantly anticipated the inevitable consequences of Ruth's act, for which he was not responsible.

His relation to Ruth was in every respect remarkable. Subsequently it was deduced from his statements that he had a secret inclination for the undoubtedly hysterical girl, otherwise no suspicion could have fallen upon him. Nevertheless, Ruth's imprudent, abnormal act, which robbed Quint of nearly all sympathy from the Gurau Lady, Ruth's parents, Krause and many friends, and put weapons into the hands of his opponents, did not belong in poor Quint's book of sins.

When Quint finally recovered his self-command he began to rebuke Ruth and was more violent in his condemnation than ever before or after in his life. But the girl looked at him unwaveringly with her large moist eyes as if to say: "I do not fear the wrath of my Saviour, my good shepherd, who takes the stray

sheep in his arms. I do not fear the wrath of him that is goodness itself, whose beam enters my eye and kindles within me a proud sacred fire."

The faith and confidence that shone upon Quint from the eyes of his uncouth followers, of whom he could only say as Paul said, "that they have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge"— that faith, that confidence put an impediment upon his thoughts and resolutions, laid a weight upon his forehead and hands, although the force of their strong trust in him was weakened by their lowering expression of greed and a concealed distrust craving satisfaction. Had it not been for this hindrance poor Quint would probably have known ways and means of shaking off his believing followers by a dry confession of the truth about himself. But their faith in him caused him to remain their debtor, innocently guilty.

In Ruth faith and confidence spoke to a young man of twenty-eight out of a sweet, lovely girl's face, from the depths of a soul to which not the faintest shadow of doubt had penetrated.

It was love itself that looked upon him.

And the Fool felt all the danger, all the evil consequences of the moment.

This gave him strength and courage to be firm.

"What do you want?" he asked her impetuously. "Who gave you permission to come here?"

But Ruth lowered her eyes and seemed to whisper the words of Ruth of old:

"Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

She turned her eyes up to Emanuel with an expression in them of pure, simple certainty that he could not possibly find any fault with her avowal.

Emanuel had not heard those few words with which the Ruth of the Bible had forged her eternal crown shining over all times and over all peoples, those few words which, laid in the scales, would have outbalanced nine-tenths of all the words of the Bible, ay, all the libraries of the world. Emanuel had not heard what Ruth said, but he felt the force of her avowal. Growing still paler he wrung his hands convulsively as if realising the futility of resistance.

Everybody had gone to sleep. Quint's room was in a remote part of the house, the approach to which was by many passageways and short flights of stairs. His head sank on his chest. He unclasped his hands and began to pace up and down the room, now brushing against the window curtains, now against the yellow glass closet filled with all sorts of bric-à-brac and peasant rarities.

He knew that he had to face, not only Ruth's flight from her home, but also the certainty that the world would lay the blame of the escapade upon him and nobody else.

"You have got us into a very bad situation," was all he said.

Ruth turned to him and rejoined:

"How can I help it if I am not to miss my bridegroom?"

"You are all without understanding."

"Teach me," she cried, "to have understanding."

"Honour your father and mother and do not grieve them. Think how anxious they must be about you now.

We will be discovered, and gendarmes will take us back home, if nothing worse happens."

"The 'Father' will not permit it," Ruth said. Quint looked at her in surprise, and she added, "I mean the Father which is in you."

Emanuel began to lose patience.

"What do you want of me? What are you looking for? I know nothing of the legion of angels of your heavenly Father. Their swords are not at my beck and call. I am not the son of an earthly king, nor of a militant God. I am nothing but the poor son of man. He that follows me will have a hard way. His naked feet will walk upon sharp stones. The rain will drench him. The hail will beat upon his head. He will take alms whenever he gets them. Like me despised, ruined, he will in the end die an ignominious death."

While he was speaking Ruth had hastily removed her worn boots, her cloak and her little dark waist. Sobbing wildly she threw herself on Quint's breast.

"Crucify me, I want to die for you."

Quint stroked her hair, but kept his lips from the narrow white parting line so near to him, from which her hair fell on both sides in dark, fragrant waves. His hands avoided the childish jerking shoulders which put him in mind of the quivering winged back of a youthful fallen angel, or rather a run-away angel. There was something lovely, intoxicating, strange in this new experience.

Emanuel clenched his teeth and resisted with all the strength at his command, all his remarkable will-power, the hot wave that seethed up in his soul. He fought and conquered. Tenderly unloosening Ruth's arms and drawing her hot hands from his neck, he said a few

gentle words to her and succeeded in somewhat calming her. He put on her boots, helped her thrust her bare arms into the sleeves of her waist, buttoned it over her beautiful shoulders, and carefully wrapped her in her cloak.

"Now come, Ruth. Let us go back to your poor parents at once."

The child stood there without stirring, and for a long while said not a word. Quint overcome with compassion put his arm about her, and turned her face up to his own serious, sorrowful countenance. Ruth's face was swollen with tears.

CHAPTER XVIII

At that moment the door of the room creaked on its hinges, and Bohemian Joe's head appeared in the opening. There was a sly grin on his face. He seemed to want to withdraw, but Quint restrained him, asking in an astonishingly composed voice what he wanted, forcing him to come in and sit down at the table, and encouraging him to speak — Bohemian Joe had been rendered speechless by the sight that met his eyes.

Bohemian Joe had heard somebody breathing on the stairway. Then the wooden furniture in his room cracked terrifyingly. The window panes and lamps rattled as in a storm, or as when a heavily laden waggon rolls over the paving of a city street, or even as in an earthquake. He had also heard other noises over his head. "If only I had one tiny little bone of a hanged man," said Joe, "I should make you both invisible and should transport you, without the people seeing it, back to Miltzsch and back to bed."

Ruth seemed visibly disquieted by Bohemian Joe's presence. Quint, too, was unpleasantly affected by Joe's new tone, in which there was a degree of coarse familiarity. Nevertheless, Emanuel's manner was by no means lacking in its usual friendly courtesy when he asked Joe to go immediately to the nearest village and hire a peasant's horse and waggon to take Ruth back to Miltzsch.

When the ugly little man had left, Quint insisted upon Ruth's going into the baking-room and taking

some bread and butter and coffee, of which he found plenty still hot in the oven. After she had finished eating they left the house softly, unobserved by anybody in the mill.

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In the beginning of the trip they were both monosyllabic. Ruth walked beside Quint, her features still swollen with tears, while the Fool, in great consternation and lost in thought, intentionally refrained from breaking the silence. The little saint, who had undertaken her earthly-heavenly wedding flight in an impulsive spirit of self-sacrifice, was completely benumbed because she assumed that her sweet friend and heavenly bridegroom had rejected her love and sacrifice.

Gradually, in the course of their wandering, which was the form of existence really adapted to Quint, that great, full sensation arose in him which undoubtedly had a religious character even though it was the chief factor that raised him time and again above the justifiable demands of his environment. Conscious life is itself nothing but a sensation, and if one could describe that sensation of Quint, one should be able to understand the real basic phenomenon in the religious life of the remarkable separatist.

Life in nature as we know it, especially organic life, is a continuous movement through birth, death and rebirth. Thus Quint's deepest experience was always the divine death and the divine resurrection. Of all the natural phenomena the sun that rose and the sun that set was the mightiest and profoundest symbol. As the sun set and rose again, so in his soul the light died down and was renewed. And when it arose he saw in truly sacred rejoicing the world, not in little flashes here and

there, but in its entire glory, in the blissful daylight of the Holy Ghost.

And as the real sun when it arises has nothing but the free expanse of the heavens above, with no roofs or huts or palaces or cathedrals to shadow it, so it was with the sunrise in Quint's heart; a sensation of greatness came over him almost torturing in its loftiness, almost threatening to burst the vessel in which it was confined. From the heights of that sensation he looked down upon the loftiest towers as upon the tiny work of an ant. It was so all-comprehensive that he seemed to be dwelling in the omniscient spirit of God, and it was of nothing else than this sensation that he thought whenever he maintained his unity with the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

With such a sensation, in which the consciousness of his own poor body and every other body melts and evaporates like snow in the sun, it is clear what the danger must have been when he entered huts, palaces or cathedrals. Now, while walking with Ruth, the knowledge of the calamity she had brought upon him and herself was lost in thrills of greatness.

But Quint did not forget that Ruth was walking beside him.

She was conscious that he whom she called the Saviour had taken hold of her hand long before they reached the village where the waggon was awaiting them, and held it the whole way. Later she declared it strengthened her and comforted her as with divine magic and filled her with a certainty of eternal heavenly happiness. She also maintained that the poor Fool in an ecstasy, encircled by a sacred aureole, spoke with Jesus, Moses and Elijah, forgetting that in her opinion Emanuel himself was the Saviour.

She had cause for her error.

After a time, while still holding her hand, Emanuel began to speak almost in a chant. The red of the dawn in the sky was growing brighter and brighter. He spoke of the radiant force of the star that entered into life with the same brilliance and the same joy as it sacrificed itself after the day accomplished. The sun wanders, he said, it rests in God, but it never rests on its way, and certainly never in the homes of men. Whatever is divine wanders, he said. The Saviour wanders, the Son of God wanders, the Son of man wanders over the world. Everyone wanders who is born of the spirit, homeless, with no fixed abiding places, without wealth, without a shelter, without a wife, without a child, with nowhere to lay his head. And when the sun arose, Quint in a rapture, stuttering and stammering, fell to his knees — a compulsion he felt from his childhood — and also drew Ruth down on her knees. This procedure showed that he was in his former pathologic condition. To Ruth in her exalted mood he seemed to be in communion with Jesus and the prophets.

After rising to his feet his manner became composed, peaceful and cheerful, and did not change the whole way as he rode with Ruth in the peasant's cart over rough wood roads, long highways, through a number of villages and market-towns.

In the few last villages before Miltzsch, the people knew of Ruth's and Quint's disappearance. Search had been made for the girl everywhere. Consequently the passage of the two in a rattling cart with a coarse peasant driver, a thin horse and a bundle of straw for a seat aroused lively excitement. In the first village they were greeted with shouts of joy, in the next two or three villages the news of their approach had

preceded them, and people had already gathered in numbers. Quint proposed to the peasant who was staring in amazement at the reception his vehicle was receiving that he should make his horse go a little faster until they had passed the village. Then he and Ruth would get out and would unconspicuously walk the last half mile to Miltzsch across the fields.

At that moment an open carriage drawn by two young fiery greys — very aristocratic — came dashing up behind them.

In the carriage behind a liveried coachman sat Baron Kellwinkel.

The greys tossing flakes of foam from their bits darted by Quint's and Ruth's sorry little cart. But Baron Kellwinkel, whose grey mustache had just been resting dreamily upon the broad collar of his fox coat, suddenly rose up from the back of the carriage, turned around, recognised Quint and pulled the coachman violently by the sleeve. Ruth and Quint could see his gestures, though the carriage had already gone quite a distance. The coachman reined in the greys, and Baron Kellwinkel in his own mighty person descended to the road leaving his fox coat in the seat.

The coachman turned the carriage and slowly followed his hastening master, who required less than a minute to confront Ruth and Quint, purple and wrathful.

The words with which he acquainted Ruth of her parents' alarm were, of course, by no means gentle. At his sharp, curt bidding she had to rise from her seat of straw, clamber down from the cart over the shaft and get into his carriage. He tolerated no resistance. Like a puppet she had to sit down and rise again, until he had almost hidden her in his fur coat — as a matter

of fact the little saint was shivering a bit from the cold.

Now he went for Quint, whom at first he had seemed not to notice, apparently deeming him unworthy of even a look. He returned to the cart, next to which the Fool was standing surrounded by a crowd of people.

"You low-down scoundrel," he cried, when still at some distance from him. "You damned parasite. Now you're done for. I suppose even your best friends will give you the cold shoulder now. You cur, if this were the right sort of world, you'd get it in good Russian style — twenty-five knouts every fifteen minutes on your bare hinder! You scurvy imbecile. You belong in the madhouse. I'd give it to you so that all the humbug would be knocked out of you."

Emanuel was silent and Baron Kellwinkel faced about and walked to the carriage, but turned back again.

"You idiot," he began with another stream of abuse, "you gaol-bird, you sneaking, prowling, cowardly, hypocritical, parasitic, dissolute, shirking blackguard! Why don't we go right to work and build the gallows and string up this disgraceful buffoon, this public desecrator of our Saviour? You stupid donkey, you jackass! You imagine — you dare to imagine, you try to make us believe, you brainless idiot, that you are an apostle, a prophet, or what not, the Saviour himself! You are a charlatan, that's what you are, an anarchist! You belong behind lock and key!"

Emanuel stood there, the colour of his face turned drab. The vociferousness of the wrathful aristocrat drew more and more women and children from the houses and workmen from the fields nearby. Now, to his harm, the Fool said:

"Have I committed a sin?"

"You'll find out," shouted Baron Kellwinkel, "you'll find out what you did to the family of your benefactor, to this silly girl here. What sneaky ways, what low-down lies you must have used, you lazy, good-for-nothing tramp, to get this well-bred girl to forget decency and morality, and slip away from her home in the night in the fog, and put herself so completely in the power of your dirty paws!"

At these words the women and labourers assumed a threatening attitude toward Quint. One of the workingmen, with whom Quint on his expedition to the fields had occasionally philosophised a few moments, used the opportunity to insinuate himself in Baron Kellwinkel's good graces. He stepped to the front and said:

"Quint is an agitator. He stirs up the people and keeps them from working. He makes them discontented and rebellious by asking the women and children whether beets or the salvation of their souls is more important."

As a matter of fact Quint had asked this and similar questions in the course of conversations with harassed field-labourers, and it was exactly such expressions that had been carried to the ears of Kellwinkel and had especially enraged him. Now in the face of this man, who had seemed friendly to him, yet was insolently betraying him, Emanuel felt that Judas was not a dead man, but a living, a fearful power in human society.

"Fellows like you deserve the gallows," bellowed the nobleman in redoubled wrath almost choking over his words. The word gallows seemed to be a signal for many labourers to shake their fists in Quint's face.

From out of this jumbled mass of horny fists Emanuel said in a quivering voice:

"Which of you convinceth me of sin?"

The men started back and burst into wild laughter at this citation of the Saviour, evidence to them of the Fool's peculiar folly. But their laughter was his salvation.

"The just man must suffer shame," thought Quint, at the same time observing that Ruth had jumped out of the carriage and had run half-way back to him. Baron Kellwinkel energetically caught the girl up in both his arms and carried her back to the carriage struggling and crying. The next instant the carriage was rolling off at full speed.

The peasant who had driven Quint and Ruth scolded at both, and said he had been done out of his fee. He had tried in vain to find out from Baron Kellwinkel who would pay him. Quint disgusted with so much ugliness and senselessness told him to go to Heidebrand in Miltzsch, from whom, he assured him, he would get his money ten times over.

Then stepping firmly he strode rapidly across the fields, no longer followed by the superstitious mob of villagers.

Ruth Heidebrand's disappearance — with Quint as they thought — naturally aroused great excitement in the whole neighbourhood, even in the county seat. Her parents in their fright made the incident widely known. Reports of blood and crime were circulated, and the Heidebrands, the Krauses, the Scheiblers, Pastor Beleites and his son were not the only ones that were fearfully wrought up.

Even when it turned out that Ruth was at least alive, the general opinion concerning Quint was scarcely less severe, and found expression in the barrack-room language of men like Baron Kellwinkel. Emanuel re-

solved to face the situation boldly, and he fearlessly returned to his once beloved asylum. Long ago that transformation had taken place in him in quiet which irresistibly drove him from the still waters of peace to the rapid torrents of shallower, but broader, wilder streams. Thus, strange to say, he deemed Baron Kellwinkel's rough treatment of him, despite the disgust with which it inspired him, as the first welcome trial at the beginning of a new career. He expected such trials.

The Heidebrands sent coffee and bread and butter to his room, and at the end of an hour or more Mr. Heidebrand himself went up to see him. The father of course reproached him, but his manner was that of complaint rather than of rebuke, and was heart-rending in its bitterness. His voice was sometimes choked by tears. He looked upon the catastrophe as partially merited punishment from heaven. And Emanuel felt a painful love for the good man.

At the Gurau Lady's request, they telegraphed the news of Ruth's return to her at Berlin.

Heidebrand asked her, "Shall I keep Quint in my house if he returns?" The Lady, who in certain circumstances could be very harsh and brusque, sent back the laconic reply, "Turn him out!"

In regard to his greatest fears Heidebrand was set at ease by the simple candour of the Fool in Christ. He immediately perceived that Ruth's flight had taken place without his consent and probably without his knowledge, and that Emanuel could not be held guilty.

But many indignant friends kept coming to the gardener declaring that Quint was a criminal or a madman and ought to be summarily expelled. And though Heidebrand, who was reasonable in the matter, at first

did not carry out the Lady's order, he nevertheless realised that the poor man had somehow or other forfeited his right of sanctuary.

Ruth fell sick, and the physician strictly forbade the girl's seeing Quint. Otherwise he would not answer for the consequences. During the search for her daughter Mrs. Heidebrand had experienced such frightful torture that she had no desire to see the man that had been the cause of her anguish.

So Emanuel was dismissed.

Hans Beleites spent the whole day and night in a desperate frenzy of anger, alarm, jealousy and humiliation. He did not mince matters with either Mr. or Mrs. Heidebrand, unceremoniously declaring his love, harping upon his damaged rights and intimidating his future parents-in-law by heaping reproaches upon them.

In Krause's family there were tears and disputes on account of Emanuel. The teacher, in opposition to Marie, wanted to have nothing more to do with the Fool. Marie took Emanuel's part. In her defence of him she was not exactly just toward Ruth Heidebrand. Her hysteria was nothing new, she said. She had always known that Ruth was a silly, sentimental girl.

None of her arguments was of help to Marie. Her father, thoroughly alarmed by the news of Ruth's disappearance, firmly decided to keep away from the dangerous Fool. Whether he still had any feelings for Quint, his family never knew. The teacher's peaceful, comfortable existence was based upon the good-will of many friends. After what happened he had no choice as to his attitude to Quint. It was not advisable, in fact, not feasible, to oppose public opinion. In association with Quint one risked the danger of being classed with him and rejected by society.

On Maundy Thursday, when the children in all the villages go in crowds from door to door with their songs and little mendicants' sacks, Emanuel walked to the teacher's school. When within a short distance of it, he saw a man leaving the house, and recognised Nathaniel Schwarz, of whom it was known that several years before he had sued for Marie's hand. He made a great détour about Quint, and disappeared in haste through a narrow byway.

Emanuel was not received. The maid had just given Emanuel the brief message of rejection and was closing the door in his face, when an envelope thrown by an invisible hand fell from a mansard window. When Quint reached the fields he opened it and read on a little card:

"I believe in you."

CHAPTER XIX

The gardener's maid on opening the shutters early Easter Sunday morning to her great amazement saw the place in front of the garden gate and the road to the fallow field beyond the wall thronging with about two hundred strangers. Every Sunday patients, sometimes as many as forty, were wont to come to the Shepherd of Miltzsch. A few to forestall the others presented themselves at the very break of day. But these two hundred people — where could they have come from? What could they be wanting? The maid standing there in her astonishment, her arms spread, still holding the shutters open could not conceive. The numbers increased. The maid saw men, women and children coming across the field from all directions and join the waiting multitude.

The sun had just arisen. Mrs. Heidebrand, awakened by the maid, looked from the window and was equally at a loss to explain the presence of the crowd. She saw the shepherd apparently no less astonished speaking to some of them.

"I do not know what has got into the people," he called up. "There are only a few sick persons among them, and these have not come to see me."

When the gardener awoke, which was not quite so early as usual that Easter Sunday, he was as much astonished as the rest. And there was nothing to be got out of the people themselves until a little before nine o'clock, when a remarkable deputation of bearded men appeared in the house inquiring for Emanuel Quint.

The deputation consisted of the Scharf brothers, Bohemian Joe, Schubert, Dibiez, Schwabe, Zumpt, Krezig, and blacksmith John. They stood in the vestibule talking and gesticulating animatedly. Their excited manner contrasted strongly with their more than humble, needy appearance. The maids, horror-stricken immediately ran to Heidebrand to announce the remarkable visitors. They said men had come who certainly did not seem quite right in their minds. Heidebrand went out to see them. Their confused, insistent questions perturbed him and by no means enlightened him as to their status or intentions. Their manner was as solemn as it was excited, and they seemed to assume that everybody knew why they had come and why the gardener's house belonging to the Castle of Miltzsch was besieged by men, women and children. The consciousness of a twofold importance seemed to be alive in these men so different from one another, yet so alike in their poverty; the importance of the present moment and the importance of their own personality.

After the gardener rejected the idea of their being drunken men, he decided that they were moved by a common delusion, which must have arisen in connexion with the Easter holiday and must therefore be a religious delusion. They acted as if they were breathless with a day's race to a point from which they would witness with their own eyes a prodigious ultra-mundane event.

The gardener saw that these men breathing heavily, speaking jerkily, with feverishly gleaming eyes were nothing more than the scum of humanity. Bohemian Joe's face made him think for an instant they were runaway convicts, though to judge from their language they were fugitives from the county insane asylum, or the workhouse, or an institution for inebriates.

Bohemian Joe kept crying, "Christ is arisen!" He thrust his ugly face with its piercing, pug eyes disgustingly close to the gardener's and said, "Every man in the world ought to know that Jesus Christ is arisen from the dead."

"Jesus, my Redeemer, liveth," repeated blacksmith John oratorically.

"Babylon is fallen, is fallen, that great city," Schwabe declared, now to the gardener, now to the Scharfs, now to John, Schubert, Dibiez, Zumpt, and himself.

When the gardener asked them what they wanted, Anton Scharf bringing his face with its wide-open eyes and distended nostrils close to the face of the hard-pressed man said three times in succession, "We have found him whom Moses and the prophets have prophesied." Each time this was confirmed by the chorus almost shrieking with joy, "We have found the Messiah."

The gardener's workmen were standing outside in the garden in front of the open door holding their sides with laughter.

A phrase repeatedly heard among the other extravagant expressions of the crazy deputation was, "We have discovered the mystery," a password upon which they seemed to have agreed in order to conceal the real object of their coming. In truth it did express an agreement. They thought they had discovered what the actual mystery of Emanuel Quint was.

After Quint's disappearance they had frequently assembled in committee. Hundreds of people on hearing of the appearance of the wonder-worker had come running to the mill, and it is natural that this should have had the effect of a miracle upon the Valley Brethren, who regarded themselves as Emanuel's apostles and the

elect. So one day in their foolishness, departing more and more from the sober path of reality, they unanimously arrived at Quint's mystery as if by a revelation. Each strengthened the other in the belief that they had reached the truth, that Quint beyond all doubt was the Messiah, that his strength, his body, his blood and his spirit were raised above all the words of the Bible, above all the truths of the biblical promises. He was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. He had come and would establish the kingdom in a way that nobody had imagined, in a way that not even the Bible had foretold. In short, Quint's presence had unchained madness itself.

So the Valley Brethren stepped out from the mill to the multitude congregating in ever larger numbers and preached the mystery of the kingdom. They revealed Emanuel's abiding place. They spoke with tongues, and John, the blacksmith, who may have imbibed somewhat too freely, distinguished himself on the Easter holiday by a fanatic harangue, in which he prophesied the final miraculous revelation of the mystery on Resurrection Day, prophesied both a Resurrection and a Revelation of the Saviour in the gardener's house at Miltzsch.

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While the deputation in the house were still harassing the gardener with their incoherent talk, the two hundred outside burst into a tremendous chorus, the first verse of an Easter hymn:

> "Glory! Glory! Christ's arisen!
> He is not where he has lain.
> Death held Him in chains and prison,
> And to-day He rose again."

A hymn sung by such numbers is bound to be impressive, and Mrs. Heidebrand deemed it a piece of good fortune that Ruth was not in the house.

Since they had not been able to get rid of Emanuel off-hand, they had decided to remove the child from under the same roof with him and turn her mind to different things. They had sent her to live with friends, the family of an apothecary, whose daughter was of the same age as Ruth and had formerly been a companion of hers. The impressions of the morning might have brought on another nervous attack.

Mrs. Heidebrand, who was as completely dismayed by the elemental character of the event as her husband, was quicker than he to realise that the cause of the nuisance, the magnet that drew the mob, was her unhappy lodger. She regretted that she and her husband had merely written to Emanuel's mother to come and fetch her son, instead of having acted according to the Gurau Lady's instructions, and been firm and candid with the Fool.

That morning which was cool, calm and sunny, Emanuel slept late. He was awakened by the singing of the hymn under his windows. The evening before he had decided to go his way the very next day and had tied up a little parcel of his belongings. He was not yet completely dressed when he heard the tramping of feet and the shouting of rough voices in the house. There was a knock at his door, and Heidebrand followed by the Valley Brethren pushed into his room.

"These people want to see you, Emanuel," he said in a reproachful tone, his face red with displeasure.

"I know," Emanuel replied coolly.

The Valley Brethren turned dumb, and stood there

twirling their caps in embarrassment with an expression of quivering devotion on their faces.

In giving an account of the incident the gardener said that Quint's demeanour and the conduct of the Valley Brethren at this, the first meeting between seducer and seduced, almost endangered his own sanity.

Heidebrand's brain reeled. He asked himself whether he had smelt of deadly nightshade, and thought that Satan was conjuring up before his eyes a hideous, cynical, monstrous picture of the Resurrection of Jesus and His disciples, a picture delusive in its convincing verisimilitude.

After many crises Emanuel had attained a firm, unwavering will. The thing he thought he had gained, was, as he called it, the bold, glorious liberty of the Son of God to Christian deed and Christian death.

He darted flashing eyes at his poor disciples and pointed to his bundle with a commanding gesture by no means lacking in loftiness. All of them at the same time pounced upon his possessions jealous of serving him.

"I will go with you," said the Fool, "although you will be offended in me. I know that with you the Son of God can always be sure of drink, a place to lay his head, and a bite of bread."

And he left the house with them without looking around.

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The servants and garden labourers no longer laughed when the troop of the elect awkwardly made their way between them with Quint striding firmly at their head. The onlookers were waiting to see what would happen.

It was noticeable that a number of hostile persons had gathered at the outskirts of the singing congregation of "babes and sucklings," who in their simplicity, credulous folly, and purity of heart were awaiting the appearance of the miracle by which "the earnest expectation of the creature" would finally be converted into sheer joy.

At this blind but resolute stepping into the unknown Emanuel felt the adamantine pressure of a power which opposed him and which he wanted to challenge.

"Now I clearly feel that I am going to meet the enemy," thought Emanuel. "I have never before felt the enemy breast to breast as now, never before looked into his eyes so clearly, though my eyes are still blind. My enemy is as old as the world, and like a second Christ, I will go forth against him and conquer."

It seemed to Quint that on the horizon the enemy towered like a mountain wall inhabited by grim giants. Or was it the broad, irresistible wave of a vast sea that was rolling against him threatening to drown him? How would his little light fetched from under the bushel, how would the little congregation of hopeful maintain themselves against that flood? "We shall be carried away beyond rescue," a voice within him said. "But a bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench — ?"

However that may be, the step had been taken and Emanuel did not contemplate a return.

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As is customary on pilgrimages, some of the pilgrims had brought along the sick members of their families, although a miracle of merely a general character had been prophesied. When the false Messiah finally appeared there was much pushing and jostling in their attempt to

bring the sick close to Quint. A man was led before him afflicted with delirium tremens, the symptoms of which are so appalling to the layman. Who has not felt that far worse than the hell in prisons is the hell behind the iron gratings of the insane asylum? Of all the cases treated there, the drunkard's madness is at the head of the scale in frightfulness. The broad muscular peasant was so shaken by convulsions that it took four men to hold him down before Quint. He had horrible visions of earthquakes and the destruction of the world, and uttered fearful shrieks. Wherever he turned chasms yawned at his feet and snatched him up, and lower abysms shooting up flames opened before his terrified eyes. He felt himself labouring in slime with snakes, lizards, and other disgusting reptiles crawling all over him. The man's superhuman torments were contagious. The entire multitude seemed to be seized with helpless terror.

Emanuel passed by without paying attention to the man. But the peasant cried in a voice more nearly like a dog's howl than a human sound:

"Jesus, son of David, have mercy on me!"

It was an ugly sound and perhaps also ludicrous. Among the non-participants, whose number kept increasing, it evoked a mighty laugh.

That day there seemed to be no pity or compassion in Quint. He was hard as steel in the firmness of his resolve. Nevertheless, his hour seemed not yet to have struck. Here and there he said a few words to some of the people, but all of a sudden left and rapidly walked off to the fields at the head of his nine Valley Brethren.

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It was a fallow field on a hilly stretch of land, where he was forced to take a stand by a multitude of men

pouring in from all sides. There were not only peasants on their way to church but also middle-class people and young sons of the gentry, and even their fathers driving in their dog-carts. The report of the mad event had spread far and wide. Kurt Simon was there, and Hans Beleites had come with the Heidebrands. Curiosity or some other feeling had moved the gardener to follow Quint when the whole mob swept to the open fields. Emanuel Quint had just begun his notorious sermon when Pastor Beleites drove up with Baron Kellwinkel.

The great change that had taken place in Quint's being was noticeable in the tone of voice with which he called the crowd to order, in the fearless, threatening way in which he raised his fist and commandingly stamped his foot. It was still more evident in the content of the sermon which the Fool hurled forth in flaming words.

"Hypocrites," he cried, "that strain at gnats and swallow camels, hear the words of Jesus Christ, the Son of God. Hear the words of the Son of man which the Father hath given him to speak. The Father is with me who hath anointed me and sent me not to bring peace but a sword. Woe unto you, hypocrites! What are ye if not an unbelieving, lying, cheating, covetous generation! one the robber of the other, openly or secretly Thieves! Adulterers! Traitors! Murderers! openly or secretly! I say unto you, you ministers of anti-Christ, I was ahungered, and ye gave me not meat! I was thirsty, and ye gave me not drink! I was sick and ye visited me not! I was in prison and ye thrust me from the cell in which there was a window into an unlighted dungeon of scorpions and serpents. You quartered me! you bound me to the wheel! you tore my body with

red-hot tongs! You hung me on the gallows, beheaded me, bruised me, beat me, openly or secretly —"

A wild laugh went up from the outskirts of the crowd, and a voice was heard to say:

"I wish they had salted you, pickled you, roasted you, packed you in a keg, and expressed you to the devil in hell."

Quint answered:

"I know your voice. Be not amazed, you poor, coarse, blinded peasant, that that voice has come from your throat. It originates where everything originates that God has not purified. It proceeds from your mouth and makes you, not me, unclean. You know, and it is said and is true, that only those things which proceed out of the mouth defile a man. But know, not thou art the man that speaks here. It is the power as old as the world that brings darkness on earth."

And the Fool continued unwavering:

"Hypocrites, openly you call me your Lord, in secret you nail me to the cross daily. Mountains of rusty nails sufficed not for your thousands of years of hangman's work. Innumerable times you took me down from the cross, you cut me from the gallows and sold me, sold my decaying flesh, my crumbling bones, bit by bit, every splinter of my cross, every stitch of my garments, everything, everything ten thousand times over. God the Father, God the Son, and God the Ghost have you sacrificed to Mammon. But they that bought me deceived themselves. They that bought me were deceived by you. Though you have nailed the true Saviour to the cross many a time, it is not given to you to remove Him from the cross."

Baron Kellwinkel jumped from his carriage and beckoned to Hans Beleites.

"Listen, Doctor," he said, "if that crazy fellow keeps on speaking in the same strain, you'll please do me a favour. Take my carriage and drive quickly to the sheriff. It may be necessary for him to know what's going on here."

"What are you? Think you ye are Christians? Then Pilate and Judas and the chief priests that accused Him and the soldiers that mocked Him were all Christians. Then was it Christian to scourge Him, Christian to smite his cheek, Christian to blindfold Him, to put a fool's sceptre in his hand, a fool's crown of thorns on his head, and cry, 'Guess who smote thee, Christ!'"

"It's an outrage," said Baron Kellwinkel.

"Or have you another law than an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth? Have you not armed the people, covered the world with myriads of frightful instruments of murder? Do not your monstrous ships of iron float upon all the seas? And do you think that the Saviour will bless your cannons and hideous weapons of slaughter? A husbandman went out to sow seed in his field. Think you it was the seed of the Saviour, of the kingdom of God on earth? I say unto you which listen to me, 'Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you, and whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.'

"Think you ye can serve God and Mammon? Verily I say unto you, ye shall serve God or Mammon. Think you ye will do evil to your enemies, curse them that curse you, smite them that smite you, and yet be called children of God? I say unto you, whosoever tears the coat from off your shoulders, call him back, say to him, you

have forgotten the cloak, and let him have your cloak also. Give to him that asketh you tenfold that which he asketh. If a thief comes and breaks into your treasure chambers, thou rich man, do not go and set a constable upon him, but leave to him that which he hath taken, and ask it not back. Let him steal away with your jewels, the adornments of your women, and your minted gold. For I say unto you, Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth where moth and rust doth corrupt. For what availeth it if ye gain the whole world and your soul suffer harm thereby? "

"Better still," said Baron Kellwinkel.

Quint's peculiar doctrines evoked expressions of ridicule, resentment, and contempt. He noticed that the faces of the pious sheep that had come to witness something miraculous were growing longer and longer. The Valley Brethren were standing close beside him, and he saw disillusionment and amazement on their features, which a short time before had been beaming as if with the expectations of a heavenly manifestation, the miracle of the Resurrection.

Were they not honest people? And if they were, and if in their faith they had followed him, what meant this hailstorm of abuse?

"Are we robbers, thieves, traitors, murderers, adulterers? " they thought. "No we are not," they said to themselves. "And we are not servants of anti-Christ unless he who is addressing us is the anti-Christ."

And since they were honest people why should thieves concern them? Were they a gang of thieves? When had they robbed him, beheaded him, bruised him, hung him on the gallows, openly or secretly?

Anton Scharf turned dark-red with wrath and shame.

"What, I and my brother, we are not Christians?

We like Judas? Like Pilate? Like the soldiers that tortured Him? When did we smite him with our fists? And what does he mean by saying we should help thieves and robbers?"

"Behold your heavenly Father," the Fool continued raising his voice. "Is he not kind to the unthankful? Is he not merciful to the godless and the wicked? Does he not make His sun to rise on you daily, you who are good and evil and honest among godless men, thieves, traitors, murderers?"

"Hold your tongue," screamed a drunken stable boy. "I'll throw a stone at your head."

A group of young men obviously bored left the crowd and went to the nearest pot-house singing: "*O du lieber Augustin*" and "*Lott ist tot, Lott ist tot, Jule liegt im Sterben.*"

But Emanuel did not heed the interruption.

"Oh, I know you well," and Quint sent an angry look at the place where the dog-carts and the well-dressed people were, "I know you well, you who sit in judgment upon your neighbours, you godless men! You know neither God the Father, nor God the Son, nor God the Ghost. And God the Ghost, God the Son and God the Father know not you. Or think you, ye who put handcuffs on the hands of the Son of God and placed Him behind the iron bars of a prison, who loaded with chains the sinners whom God pardons, who robbed of his bodily freedom him who refused to take the king's weapons of murder in his hands; think you, I say, that the Saviour will bless your judgments? Have you forgotten what the Father said? 'Judgment is mine.' Have you forgotten that he said, 'Judge not, that ye be not judged. Condemn not, that ye be not condemned. Forgive, that ye be forgiven.' You have all gone out of the way, you

are together become unprofitable, you! you! you! and you!" He stretched out his arms and pointed to several of his auditors. "Or wilt thou say to thy brother, 'Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and behold, a beam is in thine own eye.' First cast out the beam out of thine own eye, I say, to you! you! you! and you!"— he again pointed to some men who turned away contemptuously —"and then go see if you can cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye."

He told them the parable of the lord who took account of his servants.

One was brought to him who owed him ten thousand talents. The servant fell down before the lord who was God, and the Father forgave him his debt. But the same servant went out and found one of his fellow-servants who owed him a hundred pence. And he laid hands on him, and took him by the throat and sat in judgment over him. He cast him into prison, had him tortured, scourged, and hung on the gallows.

"Come hither, you wicked servants, each one of you whom God has forgiven his debt of ten thousand talents, you who daily crucify your brothers, for the sake of a few pence, you emperors, you kings on your thrones, you generals, ministers, and chief priests, you magnates and princes, you judges, jurymen, and policemen, you women who maltreat your maid-servants, you landlords and factory lords, come hither. Here is the judgment of the Son of man. Or will you say, 'Let us do evil, that good may come.' I say unto you you have made your laws that sin may prevail.

"And whosoever invokes the law invokes not God. Insofar as I have been crucified, have died and been buried, it is sin that has tortured and killed me. Your sin it is, which is based upon the law. It deceived and

killed me with that very law. Yea, sin with its sinning lusts has been made powerful in you by the law, and you are willing to offer sacrifices to death. Your mouth is full of curses, of the poison of the adder. Your tongues are loaded with hate and bitterness. Your hands shed blood. Why do you sow misfortune and anguish instead of God's peace?

"Or do you really think that the Saviour will bless your judgments, the lips of your judges who pronounce injustice according to dead letters, who repay evil with evil, hate with hate, who coldly, unmercifully — very differently from God! — deliver the sinner to the prison, to the axe, to the hangman's rope, and death? Do you think that Jesus will bless the work of your hangmen, the walls of your penitentiaries? Do you think he will give your rulers the palm of eternal peace?"

"That is the maddest farce and the wildest blasphemy I have ever heard," said Baron Kellwinkel to Pastor Beleites.

"Take all the woe, all the misery, all the horrible madness that has raged outside the law and weigh it against all the bloody madness that the law has perpetrated. Take the curse that has raged without the law and weigh it against the curse of the law. I say unto you, the curse of sin without the law will be swallowed up by the curse of the law, as Jonah was swallowed up by the whale."

Emanuel Quint now denounced the churches, the "houses of God," Protestant and Catholic, calling them the true Golgotha of Jesus Christ, the testimony whereof were the images of the Cross and the display of His sufferings. His conclusion, as it were, knocked the bottom out of the patience of his hearers.

" Hypocrites, each of whom thinks he confesses Jesus and possesses the baptism of Jesus, I say unto you, you neither confess Him, nor ever have confessed Him, nor ever will receive His baptism. He that confesseth will be baptised and they that have truly confessed Christ are baptised in His death, and they that have become alive in Christ have become alive in His death. If it were otherwise, I should know you and you should know me. But ye know me not and I know you not. And I say unto you and confess unto you, all of you near and far that hearken unto me, all of you that have ears to hear, that you will see me baptised with the baptism of which ye know not. I who was baptised by John and have rejected the baptism of John, I, the true anointed by the grace of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, who have arisen before your eyes to-day and stand before you as Christ the Saviour."

Emanuel ceased, and the same instant a stream of blood ran down the left side of his forehead over his red eyebrow, over his red lashes, and down his cheek.

The Fool in Christ did not stir.

Pastor Beleites and Baron Kellwinkel, who had not yet recovered their breath from the climax and conclusion of the sermon, at first did not realise what had happened, but the next moment the explanation was thrust upon them. Here and there from various directions stones came flying at the poor Messiah.

" They will stone him," said Beleites.

" It speaks well for the religious spirit of the people," said Baron Kellwinkel.

The space over the heads of the mob was now darkened by a cloud of stones the size of pigeon's eggs.

" In what century are we living? " demanded a hectic,

lanky student of theology, the son of a pastor, who had been meditatively watching the whole procedure with his spectacled eyes.

The Fool remained immobile amid the hailstorm of stones. A woman rushed up to him and covered him with her body. With the exception of the Valley Brethren nobody knew it was Therese Katzmarek. Her heroic deed served only to increase the number of missiles. But now Baron Kellwinkel suddenly made his way up to Quint, fearlessly took his stand next to him, shook his cane at the mob, and shouted:

"Shame on you. Remember, to-day is Easter Sunday. Are you Turks or Hottentots? I give you my word, this blasphemer here"— he touched Quint's shoulder —"will not escape justice."

Baron Kellwinkel's military voice and bearing clarified the atmosphere as if by magic. There was no need for him to add, "If any of you brutes hits even a little toe of mine with a stone he'll get a year in the workhouse."

"Now you've got your just deserts," he said turning to Quint. To stop the flow of blood Therese Katzmarek had wound her head-cloth like a gay turban around the Fool's head. "Now you've got what you deserve, and you'll think twice before you preach your perverse doctrines to our good, healthy peasants and misuse the name of our blessed Saviour. Take it as merited punishment, though stoning is out of fashion. I should act very differently toward you if I did not see from your conclusion — may God forgive you for it — that you are not to be held responsible for your acts."

Quint's startling conclusion had had an electrical effect upon Pastor Beleites and most of the educated listeners, an impression almost instantly obliterated by the sight of flowing blood and the hail of stones. They

all felt that a terrible catastrophe was impending, which must be averted. Though the first part of his speech smacked of disguised Socialism or Anarchism — property is robbery, therefore robbery is property — the conclusion left so little doubt as to Emanuel's insanity that the more intelligent listeners instinctively wished to prevent a crime against the poor Fool, and a number of gentry and middle-class people, young and old, gathered about him. Among them were Pastor Beleites, Hans Beleites, Kurt Simon, a young man of the name of Benjamin Glaser, the son of a large landed proprietor in the neighbourhood, Heidebrand and even Nathaniel Schwarz.

The nine Valley Brethren, strange to say, had made their escape.

CHAPTER XX

It is impossible to make the inevitable course of a man's destiny comprehensible in all its details. Every man from his birth to his death is a unique phenomenon with no exact counterpart in the past or in the future. The observer understands things only within the limits of his own peculiar nature. In Emanuel's life, it must be borne in mind, profound, passionate imagination took the place of education. He imagined Jesus and his life into himself, as it were.

Emanuel did not cultivate theology. He was hungry and he ate his spiritual bread from hand to mouth. He was thirsty and he drank the water of life at a source which he deemed to be the source of the water of life.

Now he felt as if he would never again thirst. When he cried that he had rejected John's baptism and had arisen that day as the true anointed by the grace of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, he was somewhat carried away by the excitement of the moment, by the consciousness that it was resurrection day and by the sight of the wonder-seeking multitude. Yet it was the inner Christ, the Christ he had imagined within him, who was now also his outward ruler and who as never before became completely identified with him.

This absolute realisation may have resulted from a condition of momentary self-abandon, it may have been connected with the fact that Emanuel Quint the despised, for the first time raised himself up to his full height. It was a symbolic expression of a newly awakened con-

sciousness of self. Yet a more offensive challenge, a greater insult to the feeling of pious Christians is inconceivable.

When the hail of stones ceased, Quint went to a spring at the edge of the fields and washed the blood from his face and hands amid a cross-fire of warning, rebuking, and reviling. Then he walked away holding himself erect and paying no heed to the epithets, "Fool of Miltzsch!" "Crazy Messiah!" "Old Harry!" and the like. With a few curt words he shook off everybody, even Therese Katzmarek.

Care was taken that he should not be molested. In fact the people seemed to be somewhat ashamed of themselves. Those who had come to see a miracle hastily dispersed, and the others, who had almost been ready to lynch him, made themselves small and slunk off. In addition, the gentry with the help of their coachmen and other domestics who happened to be present, organised a sort of police squad, which swept away the ragtag and bobtail.

All the gentry including Baron Kellwinkel agreed it was best to let Quint go. Their reason was the same as Pastor Schimmelmann's when after Quint's first sermon he told the sheriff merely to set Quint free with a warning.

"As it is," they said, "the Christian Church in our days has a hard enough struggle to maintain itself against godlessness. If the story gets about, we alone will have to suffer for it. At whose door will the enemies of the Saviour lay the blame of the scandal if not at the door of the Church?"

* * * * * * * *

In the meantime Emanuel Quint reached the edge of a forest of pines, firs, and a few bare beeches. Here and

there groups of birches edged the path covered with needles and damp leaves. The earth steamed. When the Easter sun shone between the clouds, it fell through the tops of the trees upon the fog, which rolled like a wave of light through the woods. The crows cawed, the finches sang, and, strange to say, nobody in the world could have felt purer, freer and happier than Emanuel Quint at that moment.

Lovely angels' voices were singing to him songs of touching simplicity. A sweet boyish smile was playing about the lips of the new redeemer. The bruises made by the stones stood out on his forehead in great welts. But he felt they were the burning marks of divine sanctification. Gradually he himself began to sing in a low voice. The angels seemed to be playing on their harps, and the solemn, eternal breath of divinity to be rustling gently through the fir branches.

"List what Isaiah hath to tell,
Which in a vision him befell.
God sat enthroned in a high seat,
His train the temple filled complete.
Two Seraphim stood by His side,
Each one with six wings was supplied.
With twain they hid their faces bright,
With twain they hid their feet from sight,
And with the other twain they flew,
And each the other called unto:
Holy is God, the Lord of hosts!
Holy is God, the Lord of hosts!
Holy is God, the Lord of hosts!
His glory all the world fills.
The door posts tremble with their cries.
And smoke and mist to ceiling rise."

While Emanuel was humming this Lutheran sanctus — good, artless verses with a fascinating, mischievous

twinkle in them — he suddenly heard the branches snap behind him. Was it one of his persecutors following him? Nevertheless, even at the sound of quick, heavy steps behind him he would not abandon his blissful devotion until he heard a deep, well-known voice close at his side.

"I followed you," said Nathaniel Schwarz, "because I owed it to you." Emanuel was silent, and he continued, "And even if I did not owe it to you, I owe it to God who will call me to account for your soul on Judgment Day."

Nathaniel renewed his attempt, this time with passionate insistence, to lead Quint back on the right way. Never before had he experienced such horror as when the Fool declared outright he was Jesus Christ the Saviour. His baptismal child seemed to be surrounded by the crackling flames of Satanic fireworks. With such tangible, visible evidence of the lengths Quint had reached, every shred of his being felt a call to make one last attempt at salvation.

"I will not leave you to-day," said Nathaniel, "before I have made certain that you are utterly repentant of your horrible blasphemy. I consider that you are misled, not insane. At any rate insanity is the work of the devil."

Silence ensued. The Fool would not answer. Nathaniel's zeal increased.

He held up to Quint how he, Nathaniel Schwarz, could no longer inspire the old confidence in the congregations he visited on account of Quint and his baptism of him, the fame of which had spread. The teacher in whose school he had met Quint for the first time was distinctly distant toward him. Several times, probably at the instigation of certain pastors, he had been sum-

moned to a hearing by the sheriff, and the head of the Moravian Brethren had warned him to be cautious in his conduct. Since it was he who recommended Emanuel to the Gurau Lady, he was also responsible to her, and, as a matter of fact, to the whole district, for the terrible incident that had occurred because of Quint. Why, Baron Kellwinkel, in driving past, had shouted at him from his carriage:

"Nobody is to blame for this but you, Brother Nathaniel."

The apostle of home missions preached, raved, wept before Quint.

"Formerly," he said, "the pastor of a little congregation even gave up his pulpit to me that I might proclaim the Word to the believers. Now almost all the teachers have been instructed not to place even the smallest schoolroom at my disposal for preaching God and the Saviour. You have made me impossible with the Gurau Lady, and she used to give me large sums for spreading the knowledge of the kingdom. You have closed to me the doors of the Heidebrands and of Krause, my old friend, who was always so good to me, because you repaid their hospitality by turning the heads of their daughters, well bred girls of good, solid Christian families."

Brother Nathaniel's distress failed to strike a sympathetic chord in Emanuel. He could not at that moment be made to see the gravity of the situation. A man sometimes finds relief from the storms raging within him in gay superficiality. The happy, boyish smile still played about his lips and nostrils. Suddenly, still smiling, he laid his arm about Nathaniel's shoulder.

"Let us not resist evil, Brother Nathaniel," he said.

"If you had not walked this awful way of blas-

phemy," said Brother Nathaniel, "I could have gone through fire for you."

"I know nothing of blasphemy, Brother Nathaniel."

"Have you forgotten," asked the Brother, "why they just now stoned you?"

"Because I completely confessed myself as Him that is in me."

"Then tell me, so that I can be absolutely convinced, has your impenitence gone beyond recall? Tell me face to face, me alone, are you not Emanuel Quint, the son of the poor carpenter of Giersdorf? Tell me who you are."

"First of all I am he that speaks to you," Emanuel replied, and he could not be got to speak any further of his Messiah delusion.

A dog-cart passed them. In it were Kurt Simon and Benjamin Glaser. The young men greeted Quint very respectfully, and Quint lightly waved his hand in acknowledgment.

"The peace of God be with us all, amen!" he then said to Nathaniel. "He who professes to love God and peace must have no fear of men. What is fear of men if not fear of death and love of life in this world? To live in this world is to live in strife and fight one's neighbour eye for eye, tooth for tooth. But I say unto you, we should not fight our neighbours, but love them as ourselves. The Son of man has been placed in a world of enemies. But he will not therefore become a breaker of the peace. Rather will he unfasten the bolts of death and step through the portals of hell. The Son of man has conquered death. What is the world that I should have to make my way in it step by step through murder, treachery and deceit? I love my sisters and brethren more than the world. I am not of this world and will

not be of it, unless God becomes of it. But God is strange in this world, so the enemy, the enemy, the enemy, and the enemy alone must be at home here.

"But because the enemy is so powerful among my sisters and brethren, they are powerless in the divine. Yea, even the Son of God, who descended as the Son of man, is powerless. The Son of the Father, the anointed, the messenger of peace must still walk in the world alone, concealed, despised, persecuted, cursed and finally given over to the hangman. For behold, above all the works of men that the enemy prompts them to create stands the hangman. Above the palaces of the kings, on the roofs of the court-houses, on the towers of the churches stands the hangman. For what would the higher powers be without punishment, prison and hangmen?

"This world the enemy has made. But the kingdom of which I am a citizen, the Son of man, the Son of God, the anointed, God has made. But the mystery of the kingdom is peace. I say unto you, Brother Nathaniel, nothing else than the peace of God is the treasure hidden in the field, the light under the bushel, the pearl of the merchantman. I am the man that sold all and went to purchase that treasure. And now I possess it, Brother Nathaniel.

"But know, the world is still the bushel that hides the light. Who is the brother, the sister, the neighbour of the Son of man if not man? But his neighbours still persecute the Son of man not knowing what they do. Look about and see to whom they raise altars. To whom do they daily, hourly offer bloody hecatombs of their children, wives and brethren? It is the enemy that rewards his whining servants by flogging them day and night with glowing rods. Out of his mouth proceed

hate, envy, wrath and greed. Slimy sensuality is his pillow, a mountain of rattling chains his throne. His jaws are adorned with tusks. His look is murder, his breath oppression, his fists fear and horror. Every sound that issues from his throat is a tenfold curse, for which my brothers and sisters thank him.

"You cannot serve God and the enemy. You cannot serve God and Mammon. Therefore you serve the enemy who is Mammon, not God. But I who am the Son of man elevated to the Son of God, serve not the enemy, not Mammon, but God alone. But the Son of God must suffer much, and be delivered to his persecutors. For, behold, I go the strait way, the hidden way, the lonely way, the way shunned by all. I enter at the strait gate that leads to the kingdom of God; but you go the broad, the easy way over all the broad places that the enemy has levelled. You enter at all the thousand gates that the enemy has opened. Verily, you are the servants of the enemy and therefore the servants of sin. You are chained in his prison cells inasmuch as the world is nothing but a vast prison of the enemy. Mine, Nathaniel, is the way and the goal of the Son of God and the glorious liberty of the children of God."

They had reached a little lodge in the woods where they were received by Kurt Simon and Benjamin Glaser, standing at the door. Emanuel's attitude and words had made a bewildering impression upon the wandering preacher. He clearly felt how little, on closer contact with him, he could resist Emanuel's spell. Those strange arguments and conclusions, like a dangerous spider, wove a web of metal threads about his brow, which threatened to throttle his power of independent thought. Benjamin Glaser, whose appearance revealed

the Jew, stepped up to Quint blushing delicately in almost maidenly shyness, and asked whether Emanuel still remembered him. It was not easy to forget that fine narrow face, girlish in its beauty, with its round chin, large eyes and delicate skin. Emanuel recalled having seen him once at his father's house, where he had been invited along with Krause. Emboldened by Emanuel's recollection of him, Benjamin ventured to invite him to dinner in the lodge. Quint consented and shook hands with Benjamin and Kurt.

Of course Quint's statement that he was Christ had not remained without effect upon Kurt Simon. In him, as in everybody else, it aroused terror, as well as pity and concern for Quint. At the same time he was visibly mastered by that strange, benumbing power which he had felt on his first walk with Nathaniel Schwarz and Quint nearly a year before, from which he had saved himself by flight. After the sermon in the field Kurt Simon had happened to meet Benjamin Glaser and found him profoundly moved by Quint's words, full of pity for the Fool's martyrdom, and enraged at the mob's rough treatment of him. Both of the young men had been carried away and raised to a high pitch of excitement by the unusual event, the cause of which they did not know. They had had a brief but violent discussion with some other young people, especially Hans Beleites. Despite Emanuel's folly they felt a passion for him and his genius, as they said. And when they saw him leave the field, they followed him in the dog-cart by the road, their hearts beating fast with enthusiasm. But now as they stood face to face with him, the consciousness that they were dealing with a man in whose mind there was at least one morbid spot, embarrassed them. Without intending to do so they exchanged a furtive glance

of secret understanding with the bulky, bearded man in a slouch hat and pilot-cloth overcoat accompanying Quint.

But their fear that in the meantime Quint's insanity may have been aggravated was dissipated by the Fool's unconstrained cheerfulness. He lured the pigeons to him, patted several Dachshunds and a lean, wire-haired setter, who, emboldened by the new guest's goodness, stood up on his hind legs and put his forepaws on Emanuel's chest, yawning and wagging his tail.

Kurt and Benjamin admired Quint because he courageously ventured to take a stand in opposition to all the world, a world on the whole opposed to their own natures. Their souls were filled with a good, Shelley-like, misdirected enthusiasm — misdirected because it consisted of a passion for social justice, intellectual progress and liberty, and a hatred of oppression and the tyranny of church, school and state.

Benjamin induced Nathaniel Schwarz to remain, and soon they were all sitting together in a long low room on the second floor, the woods rustling outside its two windows. The forest and lodge were part of Salo Glaser's estate, and on occasion he and his son could obtain food and lodging with the forester. The midday sun shone through the front window on a table spread with a clean white cloth, on which the comfortable looking forester had placed the steaming soup tureen. According to the old patriarchal custom he himself also went down into the wine cellar reserved for the Glasers, opened the bottles and filled the glasses, a procedure which he invested with some humour. He had a maid to help him, but her way seldom suited the old man's taste.

"What do you intend to do now? Where do you in-

tend to go?" Glaser asked Emanuel as innocently as possible. Emanuel tranquilly stirring his soup with his spoon said he was going to Breslau. Kurt had already heard of Quint's intention, though he did not know what his object was in going there. The fact was that Emanuel had received a letter from the Hassenpflug brothers recommending him to friends in the city.

It is curious how a new generation spins the web of its intellectual oneness over the earth. Young men who have not yet found a special vocation in life feel a general calling to rejuvenate the rotten old world, feel that theirs is the prodigious duty to bring about a comprehensive reformation and revolution in society, which has been going wrong for thousands and thousands of years until the moment of their own appearance on earth.

"What are you going to do in Breslau, Emanuel?" asked Brother Nathaniel, drops of soup on his beard. From the paleness of his face it was clearly to be seen that Quint's every new step, every new intention was cause of anxiety to him.

The maid and the forester entered, and the answer which they were all awaiting with expectancy had to be deferred.

"There," said the forester to Benjamin, "hasn't my old woman cooked a dish fit for a king?"

It was a steaming platter of boiled trout, which the forester who was master in the art of fishing, had caught in a stream in the forest.

From now on innocent, somewhat pensive gaiety prevailed at the meal. The only serious discussion arose when Emanuel refused to eat a pigeon potpie, because, he said, it went against him to eat a bird that brought Noah the first olive branch of peace and was the symbol

of the Holy Ghost, although he would not prohibit anyone else from eating it.

After the apples and cheese had been served, Benjamin began to try to rid himself of all those seeking, questioning little spirits that disquieted his soul, which was in a state of ferment and eager for knowledge.

"Tell me, Mr. Quint," he said, "what should we do to be perfect in your sense?"

"Do God's works?"

"How can I, a man," asked Benjamin, "do God's works?"

"By becoming as perfect as God."

"Perfect as God? That would be nothing less than to become God."

"And nothing less," replied Quint, "is the calling of the Son of man."

A peculiarly tense, mysterious mood took hold of the little company, that feeling which overtakes people when they expect that a man touched by the hand of fate will disclose his mania. A mania like Quint's which has something absolutely inconceivable about it, also possesses majestic inviolability. It is unerring and wonderful. For which reason it has always made the strongest impression upon childlike minds and races. The Indians of North America are not the only ones that have worshipped insanity as divine.

"In truth that was the vocation of the Son of man," said Nathaniel Schwarz, turning to Benjamin, "of the Son of man who died for us on the cross, and caused the blind to see, cleansed lepers and by a word of his mouth revived Lazarus who had been lying dead in his grave for three days. It was Jesus who awakened to life the daughter of Jairus and the youth of Nain by the powerful breath of his mouth, who walked with dry

feet upon the waters of the sea, and before the eyes of all was carried alive up to his heavenly Father. It was Jesus who was as perfect as God and asked his disciples whether they could do his works."

"What does Jesus do to a man by raising him from death in the body?" rejoined Emanuel, meditatively tapping the table with his teaspoon. "He bestows a second death upon him. Whosoever wishes to walk upon the waters knows not how the spirit of the Lord hovers above and in the waters, in the heavens and above the heavens. If you knew what I know, you would have no need of faith. But since it is not given you to know, I say unto you, he who is blind in the body, can see more and know more than you. And though you can see in the body, you may have your eyes blindfolded in the spirit. Blessed are they who see not bodily things with their bodily eyes, and who believe, though they do not know."

"What is it," asked Benjamin, "that in your opinion we should believe, Mr. Quint?"

"Have I ever tried to win a soul that God has not tried to win?" was Emanuel's answer. "Verily if you have faith as a grain of mustard seed you can remove mountains. But if you have the knowledge that I have, there is no need to say to a mountain, Remove hence to yonder place."

"What are the works that we should do?" Kurt Simon interjected.

"Keep the commandments," said Quint.

Kurt and Benjamin were disappointed in Quint's answer and said they knew many people who never sinned against the commandments and yet were anything but perfect.

"Well, then I know not what to say to you who

thirst and hunger for perfection except, Follow me."

Nathaniel Schwarz, thoroughly indignant and greatly concerned for the young men's souls, wanted to rush into the fray, but curbed himself. He made many secret signs to Kurt and Benjamin in an effort to nullify the impression the Fool made upon them.

"If we were really to follow you, Emanuel, what would be the first thing for us to do?"

Emanuel asked for a Bible, opened it and pointed with his finger to the first verse in the Acts of the Apostles. "The former treatise have I made, O Theophilus, of all that Jesus began both to do and teach." He went on: "It avails naught to teach what one does not do. Therefore shall ye do what I teach as I will do what I have taught. Have you forgotten that it is written, Ye shall know them by their fruits? He that hears what I say and does not accordingly, has built his house on shifting sands. But he that does accordingly builds on stone, he builds on the foundation and stone which the builders rejected. And his building money is the treasure hidden in the field. He that will follow me, let him do my works."

The forester who was standing behind Quint began to make faces at Benjamin. He scratched his head, pursed his lips, and opened his eyes wide to indicate that the thing was beginning to look serious. He was aware of the eccentricities of his young master who had no mother or brothers or sisters, and was allowed complete liberty by his affectionate, admiring father. Benjamin seemed not to notice the forester's gestures. Crossing his long, pale, highly veined hands over his knees he said:

"What you are teaching, it seems to me, is selfless-

ness. You think that self-seeking is the mother of all earthly evil. Others maintain the very reverse, that self-seeking is the mother of progress. At present Germany is making great advances in all fields as the result of a bloody war, and war is always self-seeking. Prosperity is increasing. The country is growing rich. Our merchants rank with the greatest merchants in the world. In fact, the whole world belongs to the merchant. The merchant has established commerce. Through the exchange of goods the world has attained a tremendous unity never before known. Now could a merchant exist without property, without scrupulousness in regard to property? Would not the entire industrial life of our days break down if there were not scrupulousness in regard to property, or if we should allow theft, murder and fraud to go unpunished?"

Quint said:

"There was a rich man exalted high above all rich men, which had a steward; and the same was accused unto him that he had wasted his goods. And he said unto him, Give an account of thy stewardship. And the steward replied, I went to one of thy debtors to whom I loaned thine earthly possessions, ten thousand pounds and more. He could not return the loan. I forgave him his debt. Another owed thee a hundred measures of oil. I tore his bill. But the Lord commended the unjust steward.— He that hath the understanding, let him understand," Quint concluded.

* * * * * * * *

For some time the dogs outside had been barking, and now men's voices sounded in front of the house. The little company heard the tread of many coarsely shod feet on the brick paving of the entry.

"What can that be?" exclaimed the forester, and immediately went down stairs to see. Everybody in the little company listened. Emanuel, a moment ago speaking freely without constraint, now trembled and turned pale.

According to the reports of Benjamin Glaser and Kurt Simon what now followed resembled a raid. Panting, uttering abrupt exclamations, tramping up the steps, which scarcely seemed able to support them, the balustrade creaking under the grasp of horny fists, a gang of men came storming up, and Nathaniel Schwarz and the young men hastily jumped from their chairs, Nathaniel upsetting his. They all thought it was a raging mob who had tracked Emanuel and intended to complete the lynching they had begun.

Emanuel said, "Don't be afraid," because he realised that though the men were his pursuers, they were not pursuers in the same sense as were those who had wanted to stone him. Though he remained seated and was outwardly calm, there was a look of horror in his eyes. The door opened and a compact mass of dishevelled heads, emaciated faces swollen with running, thrust themselves in. Was it a word of command or was it a look of the Fool's that held them at the threshold as in a magic spell and bade them not to cross?

Emanuel was sitting opposite the door. The intruders looked him straight in the face and he looked them straight in the face. The Fool of course knew who they were, and knew that his fate for weal or woe was bound to them, the Valley Brethren. He knew it, and his senses left him. His head fell on the table in a faint.

* * * * * * * *

Only seven of the Valley Brethren had remained together and followed the Fool.

Quint's speech, its unexpected effect upon the crowd, and most of all the stoning at the end, from which some of the Brethren standing closest to Quint had also suffered, had robbed them of their presence of mind. With the instinct of the fox latent in every man they scattered, each trying to lose himself in the crowd. And each answered to his conscience alone for the number of times he denied Quint when charged by someone in the crowd with being connected with the blasphemer.

Trembling with terror the scattered little flock had one by one gathered in a remote brick-yard, where no work was being done because it was Sunday. Even before they had sent for Quint at the gardener's, the same lime-pit, where the crows swarmed, had served as a meeting place for them. The first to find their way there were Bohemian Joe and the Scharf brothers, still in the grip of terror. They felt as if a hard blow had suddenly awakened them from a long dream back to reality. Bohemian Joe had fared worst, his ugliness having a peculiar fascination for the tormenting spirit in small boys. A gang of them had thrown stones at him, and called him dog, Satan, devil, Old Nick, Lucifer, and the like. Nevertheless, he seemed to have himself under perfect control, though he would hear nothing more of Quint. His remarks about him suddenly bristled with maliciousness and anger evidently long suppressed. He irritated the Scharf brothers with his acrid criticism, until they went for him furiously, and thereby regained their lost poise. Even after Schubert, heated by running yet pale with fear, and later blacksmith John, still speechless from the incident, had joined them at the brick-yard, Bohemian Joe continued to vil-

ify him. He never had believed in him, he said, and always had known that he was a wind-bag and a cheat. Worst of all was his vulgar suspicion of Quint based upon Ruth Heidebrand's presence in Quint's room. Weaver Zumpt, who turned up with his now thoroughly sobered wife, had to suffer the severest charges from her. She wept, she screamed, she gesticulated wildly, she clamoured to go back home. He would let his children starve, his loom go to pieces, their bit of field lie neglected. The cow was gone. There was no manure, no seeds. One goat was all they had left. She attacked miller Straube and his secret practices in a voice breaking with frenzy. She justly accused the Scharfs of being the prime movers of the whole cursed business.

"You stupid fools," she cried, "you have been cheated, and the miller has filled his pockets."

What the woman said in her desperation was clearly true. A goodly portion of what the others at a great sacrifice had scraped together for the common treasury had found its way into the sly miller's purse.

When blacksmith John recovered his lost tongue, his first words were, "I'll kill Straube."

The battle raged a long time. All of them succumbed to doubt and timorousness, as if they had met a decisive defeat. But suddenly Schwabe felt a renewed impulse to confess his faith. With the strength of conviction, which made a tremendous impression upon all, even upon Bohemian Joe, the little hunch-back stepped to the front with raised hands and said:

"Strike me dead, but I believe in him, I believe in him!"

This declaration stopped the panic. Unexpectedly to one another the men showed they were ready to give ear to the arguments of the zealous tailor. The

Scharfs especially seemed to have been relieved of a great burden. In a little while the men began to accuse one another of cowardice, even treachery.

"Why did we run away?" said blacksmith John. "For no other reason than because we are cowardly and good for nothing."

It was in vain that Bohemian Joe with his scoffing interjections and Zumpt's wife with her complaints tried to stem the changed current of opinion. The woman was especially indignant at Schwabe's testimony.

"It was you and nobody else," she screamed at her brother, pale and wasted by his fanaticism and night vigils, "it was you who saddled those Scharfs on me and got me entangled in this nasty affair with that cheat Quint."

"Hold your tongue, woman; don't blaspheme," her brother shouted. "Don't endanger your poor soul."

"You're so stupid, stupider than a cow!" the woman screamed. "And you are not only stupid, you are crazy."

"Verily," cried blacksmith John, "it is the folly of the Lord, the folly of the Saviour, the folly of the cross, and the folly of the kingdom of God."

"Just you come to my house once again, blacksmith John," the woman snapped, "and hold your silly, crack-brained prayer-meetings. You'll get dishes and pots and pans at your head, and I'll tell the sheriff on you."

"At Quint's avowal that he was Jesus a shiver went through my body as if an icy wind had all of a sudden struck me," declared Dibiez. Growing more heated as he spoke, he asked whether none of the Brethren had seen the light dart and flash about Emanuel's head when he pronounced the awful words.

Thus, in the twinkling of an eye each one regained his

own self-importance. Their souls again succumbed to their delusion, which had become a life element of theirs, like some narcotic. They were again stirred by the same wild emotions as formerly. Rigid stupefaction melted into a broad, raging torrent, on which they glided to the Eden of eternal bliss with no thought of rapids, waterfalls, or hidden rocks.

The Scharf brothers felt a love for Quint so touching, so strong as to be worthy of a better cause, and their love flared up anew. They beat their breasts because they had so shamefully fled, and flatly declared they would either be accepted again in Quint's graces or would eat husks all their lives. Thus the old narrow delusion that had dominated these men now attained even stronger mastery over them. Bohemian Joe alone remained stiff-necked. Krezig, the rag-picker, pale with rage, broke his long silence by suddenly springing upon Bohemian Joe with clenched fists, shouting:

"I tell you, Joe, you are lying. If it were as you say, do you think it would all have gone so simply? He came to our houses. He persuaded us, he enticed us, he pretended to be a wonder-worker, he misled you"—addressing the Scharf brothers—"he would not leave you in peace until you sold everything you owned. He did not lie, I say. If he did, then woe! woe!" He made a gesture that left no doubt as to his intentions of revenge in case he actually had been deceived.

Therese Katzmarek now made her appearance, her eyes swollen and staring. The girl fearlessly lectured the whole company for their faint-heartedness, and a performance of hers, both before and after her lecture, was even more calculated than her words to trouble their consciences, already uneasy. Freshly painted bricks were lying out to dry on long shelves. The crazy girl

ran up and down the shelves stepping in almost the same places and making a sharp turn at each end. She kept her staring eyes fixed upon the ground, and at every three or four steps she cried:

"We are cursed, cursed, cursed!"

The seven men in due form cast Bohemian Joe from out of their midst, and contrite and penitent began their search for Quint.

CHAPTER XXI

It is difficult to say why the master of these seven disciples fell into a faint at their appearance. It may have been the result of great conflicting emotions and over-exhaustion. Emanuel's swoon lasted almost a quarter of an hour. Before Kurt and Benjamin had grasped the situation, the newcomers had thrown themselves on their knees about Emanuel's chair, groaning and weeping and kissing his hands and feet. Then they noticed that he was unconscious and picked him up from the table as easily as a child, and awesomely carried him to a long flowered old sofa against the narrow wall at the end of the room. In their consternation they were like a crazed mother who tries to snatch the child of her heart from the inexorable hands of death.

Benjamin Glaser rubbed Emanuel's still blood-bespattered temples with cologne water, and the forester's wife and the maid applied cold compresses to his breast. When Emanuel awoke, his spirit still seemed to be far away. His eyes were turned upward, and his face shone with profound unearthly bliss. So lovely was his expression of happiness and the childlike smile about his lips, that all the people surrounding him, down to the maid, were deeply moved.

Finally Emanuel's soul returned to the sunny room in the lodge. He looked with a smile from one to the other, looked at the apples on the table, at the coffee cups, at the stag-horns on the wall, and at the inno-

cent, gaily coloured pictures of hunting scenes, listened as if he had never before heard it to the endless trills of a warbler in one of the down-stairs rooms, and then silently held out both hands to each of the Brethren with infinite lovingkindness in a way quite new to them.

"Do you know, well-beloved of my soul"— he had never before used such caressing words in addressing them —"do you know where I have been in these hundred thousand years that I have been away from you?" They shook their heads and he was silent a long while. "I was in the first heaven, deep, deep. I was in the second heaven still deeper. I speak words, but what I experienced there in the depths by the grace of the Father words cannot express."

Outside in the hall the forester's wife said to her husband:

"When a man speaks like that he is soon going to die. Just before my father and grandfather died, God showed them paradise, too. When that happens to anyone — when anyone is honoured with a foretaste of eternal bliss — his last hour has come."

Emanuel raised himself into a sitting posture, and with his long, freckled hands, which were not meant for hard work and which hard work had never spoiled, tenderly stroked the shaggy heads first of Anton and Martin Scharf, then of blacksmith John and Schwabe, and the rest. They all began to blubber helplessly like children.

It may be said that the bond uniting these men had not actually been cemented until that day, and it seemed as if the sources of love between them had never before been opened.

Quint jumped up from the sofa. He said his mind

had never experienced rest so deep and glorious; a remark which made the forester say to his wife that the good eating and drinking the Fool had just done may have been the cause of his trip to heaven.

Quint beckoned to the Brethren, shook hands with Benjamin and Kurt, and was about to leave, when Nathaniel Schwarz, who had been looking at him long with burning eyes, suddenly drew the Fool to him and locked him in both his arms.

"I do not understand you," he said, "but God will not permit a soul like yours, gone astray, yet without guile, to be destroyed in its error." With that he kissed Quint, snatched up his hat, and fled.

It was growing dark. Soon after the departure of Nathaniel Schwarz, Benjamin Glaser and Kurt Simon were left alone with each other. Both had the impression that after the intrusion of the troop of peasants Quint no longer had eyes for anyone else. Though a rumour had reached their ears of a circle of disciples that had formed about Quint, they had believed it to be idle talk, since the master had never made mention of them even to Kurt.

It is not usual to hear people of a lowly station in life speak of anything but their occupations. A blacksmith, a tailor, a tradesman, especially in predominatingly Protestant countries, will seldom betray his inner life, which he keeps jealously secret and reveals only in a few sarcastic words. All the more surprising and exotic was the impression made by those soft-hearted enthusiasts with coarse frames and hard workmen's fists, especially the muscular blacksmith who carried his coat slung over his shoulder, and whose bare arms and breast showing through his open shirt displayed blue tattoo marks.

The thing that struck the two young men was the mixture of brutality and almost mawkish sentimentality. They sat in the lodge a long time exchanging their views of the incident and discussing it with the forester whenever he entered. They fully realised what a riddlesome farce was being enacted. They themselves were only partially attracted. The conclusion of the entire experience was rather repulsive to them. One thing was certain: it was a convulsive outburst, a delusion of the disinherited, and in Quint there was a tendency to martyrdom to which the two young men were also inclined. That is why the attractive force of the impenetrable reformer, who seemed in turn ridiculous and dignified, contemptible and admirable, common and divine, still continued to exert an influence upon them, and caused them to cross the Fool's way in life several times again.

* * * * * * * *

On leaving the lodge Quint and his disciples began that long wandering which became the most memorable event of his life, if, indeed, any part of his career can be considered memorable. He told the impatient citizens of the millennium-to-come, who had forced his fate upon him, that it was his hope never more to be separated from them until the day on which that would happen which he foresaw. As they walked, he stroked and caressed them each in turn or held their hands.

In a short while the moon arose. It was a mild, exquisitely pure, calm, clear night. He besought his followers from now on to let him walk about a stone's throw ahead. They obeyed. Whenever he stood still, his disciples stood still. They took childlike satisfaction and joy in blind obedience to him.

They approached the castle of Miltzsch where the lights were shining through the high windows of the library and dining-room — the Gurau Lady was visiting the castle — upon the trees of the park. The Lady's former protégé and Fool in Christ, Emanuel Quint, passed unnoticed through the solitary walks of the park along the peaceful lake in which he had been wont to bathe. His companions followed him in silence. He stood still, and they saw one swan and then a second and a third, gleaming white, float from the darker end into the light of the moon up to their master. Quint fed them, and beckoned to the Brethren and whispered:

"These know not that I am outlawed. But the Son of man has always been despised by his brothers and sisters and persecuted by his neighbours. He is still despised, enslaved, and outlawed."

Fearlessly he walked with his disciples past the castle, where there was the sound of many voices, through a gate in the wall into the garden, where a long straight path, gleaming in the moonlight, led past manured beds and rose bushes and currant bushes packed in straw. His disciples whispering anxiously and stepping softly saw Emanuel stand still again and look up to a gabled window heavily overgrown with ivy. It was not the side of the house where his own room had been, but the other side where Ruth Heidebrand's little bedroom lay. The disciples heard their master sigh.

A dog barked and jumped from the doorway into the light of the moon, stood still sniffing, and the next instant, in a few long bounds, was on Quint. It was an old, half-blind poodle neglected by all, for a long time Quint's special friend and faithful companion. The greeting on the side of the poodle assumed the

usual extravagant canine form, and it was no easy matter to get rid of him at the exit from the garden. For a long while they still heard the dog's mournful whining behind the iron gate.

Emanuel led his followers around the yard where the unchained watch-dogs on the other side of the wall roved around like wolves. He now took the road leading across the level fields to Gronsdorf, and entered the churchyard by a wide breach in the wall. Here Quint remained about half an hour without saying a word, sunk in profound meditation, while the owl hooted and the moonlight gleamed upon the closely set, sunken gravestones. On leaving the churchyard he said:

"There are no graves except they that walk, speak, and act."

Next Emanuel went to the little yard of the Gronsdorf school, which in summer was almost completely overshadowed by a nut tree. The house seemed to be sunk in sleep. Quint sat himself on the stone coping of the spring, and rose to go when the castle clock in the park nearby finished striking twelve.

"I am looking on all this for the last time," said Quint as if to excuse himself when they were again walking on the highway.

From now on they proceeded rapidly in silence, Quint a few feet ahead. His followers did not dare to ask what was his goal. When they had passed several villages, Emanuel twice stood still in the middle of the road and seemed not to notice that his companions came up to him and were troubled. Martin Scharf had the impression that Quint was listening for something in the silence of the night. He took heart and asked his master what was disquieting him.

"The call, the call!" was the answer given in a mysterious tone.

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The moon grew dim. The east was flushed with the first faint red of returning daylight when the little company of poor fools entered a small market town situated in a dip between hills. Emanuel beckoned first to Martin, then to Anton Scharf, and said to Martin:

"I have a request to make. I should like to see my brother Gustav once again. Go and bring him to me. I shall be in Breslau at the Sign of the Green Tree. Bring the boy to me there."

His desire was a command. The weaver in a state of heavy stupefaction had no thought of anything but blind obedience. No matter that he was weary and fatigued, no matter that his task, in view of old Quint's character, was difficult, no matter that the commission was an unusual one, he prepared to execute it immediately, handing over the common purse to his brother and keeping only a little change for himself. When he had taken leave Quint seated himself on the railing of a bridge with his face turned toward the village wrapped as in the silence of death.

"Do you see that church?" He pointed to a tall chapel at the edge of the town, which to judge by its architecture and the crucifix nearby was a Catholic house of worship. "And do you see that little house close to the church? It has only one story and an attic with six windows in front. You will see me go into that house and I shall probably remain half an hour or more. But if I should remain a day, go to the nearest inn and wait for me."

While he spoke, the little bell of the church began to toll for early mass. Naturally the whole affair seemed very mysterious to Quint's poor followers.

While living with the gardener Quint had received certain ugly letters from his stepfather and had also exchanged letters with his mother; which indicated that there was some foundation to old Quint's coarse insinuations. The gardener's family knew that one day a cringing man, who called himself his stepfather, had come to see Emanuel. Since he left the place probably with empty hands, he was no longer so humble and cringing, but insolent and indignant. Soon after, Emanuel received postal cards with obscene allusions, and a letter with an insulting inscription. The letter troubled Quint; but nobody, not even Mrs. Heidebrand, in whom Quint sometimes reposed confidence, ever learned its contents.

At her son's insistence Emanuel's mother in her last clumsy letter had mentioned the name of a market town and a Catholic priest, both known to Quint. He recalled as a child having gone with his mother to the priest's house and having taken him two basketsful of strawberries, for which he was rewarded with a pair of boots, a suit and a cap. He could no more than surmise the relation between that man and his mother and himself, since something prevented his mother and even his inconsiderate stepfather from revealing the whole naked truth.

When the priest returned from mass, the Fool in Christ carried out his intentions and went to the rectory. His followers saw him enter into conversation with the maid, who with a furtive look of distrust, closed the heavy door behind Quint, and turned the key in the lock.

The former Valley Brethren shivering in the dawn seated themselves on the wall at the head of a flight of about a hundred steps which led up to the chapel. A few little old women who had remained in church a while after mass slowly descended the stairs hawking and coughing. The Brethren saw that the light was turned on in several rooms of the rectory and saw the shadows of the portly priest and Emanuel Quint alternately cross the drawn white shades. The little market town in the dip between the hills still lay abandoned. The morning star was shining in its full glory. During that long wandering Quint's disciples had carried on a whispered, fragmentary conversation. Their opinions and conjectures since the day of the valley mill had undergone no essential change, nor were they any less extravagant. For all that Quint had said to them of a kingdom of heaven and for all his attempts to wean them from the coarse material satisfaction in a final Judgment Day, in a hell for the godless, and a millennium of revelry and carousal for the elect, when they would be lords on earth — for all that, this conception was as strong in them as ever. And as they now sat passing the time in talk, they doubted less than ever that Quint, who had publicly proclaimed himself the Saviour, was the secret king of the New Jerusalem and they themselves the first partakers of the millennium.

After a time they saw Quint and the priest leave the house and come towards them. The priest was a stately man of about sixty, clad in the customary long black frock. He looked firmly at Quint's following, though he was not so calm perhaps as he wanted to appear. According to an old custom Schwabe arose and said, "Praised be the Lord, Jesus Christ!" to which the priest responded, "Forever and ever, amen!" and with

apparent composure took a snuff box from his pocket and held it out to Emanuel, who declined.

"Who are these people?" he asked taking a pinch.

"They that labour and are heavy laden," replied Quint.

The priest, who, it was now noticeable, was secretly afraid of the Fool, turned quickly and gave him a searching, sidelong look. Then as if to turn the conversation he pointed to the landscape with a gesture of benediction, while his housekeeper in astonishment peered curiously from the open kitchen window. The cocks began to crow on all sides.

"From here," said the priest, "you can see the blessed Silesian meadows to the Zopt and the Streitberg, in clear weather even to the Schneekoppe."

"In a prison near those farthest mountains I for the first time became one in the body and the spirit with Jesus Christ."

"Hm, hm!" said the priest, "hm, hm, hm!" After ascending a few of the hundred steps leading to the church he asked: "Where will you go after you leave here, my son?"

Emanuel gave a hesitating, inaccurate reply.

"I walk in a twofold walking. Do you believe that when I walk in the body it is thither where each one must walk after birth in the flesh, to Golgotha? Golgotha means the place of skulls. But I do not walk like the lamb blindfold to slaughter. I walk with a joyous heart, my eyes open, of my own free will."

"Why is it, my son, that you have such gloomy thoughts of death? Do you want to relieve your heart or your conscience? Although you were not educated in our religion, if you want to confess, come up, come to the church with me."

Quint continued with his own thoughts.

"My soul is light, my heart is full of rejoicing, because the world and death have been conquered in me by the Father. Yea, I have conquered the world." Again the priest cast a sidelong glance at Quint. "The Son of man in so far as he walks in the spirit is nothing less than a child, at home everywhere in his Father's house, everywhere sheltered in the kingdom of his King and Lord, everywhere strange in this world."

All this was heard by the Valley Brethren who slowly followed the two men up the steps.

"If you were to follow my advice, since you seem to have no inclination for physical work, we might find a place for you somewhere in the church. Perhaps all you needed for your mental development was a clearly defined, fruitful field of activity."

The priest, whose remark was not wholly unjustified, seemed to be both estranged and attracted, also somewhat troubled by Quint. He reproached himself for having omitted in the past to do certain things which he may have been in duty bound to do, and which possibly might have redounded to his own good. What this man in slouched hat, blue shirt open at the throat, wide jacket, and wide trousers of velveteen, needed was in all probability nothing but the work of the careful gardener.

The latchet of one of Quint's boots had come undone. To the priest's vast astonishment, as soon as Quint noticed it, all seven of his companions jostling one another out of the way, passionately fought for the honour of tying the grotesque man's shoe string.

Quint stood still as if accustomed to such services

and began to speak again continuing with his own thoughts.

"I am a king. I am the lord of the world who has conquered the world. For I and the Father, I and the King, I and the Lord are one. He that hath the understanding let him understand."

"Who is the king and lord of whom you speak?" asked the priest, who again seemed to see in his visitor nothing but a poor escaped lunatic.

"The Lord is the spirit," said Emanuel briefly.

Walking slowly they reached the open church door and entered the sacred place, which was still dark except for the scanty illumination of a few candles in iron holders and the eternal lamp, which hung over the high altar like a drop of blood. Tailor Schwabe crossed himself. Over the altar and the altar picture, which represented the birth of Bethlehem, was the dove of the Holy Ghost fluttering in a golden aureole. And there was Moses — or was it God the Father? — a white baroque statue in a sitting posture wearing a gilded chiton and holding the world's sceptre in its hand. Everywhere out of the obscurity shone the figure of the Son of God, as a shepherd, holding the lamb on his left arm and with his right hand clasping the crook with the streamer marked with the cross, or more than life-size nailed to the cross, or in numerous smaller images nailed to crucifixes of marble, wood or metal. The altars, as usual, had the tawdry decoration of lace-edged cloths, paper flowers, vases, little pictures, and candelabra. In a special niche was the imitation grave of a saint. On an altar not far from the niche was a metal reliquary said to contain the bone of some priest of a thousand years ago. On the high altar

gleamed a ciborium decorated with varicoloured glass bits resembling precious stones.

All these things were observed by the priest's strange morning callers. Later, those morning hours seemed to all, with the exception of Quint, to be something of which they were in doubt whether they had really experienced it, or whether it was the creation of excited nerves, or a dream, or a story.

Suddenly Quint said:

"God is a spirit. Ye shall make you no idols nor graven images."

"Be still, my son," said the priest displeased. "Do not forget that you are in a church."

"Is one not to bear testimony to God in a church?" asked Quint.

"Above all you must be modest, humble, and reverential in a church."

"Do you think," rejoined Quint, "that what has been erected over your shame and a cross is really a church, a house of God? God sits not enthroned either upon corpses or skulls. If you who call yourselves children of God have nailed God to the cross, then take him down."

"Do you not know that Jesus was taken down from the cross, was buried, that he arose from the dead and ascended to heaven?"

"No," said Quint. "If at least you had crucified the old Adam in you, had put him and the cross on which he hung in a house, and had burned that house to the ground."

"What do you mean by that?" exclaimed the priest. "I don't understand you."

"Unless the torches are thrown into your torture-

chambers of God so that they are destroyed from the face of the earth and the place whereon they stood is no longer recognisable, you will crucify God daily."

"My son," said the priest in a half whisper, "such thoughts are not merely foolish, they are criminal."

"But the time must come," the Fool in Christ continued severely, "when God will be worshipped not on this or that hill, on this or that mountain, in this or that house, in this or that church, or in this or that cathedral, but only in the spirit and in truth."

With these words came the sound of heavy blows, one after the other. In the dark the priest and Quint's companions did not immediately discern what was happening. They heard a vase break to pieces on the floor, the clatter of a metal candlestick dropping on the stone flagging, the shivering to bits of china and glass. The Fool's personal delusion had broken out into a paroxysm of madness. With his thick shepherd's staff he was knocking down all the holy objects on the altars.

"Man, get thee hence!" screamed the priest, realising at last that it was the Fool's doing, and rushing up to him tried to pin down his arms. "A curse on you, you abominable desecrator."

"I am Christ!" shouted Emanuel, all the arches and niches echoing to his voice. "I say unto you"— with a powerful blow he knocked down the cross on the high altar —"this is no house of prayer, it is a den of murderers."

Now the priest and even his disciples seized the raving enthusiast and image-breaker and silently wrestled with him in the dark of the echoing church. Finally the desecrator seemed to be satisfied.

"Get out of here! Never show yourself again! Get

out! You are possessed of an evil demon. God punishes me through you. Get out! I command you to get out!"

There was no opposing that strong, commanding voice, and Quint said:

"Come!"

He strode from the church breathing heavily, accompanied by his followers. The sun had just risen. They stepped into the dazzling light flooding the earth, and Quint stooped and brushed the dust from his shoes.

"Get away from here," the priest shouted again from out of the dark pit of the church. But the man who had been cast out stretched his arms toward the glorious day-star and with a loud cry walked to meet it, followed by his poor companions.

When the priest, pale and trembling, carefully locked the church door, he saw his morning callers already at a distance walking onward through the fields. It was Quint's salvation that for some obscure reason the clever priest never said a word about his sacrilegious act.

CHAPTER XXII

For several hours Emanuel Quint pushed forward steadily without stopping or looking to the right or left, so swiftly that his companions had difficulty in following. Without food or sleep for nearly twenty-four hours, they had to struggle against hunger and exhaustion. On meeting a miller's cart they got a loaf of bread from him, cut it into large slices, and ate as they walked.

But the master refused to take anything to eat. Bent solely upon reaching his goal with the utmost speed, he felt neither hunger nor weariness. As a water bird for months accustomed to a peaceful lake suddenly begins to career when the wind blows under its wings, so Quint ran on and on without cease until the chimneys and church towers of Breslau appeared on the distant horizon. Then he made halt, and they rested.

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The sky was no longer cloudless. The master and his disciples seated themselves near a low railway embankment at the edge of a damp meadow completely enclosed by alders and willows. From time to time they heard the clank of a heavy wire which ran a long distance from the flagman's hut to the railway gate and served to open or close off a road-crossing. The many old alders, willows, and elms about a stone's throw from the edge of the meadow, and the incessant noise of reed

birds indicated the proximity of a pond. It seemed to be a region abounding in wild game. The deer strolled into the open meadow browsing tranquilly, wild ducks quacked, and pheasants slipped in and out among the greening bushes.

Quint sat with his back leaning against a boundary stone. His disciples seated themselves in a circle around him, and despite the worn expression of their faces, looked intently at him, apparently expecting a weighty declaration.

And the declaration came.

What he said seemed extremely significant, but his disciples were absolutely unable to comprehend it. His first remarks apparently referred to the early morning incident with the priest.

"We have lived together," he said, "almost thirty years, and yet we were not born unto each other. When we were finally born unto each other, then that very day, that very morning, that very instant we died unto each other for all eternity."

Quint admonished his disciples henceforth not to marvel at what he did or allowed to be done. He had chosen them, he said, that they might bear testimony to his conduct unto the very last hour of his life, ay, if possible, unto his very last breath. He now told his followers for the first time, and thereafter repeatedly, that he was on the eve of being subjected to great sufferings and torments. He pointed to the towers on the horizon as to the battlefield to which he was advancing.

"Mine enemies, the children of the world, await me. The Son of man must ever be betrayed into the hands of man. Believe not that this time they will exalt the Son of man, who chose God alone for his Father,

otherwise than on the gallows. Some day they will exalt the Son of man otherwise, but not until the last resurrection. Then even the blind will see Him."

Emanuel spoke not in sadness, but in ill-concealed ecstasy.

A mighty noise interrupted him. It was an express train thundering by, depressing the rails under its iron wheels and sending up the dust and the dry leaves of the past autumn in a wild eddy. Both the master and the disciples turned around, and at that moment everything except the monstrous, noisy miracle of civilisation seemed to have been forgotten. When Quint, whose eyes opened wide in astonishment, forcibly composed himself and proceeded with his speech, his disciples were still unable to take their minds from the train, and made signs and whispered to one another about the passengers they had seen eating in the dining-car and the men and women at the windows who had not even deigned to notice the group of poor tramps bivouacking in the open field.

Quint continued:

"I did not do right to resort to violence in the house of men of violence. Or do you think that a priest"—he used the word for the first time—"is not a man of violence? Every priest is a man of violence. All of them that falsely call themselves ministers of God, from the least to the highest, would this very day like to be lords of heaven and earth, lords not only of men but even of God."

Quint jumped up as if the speeding of the train had counselled haste. There was no longer anything in his manner of that apparently dispassionate, meditative repose which formerly characterised him, but an impatient militancy. As he walked he said:

"I lay a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence in the world, so that the children of the world should break the wheels of their waggons and machines, ay, their own feet and foreheads. The drivers shall stumble and no less the kings." Several times as he strode on, he repeated, "I am ready."

His disciples could not make much of what he said. They were filled with the ever-rising fever of their imagination. In their weariness they saw heavenly mirages of future refreshment. The exertions of their restless wandering led them to speak again and again of that asylum no longer remote, they thought, in which they would find the end of all their sufferings. They were well aware of the change that had taken place in their master, and how they were hastening on to something decisive. Quint's words, which he seemed to address not so much to them as to hostile powers, present though invisible, filled them with vague fears of an obscure fate. And their own firm resolve to follow him frightened them.

"Where did you leave Bohemian Joe?" Quint asked all of a sudden.

They looked at one another in confusion without daring to answer.

"Don't be afraid," said Quint who had probably understood that Joe and his disciples had not separated amicably and that their devotion in their own eyes was a conscious sacrifice. "Don't be afraid, for you shall not have to suffer from the world's hate like myself, who testify against it, who shall everywhere bear testimony, as I have already begun to do, that the works of the world are evil and iniquitous."

* * * * * * * *

At seven o'clock in the evening Quint and his men reached the little inn of the Green Tree. The landlady, whose husband was a butcher, gave the master a room to himself in the attic, overlooking the muddy, rapid Oder. The other men were housed together in a compartment in the loft. Still chewing their supper and almost falling asleep as they chewed, they all went to bed, and did not wake up for nearly sixteen hours, at about noon of the following day.

Quint sent Dibiez with a few lines to Hedwig Krause, who had come to Breslau a month before to take a position in a city hospital recently erected on the other side of the Oder. Dibiez with his experience of the world was the only one fitted to be sent on an errand in the din and mazes of a large city. Fortunately he found Hedwig at the beginning of her free time, and within an hour she was back with him at the Green Tree in Quint's attic chamber.

Quint remarked that the city had made a new person of the girl, that she radiated a spiritual freshness and elasticity and energy very different from the somewhat dragging, discontented air he had observed in her in the country.

Hedwig, for her part, also saw a new person in Quint. His manner had assumed masculine vigour, firmness, and cheerfulness. She found that the illusion she cherished of him in his absence was immediately strengthened by his presence.

Without ado she seated herself on Quint's military cot. Blushing in her evident pleasure at seeing him again she asked him for news of home, and told him of her own experiences in the city. At one point she seemed to hesitate to tell Quint something about himself. But he encouraged her, and she handed him a

newspaper from her bag containing an account of his unfortunate sermon in the field, which all the papers in Breslau had noticed.

"*Religious Insanity.* On Easter Sunday a man was arraigned near Miltzsch who wanted to hold a sort of religious meeting in the open fields. The neighbourhood of Miltzsch is still a seat of orthodoxy. The crazy man who thinks he is Christ has been making himself a nuisance for a long time in various places of the province. It is said that a certain aristocratic lady, who is most liberal in expending her vast fortune upon country churches, took a liking to the eccentric saint and so encouraged him in his crazy notions. It is gratifying to learn that the people did not permit themselves to be humbugged, and gave him the reception he deserved. It shows that the masses in Germany are fortunately more intelligent than in America and England, the homes of religious hypocrisy, and of hysterical women, young and old."

Quint smiled but turned pale, and handing the paper back to Hedwig, said:

"I have freed myself of all fear of men. If I were to say that I was not Christ, the Son of God," he added simply, "I should have to abandon my Father, I should have to deny myself and Christ and God."

Sister Hedwig had given little credence to the report, and now that the very worst statement in it was confirmed she was not a little alarmed, though she shuddered with a certain mystic satisfaction at Quint's words.

She noticed that Emanuel had a slight cough, and that there were drops of blood in the handkerchief he held to his mouth. The next day she brought with her a young assistant physician, a friend of hers, a

powerfully built, blue-eyed, blond Teuton from the Pomeranian coast. He gave Quint a patient, detailed examination, from which he could not extract anything definite concerning his psychic condition, because Quint was reticent in his answers to all questions not pertaining to his physical condition. However, Dr. Hülsebusch, when he met Hedwig in the hospital a few hours later, told her that Quint was a degenerate.

"Well, suppose he is a degenerate. Where would we all be if we listened to the diagnoses you physicians make of us? At any rate you are an atheist and don't understand a thing about religion."

Dr. Hülsebusch did not deny the charge. But even if he did lack a correct understanding of the religious element in Quint's life, he said, yet as a man of democratic spirit he did not lack interest in its social and human side, not to mention his interest in Quint from a medical point of view. When he asked Hedwig what Emanuel's trade was, she was somewhat embarrassed. Feeling it was impossible to make Dr. Hülsebusch understand that Emanuel with his exclusive sense for God and the divine was nevertheless no idler, she did not like to admit that Emanuel had never worked.

Dr. Hülsebusch said that Quint was tubercular and needed plenty of wholesome food and a healthful occupation.

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About four or five days after Quint's arrival at the Green Tree the good city of Breslau was one day set a-flutter by an unusual incident. Between half-past three and four o'clock on a Sunday afternoon a man, apparently a workman from the country, suddenly appeared among the throngs of promenaders on the Liebigs-Höhe. He climbed to the top of a high

flight of stairs and made gestures to the stream of dressed-up gentlemen and ladies to indicate that he wanted to address them. A Sunday afternoon, even if an early spring sun is shining brightly, is not always free from ennui. So smiling a little the people grew comparatively quiet and prepared to listen. Thereupon the peasant workman shouted three times:

"I say unto you, Jesus Christ has arisen!"

Then he ran quickly down the steps and disappeared in the crowd, which responded with a loud burst of laughter and a hail of witticisms. No one looked for the crazy man, and the people soon turned their attention to other things.

The incident would scarcely have found its way into the columns of the newspapers if the same thing had not happened in several places at precisely the same time. It could not have been the same man, for descriptions did not tally, and the places were very far apart.

Since it all passed off so quickly, the police had neither the cause nor the chance to interfere. When the reports began to come in to the police station and newspaper offices, the affair seemed curious, but it was neither sufficiently authenticated nor dangerous. So by Wednesday it was forgotten, although the papers had notices of it on Monday evening and Tuesday morning.

The newspaper reports aroused Dr. Hülsebusch's suspicions and he said to Hedwig in the hospital corridor:

"It's a pretty serious matter. I wonder whether we can't prevent greater mischief by talking reason to your friend and protégé."

Hedwig blushed and did not deny that the remarkable performance had been arranged by Quint and executed by his companions. It was Quint's intention, she

said, to shake the people out of their indifference at any cost.

"Since your patron saint has been here, you yourself look as sick as if you had been keeping night watch and fasting for weeks, like a Saint Hedwig, a Saint Agnes or a Saint Therese." And he warned the girl against allowing herself to be befogged by "that man's pathological mentality."

Hedwig merely shrugged her shoulders and walked away without replying.

Every day since Emanuel had been at the Green Tree she used her free hours to visit him. A short time before speaking to Dr. Hülsebusch, she had asked Emanuel why he adopted such strange measures. With a grim sort of sob in his throat and pounding his clenched fists on the table Emanuel replied, using the words of the Bible as if they were his own:

"I tell you, if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out."

After Sunday's event strange things began to happen at the Green Tree. The people round about learned of the presence of a man credited with healing power, and Quint's companions, though he denied ever having performed a miracle, spread his reputation as a wonder-worker, partly from conviction, partly from a desire to be important. Emanuel felt profound sympathy for the sick as if the pain of another were his own. Even in this period of his life he was unable to remain indifferent and apathetic to a man's sufferings. Nevertheless, from the very beginning of his stay at the Green Tree he refused to treat sick people, which did not prevent them from coming and bribing the servants to let them see Quint. Thus through Quint the im- gained patronage.

CHAPTER XXIII

After Anton Scharf made his announcement on the city-hall steps, he brought to the inn a boy of eighteen, the son of a city official. Dominik was a handsome fellow, just shooting up to a great height, with the down appearing on his upper lip and chin. He had dark melancholy eyes and a tender brownish skin. His shoes were worn, his sleeves and trousers were too short, his shirt and collar were soiled, and he wore no necktie. There was an expression of painful idealism in his face which had something noble and wondrously attractive in it.

Dominik had heard the words of Anton Scharf, "I say unto you, Christ has arisen!" had followed him, and had questioned him as to the reason and purpose of his act. Following some vague impulse he accompanied Anton to the Green Tree. And when he stood before the master of the boorish disciple, he knew at the very first glance that his fate was indissolubly joined to that of this man.

He became Emanuel's right hand. Emanuel needed the sort of help he could give him. Within a few days after his sending out of the seven with their proclamation, he had to hold regular consultation hours. It turned out that many more people than would be supposed had been touched by the declaration that Christ had arisen, and had found their way to the source of the new delusion.

Among those whom Dominik received before they

were permitted to speak to Quint were not only men, women and girls of the lower classes, but even baronesses, countesses, military men in citizen's garb, among them many a prominent personage. They did not hesitate to go to the ill-smelling, rather notorious square, which was more like a courtyard, courageously, though not without a shuddering, cross the greasy threshold of the Green Tree, enter the narrow vestibule buzzing with flies, and by the door on the right pass into a reception room smelling of cheese and drink.

Within a few weeks Quint gained an insight into all the woe of the middle and upper classes, who display an exterior to the world so brilliant and envy-exciting. He beheld misery bitter beyond all conception. And it seemed to him that this was the genuine face of the times.

There was a woman whose husband, a nobleman, after vowing eternal love and fidelity, had physically contaminated her, had beaten her, and devoured her wealth, and run away with another woman. There was a girl whose own father whom she idolised had raped her. There was another girl whose worthless degraded father had snatched her away from her young healthy lover and sold her in marriage to a diseased roué of wealth and rank. There was a man who almost every night found the boots of a different paramour outside his wife's bedroom, yet he loved his wife. There was another man who through his wife's machinations had been led to commit theft and murder. There was a third man, a man of rank, whose wife was a drunkard fallen so low that she sometimes came begging at his door, where her own children did not recognise her and shrank in horror from their mother.

One man felt justified in heaping curses on his son,

because he embezzled from his father. Any number of people came who were unhappy in their profession. Their work seemed painful constraint, a prison, a misfortune, the murder of their souls. And there was no escape from it because it was the sole means by which they could earn their daily bread. Among the galley slaves were military officers and city officials of high and low degree and representatives of every profession. Each of them sighed to be what he was not.

It naturally struck Emanuel and Dominik that these men, who in their own circle and in public life were generally unyielding in their hardness and pride, seemed to possess a high degree of humility and timorousness, even cowardice. Why did they seek him out in his dirty corner and ask counsel of him in his poverty, when very different advisers were at their command? They themselves said that their world was filled to the brim with cheating, lying, hypocrisy, hate, and all manner of wrong-doing. Each spied upon the other ready the instant he detected the least sign of weakness in his neighbour to pounce upon him and snatch away his all.

"For," they said, "modern society is based upon the unscrupulous warfare of interests. Woe to him who closes his eyes for an instant and ceases to deal blows right and left!"

Many came to Quint who complained of an abnormality in their natures, against which they struggled in vain. Among them were a number of extremely refined, gentle persons with a disposition for beauty, fidelity, and even death, some of them going about harbouring the thought of suicide. Dominik, too, seemed to have contemplated suicide, and he often discussed the subject with Quint.

But the troubles of most who came to Quint turned upon the acquisition and loss of money. Money cares poisoned their days and nights, ruined their lives. It seemed to Quint that our whole modern civilisation was an enforced orgy without spiritual significance, in which men and women took part for the sake of a weak, superficial intoxication, which left them with a bad taste in their mouths.

"Either the aim of society is the individual," said Dominik, "or the individual does not need society."

His opinion was that humanity has been debased to a sweating, groaning, cursing gang of labourers to turn the great machine of Moloch. In fact, humanity itself is part of the machine on a level with wheels, screws, rails, coal, and oil.

"That would not matter," said Quint, "if only the body of which we are a part were not evil and infected. Bad yeast makes the bread rancid. Like cancers hidden under clothes of silk and satin and jewels, sensuality, ambition, the instinct to murder, men's fear of their fellow-men are embedded in the body of civilisation. Who will make that body sound?"

His advice to each of his visitors was always the same.

"Bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you. Love your neighbour as yourself. Give to him that asketh, and whosoever robs you, exact not of him that of which he has robbed you. Whosoever shall smite you on your right cheek, turn to him the other also. Whosoever takes away your coat, let him have your cloak also."

On the whole Quint's answers were harmless. But one day a man came to him who asked what he should

do since he could not reconcile it with his conscience to use weapons and he had just been enlisted into military service. Quint said:

"Thou shalt not swear. Swear not allegiance to the king. Thou shalt not kill. Lay aside the sword that they will gird about your loins and take not the weapon that they will put into your hands."

"They will throw me into prison," said the man.

"Then remain in prison."

"They will spit upon me, curse me, maltreat me in every conceivable way, and outlaw me."

"That is what they did to Jesus Christ."

"But if they kill me?" asked the man.

"Then you must die," said Emanuel.

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Quint and Dominik and sometimes Hedwig Krause took long walks along the banks of the Oder or across the melancholy meadow flats of the sluggish Ohle. Occasionally they would untie a boat, which they had found in a solitary spot tied to a willow tree hanging low over the water, and go rowing. That year spring had set in early, and there were nights along the river of infinite sadness and beauty.

Curiously enough in the first two weeks of his stay at the Green Tree Emanuel never referred to his Messiah delusion in the presence of Hedwig or Dominik. He seemed to occupy himself exclusively with Hedwig's troubles and cares arising from her dissatisfaction with her profession, and with the world-weary philosophy of Dominik, who was devoted to him body and soul.

Dominik was always thinking of suicide.

Persons who reach old age seldom recall the crises of their youth and are not inclined to consider them

important. Yet life is as important in one period as in another for the reason that the same thing is always at stake, one's whole personality. Tragedy and heroism, numerous examples prove, are as genuine in youth as in later life, perhaps even more so. The moment in which the chaste, newly awakened idealism of a young gifted nature is struck as with a poisoned spear by the prevailing baseness of life, the stale vulgarity of the world, the wounded youth often takes that spear and resolutely, courageously thrusts it deeper into the heart of his own corporeal life. Year after year ships come sailing back with black sails from the labyrinth of the Minotaur.

Dominik's teachers would not allow him to come up for his final examinations, not on the ground of insufficient knowledge, but of moral delinquency. Dominik gave as the reason for his professors' opinion that he had been too self-sacrificing to his comrades. Though he could not be moved to practise the least deception on his own behalf, he had been persuaded to help some of his class-mates freely at examinations.

He was by no means filled with a sense of his own immorality. On the contrary this school of ethics which aroused his disgust was to him the embodiment of the dirty triviality of the world, with its ridiculous emphasis of the non-essential and its disregard of the essential, and he recoiled from the world with a feeling of deadly nausea.

Dominik has left a little volume of verses and a number of notes about Emanuel Quint. One evening when the dusky-red moon was hanging on the edge of the river meadows like a giant sphere, and he and Quint and Hedwig Krause were drifting in the boat, he recited some of his poems — the one and only time in his life.

His soul was like a wide-open blossom of royal beauty. It was as sensitive as a sensitive plant. And he ascribed the same sensitiveness to all the oppressed and disinherited.

Having nothing in common with any of the existing parties, he placed himself in the class of the despised and the crushed.

The conclusion of one of the poems he read that night in the boat was:

> "From childhood on, all men conniving
> Have heaped contempt on me.
> And now the end of all my striving
> A scornèd grave will be."

Dominik was a man of many-sided talents astonishingly learned and well-read for his age, with a vast knowledge of the natural sciences. He loved cosmologic and cosmogonic dreams. He spoke of the moral laws within us and the starry firmament above as of two equally great marvels. He held discourses to Emanuel Quint and Hedwig Krause, sprinkled with the names of Giordano Bruno, Herschel, and Kepler. With eyes glowing he described how Galileo in prison had said: "And yet it does move," and how mankind had always stoned its greatest benefactors. If he lived, he said, he would do his best with the people, through the people, among the people, and for the people.

As if by nature belonging to it, he joined the old romantic school. He loved Novalis who said, "Germanism is true popularity." He loved the whole group, because their free, bold thinking was never choked by rationalism. It recognised the mystery of existence and let it live.

Dominik combined the intellect for independent re-

search and pride in it with the mystical fervour of a rather Catholic Christianity, which inspired him with a soft, yearning lyricism.

Beside Novalis his favourite poet was Hölderlin. When alone he recited his poems by heart and went about carrying a well-thumbed "Hyperion" in his pocket.

This may make clear what it was that chained Dominik to Emanuel. It was above all the personality of Quint that attracted him. The most ordinary human being was a mystery to the young student. How much more so Quint, whose secret pretension he knew. Thus he rushed into the turbid atmosphere surrounding Quint in a state rather of artificial eagerness than blind credulity, yet with a conscious, resolute will, because he felt that the way of the master whom he had found led to a place which held out the greatest allurements for him, the joy of peace and paradise. This holy man, as he liked to call him, and as he called him from conviction, had, as it were, only strayed into the world like himself.

"Behold, the stranger is here, like you
An exile in his native land. Sad hours were
His lot. But early in his life
The happy day is nearing.
Deal kindly with the stranger. Few the joys
He has been granted here below. But in the midst
Of such friendly men he patiently
Awaits the great Day of Rebirth."

Strangely enough Quint in his intercourse with Dominik was free, plain and humanly simple. The student's presence had a restful effect upon him. They had entered into a sort of tacit yet firm pact, and the unison between them was almost magic in its completeness.

Dominik lodged in a disreputable place with some railway workmen. He had nailed a crucifix over his bed and placed another on the table beside his bed. Nevertheless he did not occupy himself much with the Bible, and he and Quint seldom discussed the Bible or any religious topic. A statement of Quint's once when the Saviour's name was mentioned had turned Dominik's head, or, as he himself thought, had enlightened him:

"Christ? I do not know Him. Or else I myself am Christ."

CHAPTER XXIV

It was not until ten days after he had received his commission that Martin Scharf arrived at the Green Tree with Gustav Quint. On the way to Giersdorf he had visited his own home and his parents' grave, where he prayed and in all seriousness told the dead under the sod that " it is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption," and the time was near when it was given to him to raise them from death. On his way through his native village he was accosted by the owner of his new home, who forced him to stay with him over Sunday so that they could go to court together the next day and take the final steps in the transfer of the property. After Martin left, the new owner told everybody he met that Martin Scharf was so crazy that it took every bit of one's own understanding to remain sane in his presence.

Old Quint by no means gave Martin a friendly reception. His wife, who every spring went out to sell vegetables, was away. Neither the father nor August would hear of Gustav's journey to Breslau, and for a long time there was nobody that could overcome his obstinacy. Finally at the end of about five days the mother came home and negotiations could be carried on more peaceably, though from her, too, Martin, respectable and confidence-inspiring though he was, found it difficult to wring consent.

She wept over Emanuel copiously and heaped reproaches upon him. In one and the same breath she

swore that he had not been right in his head from his very birth and that with all his talents and with all his opportunities he might have been the prop of the family. To everything that Martin related of him she had only one thing to say:

"The fool, the lazy good-for-nothing, the crank."

Finally, however, she agreed to let Gustav go with Martin, chiefly because Gustav himself pled so urgently.

"Well," was her bitter way of consenting, "you want to make my youngest one crazy, too."

For a whole day the carpenter's hut resounded with a violent domestic quarrel. At Mrs. Quint's suggestion Martin adjusted the matter with a dollar to her husband and a dollar to August, and the old carpenter silenced made off with his booty.

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Martin Scharf holding Gustav's hand presented himself to Quint with beaming eyes. Emanuel clasped his brother to his breast, and for the next three days Gustav was the one thing in the world to him. He seemed to have forgotten himself, his mission, his secret resolution, his Jesus mania, his past fate and future destiny, his disciples, his friends and enemies, everything except his brother. The behaviour of both of them was childlike and touching. Emanuel gave up his cot to Gustav and slept on the sofa. He asked Dominik and other companions of his to buy little trifles, which the boy had beheld in astonishment in show-windows. Among them was a little set of tools. For hours at a time Emanuel himself helped him with a pretty bit of work. At his request the disciples treated the boy to soda water, and took him to look at the wild animals in the menagerie. Intoxicated by all this

wealth of new impressions he looked up to Emanuel full of rapture and admiration.

Gustav was a delicate blond who by no means resembled the child of a peasant; and the very day of his arrival Emanuel presented him with marked pride to Hedwig at the entrance to the hospital. From Emanuel's expression it was evident he was thinking:

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven." And when a look of gravity suddenly overcast his face it meant, "Woe to thee if thou offend one of these little ones!" With his brother, Emanuel seemed all devotion. For a number of days in helpless dependence upon him, he looked upon the world out of his brother's eyes.

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Dominik was intimate with a waitress, a girl who had fallen into the power of the host of the tavern and beer-garden under the room in which Dominik lodged. The whole house was a low disreputable den, bearing the classic name of the Grove of the Muses, a name with which the much-vaunted present retroactively poisoned the pure air of Parnassus and turned that divine mountain of the past into a dust-heap.

Elise Schuhbrich, though resigned and without hopes, was deeply in love with Dominik. When eighteen years old she had given birth to a child, and as is usual in such cases had been turned out of the house by her father, inspector of a railroad station. He threatened to kill her if she ever let him see her in his home again.

Without means of support she naturally became every man's prey, was "legalised"— that is, illegalised — and finally found her way to that poisonous hole.

One day Elise appeared before Quint to confess all

her heart's woe, to unburden herself of all her misery.

"Your parents who curse you, your brothers and sisters who despise and condemn you, all who pronounce judgment upon you and your acts, judge according to the flesh. Sins are condemned by sin alone. I judge nobody,"— which showed that Quint's position was the same as that which in Christ has given rise to so much dispute. Laying his hand as in blessing on the head of the kneeling girl he added, "Arise! Thy sins be forgiven thee."

From that day Elise Schuhbrich, the despised waitress of the Grove of the Muses, idolised her father confessor. Since she was chained to her mean employment at the bar and did not wish to forego his and her lover's company, she managed that Quint and Dominik should come to the public-house in the evening and sit at one of the tables at which she served.

The amount of filth in which a man wallows by compulsion or of his own free will is not always proof of the filthiness of his soul.

In one of the rooms an old artist, a professor of painting, and several youthful artists of idealistic temperament met regularly. Some of them had succumbed to the depraving influence of drink and low erotics. The professor himself, always surrounded by an admiring swarm of pupils, was an inveterate bibber. His one meal a day consisted of a Bismarck herring drowned in vast quantities of beer and wine. He had a black faun's face, moist red faun's lips, and a tumbled head of black hair which hung over his sombre, sparkling eyes. Dominik sometimes joined this circle. The professor occasionally received him with a snicker and dubbed him "our Asra" and "our Sir Toggenburg," hinting at his relations with Elise Schuhbrich.

It created no slight sensation when Dominik, who had not showed up at the Grove of the Muses for about two weeks, one evening appeared again with Quint, his brother Gustav, and his eight peasant disciples. The professor could scarcely open his eyes wide enough — he usually sat with them half-closed. While all about him burst into laughter and gave the newcomers a noisy greeting, he kept his look fastened upon Quint as if disconcerted and alarmed, or as if by the light of the gas-jets in the heavy vapours of tobacco and drink it was impossible for him to decide whether the man were a real man and not a mere creation of his fevered brain.

Very various were the guests that sat at the different tables served by nine waitresses — the number of the muses — though they were alike in that most of them bore the mark of the Venus vulgivaga upon their low receding foreheads. People came here who to judge by their hands, clothes, and bearing were probably employed in the cattle-yard. Others showed by their seedy appearance that they were subordinate clerks in ill-ventilated offices. There were students in numbers. At a table by himself sat an athletic man with sly eyes and a bull's neck whose place was never disputed. He probably earned his living by snapping chains, lifting heavy weights, and tearing whole packs of cards at a time. Here was a young man who looked like an unsuccessful lawyer, there one who may have been a government employé, another who betrayed the clergyman on a trip from home. At a table near the bar there was always a noisy group of small traders. In short there was that melting-pot mixture of classes which arises when the major in citizen's garb and the non-commissioned officer, the aristocratic lord and the

head waiter, the clerk and the domestic servant harmoniously go fishing in the same reeking, stagnant pool.

As many of the guests as could see Quint and his companions immediately fastened their eyes upon him, and within a short time silence prevailed throughout the place, as if each of those chattering, gesticulating men had forgotten the end of his sentence. For an instant the topers even interrupted themselves in their drinking and the gluttons bent over their tough beefsteaks with greedily popping eyes, stopped chewing and gazed at Quint and his queer retinue. It was not until some time had passed that they were all back again at their eating, drinking, and jabbering, at their rough jesting with the waitresses, all of whom had immediately rushed to serve the remarkable saint.

When he appeared again about five days later the girls had already jokingly acquainted the guests with his mania. They made merry over the Fool in Christ, Emanuel Quint, who had opened his new church in a public-house with girl waitresses, and whose symbol was not the cross but the red light. Nevertheless Quint compelled the respect of an insane man, and several days elapsed before a few here and there made bold to tease him openly.

Gradually Quint's presence attracted a number of very different men, and the table at which he and not the picturesque professor draped in a light Roman cloak was the centre became longer and longer. The conversation in which Emanuel seldom joined turned upon art, literature, the various branches of science, and social-philosophic questions. It became known where Quint was to be found most days in the week; and one evening Benjamin Glaser and Kurt Simon,

who was serving a voluntary term of one year in the army in Breslau, joined the table.

Later the world reproached Emanuel and concluded that he was a moral degenerate, not only because he himself spent his evenings in that disreputable environment but because he brought his brother Gustav along and even ruined Hedwig Krause's reputation, so that she was expelled from the rank of deaconesses under the protectorship of the Gurau Lady and had to continue her work in the non-sectarian Red Cross Society — all this because she one evening visited the Grove of the Muses with Dr. Hülsebusch and sat at the table with Quint.

Gustav clung to his brother with pitiful devotion. To Quint's educated young acquaintances, who observed a fascinating, often awe-inspiring similarity between the career of this dangerous eccentric Quint and the life and character of the true Saviour, the boy seemed to be the most fervent, the most believing of his disciples. Gustav's child's eyes, without a shadow of doubt to dim the purity of their faith, confessed how his brother was all in all to him — friend, protector, lord and saviour, his God, his idol. The boy lived to be only fourteen years old. Perhaps had his life been longer, he might have had a career similar to Quint's.

One day a man by the name of Weissländer, who had been a plasterer and was now preparing himself in design at the art school, openly blamed Quint for bringing the boy to the bar-room.

"We have only a brief while to spend together. The hours, ay, the minutes that belong to us are numbered. Our parting is at hand, and you cannot know under what sign we live, for what hour of the day and year and for what purpose we have been granted to each other. For we wander far from here

hither and thither, and although we are here, we are not here. We are not with you, nor are you with us. What you seek here we do not seek, and to that which you find here we are blind. The eyes of the angels sanctify what they look upon. Do you think that he is less than an angel?"

"Highfalutin nonsense," said Weissländer, at which everybody — the professor most vociferously — ordered him to be silent.

"It is the words of the devil and the eyes of the devil," Quint concluded, "that make heaven and earth common."

"You are nothing but a low hussy, Minna," said somebody at the neighbouring table by way of jest, giving the waitress who had brought him beer a slap on the back.

"You might have cut that out," said Dominik turning to the stranger. He had noticed that the waitress spilled half the beer and was heroically choking back her tears.

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In those days Emanuel's demeanour gave the impression of radiant self-assurance and fearlessness. His walk, his bearing, his look breathed a proud liberty. To the disciples he seemed almost commanding. Dominik in his exuberance of youthful enthusiasm said to Kurt Simon and Benjamin that in his eyes the carpenter's son was a born genius, a born prince of the spirit, a king and ruler of a spiritual kingdom of heaven. With the marks of omniscient pain on his arched brow he was the true *crucifixus* on earth.

When the time came for Gustav to return home, Quint's disciples and friends could not remain un-

touched at the sight of Quint's emotion. Dibiez was to escort the boy, and Quint, his disciples, and several friends including Hedwig Krause, Benjamin Glaser, Kurt Simon, and the inseparable Dominik accompanied the two on foot as far as Schmolz. It was a glorious Sunday morning. All the bells of the Breslau church towers, the old cathedral, St. Magdeleine and St. Elizabeth, rang far out into the green fields mingling with the joyous song of the larks.

On the whole way his disciples and even his friends remained at the usual distance behind Emanuel. His friends, especially Dominik, took care that his tender melancholy and solemnity should not be disturbed by the grossly naïve questioning of the disciples. Quint held his right arm about the boy's shoulder and clasped his right hand in his. The boy clinging to his idolised brother leaned his pale, ecstatic face against him. There was a hard lump in his throat, and tears ran down his cheeks. Before entering the fourth-class compartment at the station in Schmolz, he threw himself on Quint's breast, and Quint said to him:

"If you live, you will follow in my footsteps. If you live, you will do the works of the Son of man. You will descend to hell, I say to you, and on the third day you will arise. But if it has been destined otherwise, you will be in paradise with me even sooner."

Though he spoke in a low tone Dominik, Hedwig Krause, and Martin Scharf overheard what he said.

CHAPTER XXV

On the homeward way his friends and disciples formed a little congregation about Quint devoutly listening to his words. The master's pain, the master's melancholy created an atmosphere of sadness, in which they all breathed.

"Do you not feel expectation everywhere in nature? When you listen, when you sink yourself in nature, do you not feel painful thrills of joy, does it not become clear to you that everything about you is waiting, is temporary, and not final? Have you never wished to be there where the waves of spirit pouring from you — your senses are spirit — come to an end? Have you never been beset by an ardent passion to begin at the outermost limit? — He that hath the understanding let him understand."

Dominik ventured to interpose:

"Suicide is the real beginning of all philosophy. Suicide is the only act that has all the marks of the transcendental."

Unsuspecting, Kurt Simon and Benjamin Glaser asked simultaneously:

"What's that Dominik? Do you mean to say you want to commit suicide?"

"You do not understand me," he said.

Without heeding the interruption Quint walking along the road edged with grass and daisies continued to wander deeper into the mystic stretches of his soul.

"Nature everywhere is expectation. Do you think

that the clamour of the larks over our heads is final? I say unto you, it does not contain as much of the truth as there is in the report of a messenger who heard the report of another messenger who knows of a third messenger about whom it is said that he learned a breath of the truth.

"Verily, if you have not certainty and faith as this child that left me you will remain far from the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever despises one of these little ones, it were better he hung a mill-stone about his neck and were drowned. Should he live as a God-forsaken corpse? God is spirit, and where the spirit is not, there is death even if the body be alive. Whosoever kills in the right sense, he makes alive in the right sense. But whosoever makes alive in the false sense, he commits murder."

An expression of a shy, secret hope betrayed itself in a maidenly blush on Dominik's face.

"I think," said Kurt Simon, "that in our world today, the child, the boy, and even the young man suffer from disrespect."

"That is true," said Emanuel. "Yet we must base our earthly preaching on hope where there is nothing to hope, as the apostles did who came after me"—Kurt Simon, Benjamin Glaser, and Hedwig Krause started with a sense of shock, while the others were thrilled with a holy shudder—"the apostles who, as it is written, like myself 'against hope believe in hope.'

"A thousand years with the Lord are as one day, a day that was yesterday and is past. And yet a day will come even to this terrestrial darkness. But when that day is at hand the sons of man and the daughters of man shall see the countenance of my God. They shall no longer merely dream and prophesy, for the

spirit shall be poured out upon all flesh, and the last like the first shall have life and knowledge.

"For it is the spirit above that giveth life. The flesh availeth naught. God is a spirit. Await with all flesh the future of our God, the Lord. I tell you, He will enkindle a fire in your sons and daughters by which He will be born again in your sons and daughters, and thenceforth the mystery of the kingdom will no longer be the light hidden under a bushel. The son of man and the daughter of man will resemble the lightning in the glory of their days. They will resemble brothers and sisters of the lightning which darts from heaven and will shine upon everything that is in heaven and under the heaven. Wait!"

"How shall we know?" asked blacksmith John, "that the day of the Son of man is no longer far off?"

"My children," said Quint, "know by me that it is at hand. Would you doubt my testimony? Who should bear more valid testimony to the Son of man than the son of man? Who should bear more valid testimony to the spirit of the Father and the spirit of the Son of God? The Father's Spirit gives testimony to my spirit that I may bear testimony to Him in this world. Whosoever among you know not of whose spirit I am the child and that the words which I speak are spirit and life, he is far from the kingdom of God."

"We all know it," cried the disciples.

Emanuel smiled quietly and looked from one to the other with the same kindly smile.

"You said, 'Wait,'" observed Krezig, the rag-picker, who in great perturbation followed Quint's speech with strained attention. "Then are you not He who is to come? Must we wait for another?"

"I am he that knows and he that seeks," replied Quint. "But you are they that know not and see not. Therefore I say to you, Believe, since ye are of little knowledge. And he that believeth in me shall not believe in me but in Him that sent me. Therefore if you blaspheme against me, you blaspheme against the Son of man. And verily, as I have said, love your enemies, bless them that curse you and I will love and bless you. But if you blaspheme against the Ghost, you blaspheme against the Son of God, and set Satan as a Lord over you."

They were now drawing near the city. Quint pointed to the dusky cloud of smoke hanging over it.

"Satan is the liar, the criminal from the beginning. He is the lie and the father of the lie. He is the crime against the Ghost and the father of the crime against the Ghost. Satan is the lord of laws. Satan locked God and men in prison. Satan sits on Peter's chair. Satan holds the key of hell like a sceptre in his hand, and promises to open the kingdom of heaven with it. Satan has turned men into devils, and idols of wood, marble, bronze and painted canvas into saints. But I say unto you, wood, bronze, marble, canvas cannot sanctify man. It is man alone who can sanctify them. Therefore shall ye become holy men of God.

"You are the temples of God, temples that walk and are filled with God's spirit. There are no other temples, no temples of stone and metal, no temples with towers in which brazen bells hang. God's mouth is not of iron, and his tongue is not a bell's clapper of brass. Who would give God an iron mouth and a tongue of iron? Is he sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal? No, God is the spirit. We know that He alone is the

spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of truth and knowledge, and the spirit of love.

"A man may be the servant of another man, but he shall not be God's servant. They that wear priests' robes, preach from the pulpits, sell grace, apportion rigorously, and call themselves ministers and servants of God are in truth ministers and servants of Satan. Satan alone has ministers and servants. God knows not ministers or servants. God is far more a servant of man than willing to lower men to be servants of Him. I tell you, God exalts men. Otherwise they would be godless. And whosoever is debased before God, the devil alone has debased him. But I who am debased by men am exalted by the Father, who has exalted Himself in me.

"Enter the churches where with hardened, crippled souls they worship bones and the corpse of Him that Satan killed, instead of themselves being the angels and vessels of the spirit. Wherewith will they serve God except with God? What can they offer God from the poverty of their servitude? Think you He wishes to be a Father of beaten dogs, of whining slaves in chains, or takes delight in planting His feet on their necks? Verily, I see the time when your churches, your pulpits, your judges' seats, your altars, where they give men abominable things to eat, will sink under the earth, which will sprout eternally under the free footsteps of the children of God."

It is evident how the scriptural words of the first genuine Messiah alternated in kaleidoscopic change with the words of this new Messiah, and how the same thoughts kept grouping and regrouping themselves in new forms. It seemed as if with each word he uttered

a power was at work which brought out everything from within as if with the breath of the first creation. At any rate his words emboldened and refreshed his listeners, though his ideas were intoxicating and enrapturing rather than enlightening.

Later when the young people were alone together, Benjamin Glaser with curious tensity asked Dominik what he thought of Quint's statement in regard to the apostles that came after him.

"If you want a rationalistic answer, you have come to the wrong man. I am too greatly under his spell. Novalis says, 'Every enchantment is the result of partial identification with the enchanted,' and I, the enchanted man, am identified with this magician. I understand him, I know him, I feel him at every turn. He has forced me to see, to believe, to feel everything as he will. And with the exception of you and Mr. Simon, hasn't he exerted the same power over all his companions?

"In place of an answer I will again quote Novalis — a short dialogue of his. I think a life without magic can be conceived only by superficial thinkers. I am certain that eighteen years before, when I happened to be born, was not the first time I entered the universe. Here is the dialogue.

"'Who told you about me?' asked the pilgrim. 'Our mother.' 'Who is your mother?' 'The mother of God.' 'Since when have you been here?' 'Since I left the grave.' 'Did you ever die before?' 'How could I be alive otherwise?'"

"Then you believe in the transmigration of souls?" asked Glaser.

"I don't know what would be gained if I didn't. Is it less of a wonder if I was born for the first time?

And in our own narrow field of vision do we not see how everything is endlessly renewed? And beyond that narrow field, which our weak consciousness illumines, is there not the field of eternity and infinity? "

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In the meantime the police had begun to take notice of the doings in the Green Tree, and had extracted information from the neighbours and the host himself. The host spoke favourably of Quint because since Quint had been with him he sold more beef-steaks and horse meat sausages in his butcher shop and more beer and drinks in his restaurant. He treated the police officer with whom he was on good terms and assured him that Quint and his following were nothing but harmless religious cranks.

Therese Katzmarek and Martha Schubert had discovered Emanuel's whereabouts and had found situations in Breslau in factories not far from the Green Tree. They used every opportunity to visit their idol. The host explained to the police officer that the womenfolk usually came before nightfall for prayer-meeting. Quint's disciples conducted prayer-meetings several times a day in a back room of the inn. Emanuel himself never attended them. They were always quiet and orderly, as the host said, and he thought it spoke well for them that one evening some Social Democrats coming home from a meeting and hearing the singing of hymns had thrown a large stone into the room. For all the appetite and thirst that the host's friend, the police officer, displayed, he also displayed a certain tenacity in interrogation, and asked for information about Dominik, Hedwig Krause, Benjamin Glaser, Kurt Simon, and all the rest of Quint's visitors. The host

did not dare to pass over in silence the fact that the agitator Kurowski had one day come to see Quint.

But what the people wanted of Quint neither the host nor his wife knew. They had overheard things that had been said in his room — of course purely by accident, because their laundry-room was directly next to his. They could assure the officer that nothing unseemly had ever happened, not even when women of the street were closeted with him. The hosts had even noticed girls who expected to become mothers. So far as they knew, though they had come to him in their despair hoping he would help them, he had never dispensed any drugs or perpetrated anything of a suspicious nature. Some of the girls left comforted by his words. Others had gone away disappointed.

CHAPTER XXVI

Finally that much-discussed evening came when the circle which met in the Grove of the Muses was broken up, and the visits to that evil resort ceased.

It was the evening that Hedwig Krause was there. For protection she had asked Dr. Hülsebusch, a man of irreproachable morals, to escort her. As a matter of fact Dr. Hülsebusch had long wanted to observe for himself the rôle Quint was playing in that disreputable quarter. It was then not quite safe to attend meetings of such circles, because the government everywhere scented a tendency to conspiracy, and a sort of exceptional law was being enforced with draconic vigour. That very severity provoked obstinate, fanatic resistance, and contributed to the formation of bold revolutionary ideas in many good young heads. A mighty social upheaval which was to regenerate the world was in all seriousness counted upon at the very latest in the year 1900. As the poor peasant workmen who had followed the Fool awaited the millennium and the New Jerusalem, so the Socialists and the young intellectuals closely allied to the Socialists in their views awaited the Socialistic, social, and therefore ideal, state of the future.

The utopia like a gay narcotic cloud hovered over many tables, where persons of various classes discussed politics enlivened by the fumes of beer and tobacco. Whatever the name by which they called their ideal, whether social state, liberty, paradise, millennium, or

kingdom of heaven, it arose from the same spiritual craving for redemption, purity, happiness, and perfection. This utopian cloud ever assuming different forms always hung over the heads of the circle at Quint's table in the Grove of the Muses.

Hedwig Krause's parents would have been not a little shocked to see their daughter sitting beside Quint in such surroundings. Professor Mendel, the superintendent of the hospital in which she worked, was a renowned scientist and physician of a liberal turn of mind. Even aside from Dr. Hülsebusch and Hedwig he took an interest in Quint. A lover of music and personally acquainted with the most eminent German writers and artists, he made his home at the outskirts of the city a social centre which became well known in Germany. His wife, a woman of some means and childless, supported talented young artists, and had adopted one of them, the painter Bernhard Kurz.

Once, when Hedwig was visiting Professor Mendel, he said to her:

"A woman like you can go anywhere without harm to herself."

With this and the sight of Bernhard Kurz, who sat not far from her at table, to encourage her she soon lost the sense of uncertainty and discomfort that had come upon her when she entered the notorious resort. Besides, she was not the only woman present. Opposite her next to a very large man resembling a Russian peasant sat a young woman, who kept looking up with an air of languishing dependence at her neighbour's small, bleared, blinking pig's eyes almost hidden behind his heavy brows and lashes matching his heavy shock of hair and beard. He was a poet, almost always without a roof over his head or

enough to eat and drink. The down from his feather bed was still clinging to his unkempt hair, and he kept on his long caftan-like overcoat because there was no other garment between it and his shirt. Every now and then he would jot down notes on a sheet of paper. His name was Peter Hullenkamp and his friend's name was Annette von Rhyn. His was an apostle-like figure. To Kurt Simon he seemed like a hermit in the forest, to Dominik like a cynical philosopher of ancient times. He was indeed a man not of the age in which he lived. Behind his stiff, mighty brow a remote future and a remote past formed an eternally fermenting fairy tale. Annette von Rhyn, who trotted beside him everywhere like Antigone beside Œdipus, was completely immersed in this seething fairy tale — she by him and he by her. She called him alternately the king of Taprobane, the king of the seven floating silver isles, the keeper of the hanging gardens of Semiramis. For four weeks she addressed him as the Duke of Ophir, the next four weeks he was her Haroun-al-Raschid, and while she picked the fleas from him they lived in palaces served by hundreds of slaves, sitting at tables heavily laden with fruits, spices, and drinks.

Beside Hedwig Krause and Annette von Rhyn there was a third woman, Josefa Schweglin who had the courage to visit the disreputable place and the Fool of the Green Tree, as Quint was now called. She was a Russian-Polish girl who had studied in Switzerland, was in sympathy with what Turgenev calls nihilism, and held extremely individualistic opinions. She had a great capacity and passion for mathematics and a still stronger passion for the struggles of the lower classes for life and liberty. Her watchword was,

" Everything with the people, for the people, through the people," though she came of a proud aristocratic family and like many of her Russian and Polish sisters had been bred to silk clothes, horses and carriages, servants and governesses.

In this circle of educated, intellectual people Quint's peasant disciples were somewhat shy and taciturn. But they kept their eyes, glowing with a mystic flame, fastened upon their Messiah whom they had bought at the cost of ardent self-sacrifice. Their eyes created a spell which he could not but feel and which was not to be treated lightly. There was no escaping it. Those simple men though modest and timid, perhaps, would not allow themselves to be done out of a penny of that which they thought they had a right to demand from Quint. Woe! woe! if some day he should stand before them exposed as a swindler.

Emanuel for his part had finished his reckoning with life, thereby gaining a full sense of independence and freedom. But he was well aware that life here in the city was clutching at him with a thousand new tentacles. Though he clearly sensed the indifference and hatred of the large mass, he nevertheless felt that more and more eyes were turned upon him with tense expectation, and he knew that nothing short of a final, supernatural revelation would satisfy them. No forward or backward step here. Often when drifting alone in the boat on the Oder, he thought of diving into the river and disappearing. But he hoped and waited with almost feverish longing for another sort of death, a death he dimly foresaw in the unknown but surely awaited. Every evening that did not bring death brought disappointment, the sun of each new

day that shone into his chamber found him disenchanted.

While the circle that had gathered about his table and many outside the circle looked to the unmasking of the wondrous man as to an act of redemption, powerful waves were flooding his own soul, rolling forward to death through the decree of fate as to an act of redemption.

Dominik had said to his love, Elise Schuhbrich, that Quint was a man who walked upon earth in sublime spiritual grandeur. His whole being was elevated to the divine, his feet scarcely touching the flat grossness of the low environment in which she moved. In fact Emanuel had ebullitions of the supernaturally great and sublime. He himself repeatedly said to Dominik that he felt closer to the invisible than the visible. Schubert the weaver said he was already half in heaven.

On the whole his position at the table, where his disciples adored him, where the professor considered him a good model and a sensational fool, and one young artist considered him a genius and another a simpleton, was ridiculous rather than enviable, especially since everybody, through the forcible impression of his personality, was uncertain in the bottom of his soul whether Emanuel Quint was a simple, genuine fool or a conscious, arrant rogue. Those who were wholly devoted to Quint and firmly believed in his single-heartedness with a belief tinged with mysticism but devoid of bigotry were the Polish girl, Josefa Schweglin, the poet Peter Hullenkamp, Kurt Simon, Benjamin Glaser, and above all Hedwig Krause, Elise Schuhbrich, and Dominik.

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That evening the company was more numerous than ever before. For a time they discussed commonplaces, while the people sitting in the other rooms and at the other tables made fun of them. A group of half-drunken clerks, in lowered voices alternately sang the hymn, "*Ach bleib mit deiner Gnade!*" and "*Du bist verrückt, mein Kind, du musst nach Berlin!*"

Though few waggons passed by in the small street, the dull roar of a great city penetrated the closed shutters and rose above the clatter of the beer seidels and the shrill orders of the waitresses.

Dr. Hülsebusch, the common-sense man, had made up his mind thoroughly to test Hedwig's idol. While the rest of the company, divided into little groups, were discussing various questions he entered into the pros and cons of vivisection with Dominik. Dominik was strongly opposed to vivisection. Dr. Hülsebusch on the contrary considered all the horrible tortures imposed upon animals in the service of science as necessary for the good of humanity.

"Death begets death," Dominik said. "Even if it is a crime against mere animals, humanity would reap nothing but the curse inherent in every crime. Besides, mankind already possesses such vast treasures of knowledge that the only thing needful to rid itself of the majority of the ills against which artificial means are now employed is to use all that knowledge against the mass of brutal inanity in the world based upon low, narrow self-seeking."

"Then you are against the right of unrestricted research?" said Dr. Hülsebusch.

"Vivisection is a mean thing," the professor shouted across the table several times.

"Gentlemen, if you limit the freedom of research,"

cried Dr. Hülsebusch, "how shall we ever arrive at tolerable conditions for all?"

"Science," cried a man at the next table, "has led us backward not forward."

"A man who makes such a statement," rejoined Dr. Hülsebusch, "knows as much of science as a cab-horse of playing piano."

The man from the next table who had imbibed pretty freely came over to Quint's table and began to tell of a certain trouble, which he preferred not to mention by name, from which he had been suffering for four years. He had had at least fifteen physicians to treat him and yet it was growing worse and worse.

"God himself could not cure you," cried Dr. Hülsebusch, "if suffering with a trouble like yours for four years you still frequent a place like this. In time," he continued, "we shall learn with the help of science to control nature."

"If we only learned to control ourselves," said Dominik.

"What good is all your self-control," asked Dr. Hülsebusch, "in the teeth of such fearful enemies of mankind as cholera, small-pox and tuberculosis? That's where we physicians come in."

"As far as I can make out, fresh air, exercise, sun and soap constitute the medical gospel," interjected Benjamin Glaser.

Now Quint spoke. His educated listeners felt a degree of compassionate embarrassment at his antique biblical form of thought; but for that they were all the more courteous in their attention.

"Satan," he said in a voice now ringing hollow, now subdued to softer tones, "is the enemy and murderer from the beginning. Whosoever forms one body and

one spirit with God has eternal life. Satan alone brought sickness and death into the world. Satan's curse under which we live means enmity, hate, self-seeking, law, and sin propagating itself through the law. Will anyone say that sickness is aught else than sin? The devil was the beginning of law; and the end of law — the end therefore of sin and sickness — will be Christ."

Elise Schuhbrich was standing behind Dominik's chair with both arms over his shoulder, her serious, somewhat weary little face under heavy blond braids turned devoutly toward Quint. Her lover holding both her hands in his also kept his eyes fixed upon Quint.

The agitator Kurowski now entered the tavern, greeted Quint, hung his overcoat on the clothes-horse, took a little mirror from his pocket, combed himself, ordered beer, chucked the waitress under the chin, and seated himself between Kurt Simon and Josefa Schweglin.

"All very well," said Dr. Hülsebusch taking care not to show that he thought Emanuel Quint insane, "but we can't tell that to sick people who come to us wanting to be cured. I will be open with you. I am an opponent of Christianity. I hold with Goethe, Schiller and all our great philosophers that the Christian teachings introduced an element into European civilisation antagonistic to human life. Take for instance Christianity's condemnation and desecration of sex life. The evil it has wrought by that alone is immeasurable. It placed the process of sex love by which human beings are brought into life on the same level as the process by which men rid themselves of their excrement, in fact on a lower level. To my mind Christianity is the cancer that's been eating into

the social body for centuries and is doing so even today."

A murmur went through the circle of disciples. Anton Scharf was about to burst out in his sputtering way, but a word from the master silenced him.

"A husbandman went out to sow his seeds. And as he sowed some fell on the way and were crushed, and the fowl of the air ate them up. And some fell on the rock and dried up. And some fell among the thorns, and the thorns grew and choked them. And some fell in good soil. But when they were about to sprout, the enemy came in the night and sowed tares among the wheat. And the year was a bad one. There was frost and drought, mildew and hail, and at the harvest there were few grains of wheat left."

"He might express himself more clearly. It wouldn't hurt his voice," Weissländer remarked cynically.

Josefa Schweglin, who purposely used the same form of speech as the disciples, said:

"Then what you mean, master, is that our present-day Christianity is the rock, the thorns, the hail, the drought, the mildew, in brief, everything but the original wheat of the sower. Very well. But is there even a grain of the old wheat left?"

Quint instead of answering asked:

"What should be done if a grain of the old wheat were left?"

"It should be sowed in good soil."

"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone and bringeth forth no fruit. You have spoken well," said Quint.

"If I understand you rightly," remarked Kurowski, "you are by no means a Christian in the sense of the

Christianity at present prevailing, whether Roman Catholic, Greek Catholic, or Protestant."

"I am the Resurrection and the Life," said Quint.

This remark produced a general stir among his listeners. They could not have exactly stated what the nature of the effect of his words upon them was. Each of them, whether a Christian whose religious sentiment was offended, or one who was merely shocked by the extravagance of the claim, or one who was on the alert for more revelations from the lunatic — each, even Dr. Hülsebusch, felt an inexplicable thrill pass through his body. Every eye was fixed upon the new Messiah. He himself was caught by the false glamour as by something supernatural. Never was there such passion, such torturing desire to penetrate the mystery of a mind.

"I say to you, the mystery of the kingdom, the grain of mustard seed in the field of humanity, is unselfishness." Quint again quoted sentences from the Sermon on the Mount, such as, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that despitefully use you, and persecute you."

"If living up to those principles and if unselfishness as practised to-day constitute the kingdom of God on earth I must say it is certainly not any larger than a grain of mustard seed," said Josefa Schweglin.

"Evolution," declared Dr. Hülsebusch, "the state, civilisation, are not to be based on unselfishness. Struggle, self-seeking remain the most potent motive factors. The domination of Christianity for two thousand years on account of this false tendency has been nothing but a prodigious hypocrisy, a monstrous fiasco. The world is propped on selfishness, nations are maintained by selfishness, selfishness dictates and inspires all

the large and petty transactions among men. The church proclaims its rule in the name of God, and in return demands servitude in the name of God. The lords want to get the better of the lords and the slaves; the slaves want to get the better of the slaves and the lords. There is not an individual in the mad struggle of interests who is not his own fortress. Then shall he be unselfish and let his fortress be razed to the ground? The most barren principle there can be, I maintain, is unselfishness. Because anyone who would want to carry it out in practice to its logical conclusion, that is, anyone who would secure peace at any cost, would have to leave the arena, the battle-ground, he would have to quit life voluntarily. Suicide, would be the true Christian act, the only final consequence of Christian teachings."

"Kill selfishness, and if you cannot kill it in any other way, then kill yourself. He that loveth his life shall lose it, and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal, I tell you."

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Benjamin Glaser who may have drunk a bit too hastily, had been sitting with his head leaning on his hand and with his eyes unwaveringly fastened upon Quint. The words and looks of the Fool of the Green Tree seemed to drag him unresisting into a whirling vortex. He sprang from his seat and said in a loud quivering voice:

"Master, what shall I do to be worthy of you and to partake of the eternal life of which you speak?"

Kurt Simon attempted to pull Benjamin back into his seat and persuade him to control himself.

"We are intelligent people and artists," said the professor. "We are not hysterical women."

"For goodness' sake, don't make a scene," said Bernhard Kurz. "We'll make laughing-stocks of ourselves. The people will begin to notice us."

"That's going too far," said Weissländer. "Shall we let a few high school youngsters disgrace us forever?"

Now Peter Hullenkamp solemnly rose to the full height of his apostle-like figure.

"Let him speak, I say. You are a stale, flat, unprofitable, godless generation without the faintest suspicion of the true spirit of Christianity. Drink your beer and smoke your cigars, but do not spit out the dirt of your souls when a worm which has been lying in the dust as a chrysalis for the first time spreads its butterfly wings." Here he turned to Benjamin Glaser and tossed off a glass of whiskey. "Forward," he said, "ever forward, young idealist. Do not allow yourself to be intimidated."

The poet's speech along with the draught of whiskey produced general laughter.

Benjamin in the meantime stood there his face pale, unmoved by all the protestations.

"Why should I be intimidated?" he said. "I think when one is going through an experience like ours and feels he is near a decisive moment in his life everything else is trivial." Benjamin stopped to find words and Dominik sprang up and embraced him.

"Yes," he cried in a loud voice, "I am nothing but a high school youngster, but mayn't high school youngsters who confront life hopelessly because it disgusts them, mayn't they be seekers of God?"

"It would be better for you," shouted Hülsebusch,

"to make physical or chemical experiments and try to find out by what process egg albumen can be obtained from inorganic matter. We must learn to make bread of stones. That would solve the great social question, and you would become a genuine benefactor of mankind."

"Bread?" queried Dominik in a tone of contempt, shrugging his shoulders. "Your scientific bread is too dry for me. If at least you had said manna."

"The doctor is unquestionably right," cried Kurowski. "Either God cannot be found, although thousands and thousands of past generations have tried to find him, or he has been found. In which case, I must say, it would not be worth the while to hunt him. Of what use is a God to me if after hundreds of thousands of years of reflection he has not succeeded in solving the social problem or isn't interested in it?"

All now began to speak at once. In the babel it was impossible to distinguish any coherent statements. The man who had complained about physicians kept repeating:

"Unselfishness would be an extremely dry sort of morality."

A man from one of the other tables who had come up and was holding a bad cigar aloft between two fingers as if from politeness, said:

"I do not hesitate to admit that I am a sinner and in certain respects a believer. Jesus is far more to me than a great man. I am a sinner. I hope for the forgiveness of sins and the eternal bliss that the Saviour has promised us. But I tell you, if His heaven were nothing but unselfishness, Jesus would have been the greatest cheat that ever lived. Of course he was not a cheat."

Weissländer returned with red rims under his eyes from a short absence with one of the waitresses. He shouted for beer; he beat his fist on the table.

"It's a piece of vulgarity," he cried, "to drag what is holiest in the mud."

"Even in this environment I do not consider myself dirty," said Bernhard Kurz tranquilly rolling a cigarette. "You probably know that the founder of the Christian religion was no society lion. His disciples were common fishermen and workmen. I am not very sure of my Bible, but it seems to me that somewhere in the Bible I read, 'Christ receiveth sinners and eateth with them.' Perhaps the gentleman does not know"— he meant Weissländer —"that the so-called gentiles called the first Christian communities beggars' assemblies. And as for the use of biblical questions, it is said, 'Search the Scriptures!'"

Dominik cried:

"Who is it that have most abused the pure words of the Bible? The hundreds of thousands that have degraded them to the purposes of the powers that be and debased them to the knout, the thumb-screw, the stake — I mean all those low, lying, wily, egoistic, quarrelsome, gross, infamous, superficial, stupidly vain, puffed with false pride, cringing, arrogant, lustful, lecherous priests — of course not the good ones — I mean those that are considered good under the dirt of their canonical vestments. It is they, not we, who dishonour the word of God. Why should they need the Saviour? Don't they enjoy cannibalistic ease on earth? Tell me what does one of your fat, well-fed priests know of the passion of the Son of man? Look at his face. He hasn't even got a face. They have simply turned Christianity into a milch-cow. They

do not know or do not need the Saviour, and the Saviour does not know or does not need them. But these nine waitresses here who have been used up, who are despised by those priests and all the world, who are dishonoured and maltreated, rejected by all Christian society, who languish in misery and disease, they do indeed need Him. Oh, how the world disgusts me! How it disgusts me!"

A nasty scene might have followed Dominik's harangue if Elise Schuhbrich almost crying had not begged a long-haired, good-looking young pianist belonging to the circle to go to the piano and play. He pounded away until the disputants desisted from sheer inability to hear their own voices.

But somebody had already informed the smeary publican of Dominik's insults, and the waitresses almost neglected their work discussing with each other how to prevent trouble from their cruel, unscrupulous, bestial exploiter, who had worked his way up from a procurer to the heights of his present position. They knew there was much to fear from his roughness, his revengefulness, and his readiness to resort to violence.

The guests saw the man approaching slowly. He was undersized and short-necked, his hair parted with the precision of a wig. With his piercing black eyes and little waxed mustache, he might have been one of those managers of travelling circuses who give themselves high-sounding Italian names. He was still known as Black Charlie. Everybody knew it was for lack of complete evidence that he escaped the penitentiary or the gallows in a case in which a factory-owner had been found murdered under enigmatical circumstances. Among his women, in whose beds men

of all ranks succeeded one another, where the place of a criminal still warm was taken by a police captain, or the place of a country gentleman still warm was taken by a safe-blower, not one for an instant believed in Black Charlie's innocence. It was said he had collected the capital for setting up the Grove of the Muses solely by extortion.

Everybody feared Black Charlie's anger. Often a perfectly harmless word would offend him. His nature like that of many criminals was fiery, vain, sensual and avaricious. He was a dreaded idol of the purchasable girls, a position which he resolutely maintained.

He planted himself squarely near the long table, and despite all the attempts of the waitresses to calm him, he began to cock his eye threateningly now at Quint, now at Dominik. That frightened Hedwig, and she asked Dr. Hülsebusch to pay the bill and escort her back to the hospital. The pianist was now playing softly, and all the sensible people at Quint's table were trying to bring the conversation back within rational bounds and cover up Dominik's indiscretion. All sorts of erudite, religious, historical questions were bandied about. They spoke of Paracletus, the Church Fathers, hundreds of Christian sects beginning with the earliest Christian communities, the Essenes, Therapeutæ, the Nazarenes, Ebionites, Donatists, Montanists, and Chiliasts.

"The Chiliasts especially," said a young student, a friend of Dr. Hülsebusch, "with their expectation of the millennium keep working the worst mischief in the heads of the credulous."

Another added:

"So does the belief in Christ's return. The strength of the Christian delusion despite a thousand years of

disillusionment is the greatest obstacle to a healthy spiritual life."

Suddenly there was silence. Black Charlie, ominously pale, forced his way up to Dominik and planted himself in front of him. Dominik jumped from his seat.

"See here," said Black Charlie, "did you say I was an exploiter?"

"I didn't mean just you," replied Dominik. The boy was not a little frightened. Black Charlie's coarse rough voice, the whole man, disgusted him. All of a sudden the host had him by the throat, and the next instant Dominik found himself outside on the street.

The professor and all of those seated at Quint's table, with the exception of Weissländer and a few others, arose. Their shouts of disapproval and indignation evoked a veritable salvo of approval from the other tables and rooms.

"Dirty Socialists, Anarchists!" came from all over.

Encouraged by this support Black Charlie was led to go still further in the defence of his honour. His anger redoubled when he saw all the guests rise from Quint's table.

"That fellow has been bothering me for some time," he shouted. "He is a student, and instead of studying he knocks around here and struck up relations with a waitress. I am sorry I didn't throw him out at once. As for you"— he went up close to Quint whose expression did not change —"don't you dare to come here again with your gang."— He was silent. The whole place suddenly grew so still that the trill of a canary bird could be heard in another part of the house. After the lapse of a few anxious moments Quint was heard to ask:

"Have I done you any wrong?"

In the silence that again followed the guests standing around had time to observe the host's distorted features and Emanuel's calm loftiness. They had a strange feeling that the man must have hated the poor Fool in Christ with a deadly hate born hundreds of years ago and kept alive until that keenly desired moment.

Unfortunately Bernhard Kurz now intervened, doing honour to his courage but precipitating violence.

"Don't touch this man," he cried, "or you'll repent it."

The host by way of answer planted a blow square in Quint's face.

Emanuel reeled. His left eye closed, and blood and water rolled down his swollen cheek. The host stood there probably seeing red, panting for breath, his mouth wide open. He had not yet rallied when Quint already completely master of himself, bent his fearfully swollen face and kissed the ruffian's cruel hand.

CHAPTER XXVII

That night, after Quint had gone to bed in the Green Tree with wet compresses about his head, the disciples sat in council in the back room until morning. They could no longer hide from one another that their belief in Quint since they were living in the city had been dimmed by faint doubts, that, in fact, the evening's event even more than his sermon in the field and the stoning had almost completely shattered their faith.

In increasing perturbation they had followed Quint to the city, obedient, to be sure, but yet from day to day earnestly expecting a revelation. The unerring punctuality with which the great city each morning renewed its activity with the rattle of waggons, the tramping of men's feet, the tumult, and the shrieking steam whistles as if there were no earthquakes, no blare of trumpets on a Judgment Day, no approaching end of the world, no Saviour and no Emanuel Quint — all this confused and disconcerted them.

They felt that the city so novel to them was leavened with a powerful vital energy and bold resolute joy in life. Their narrow souls removed from their former peaceful surroundings underwent much the same as would a small still pond if suddenly a broad raging mountain torrent were to plunge its way through. The serene mirror of their souls was roughened and broken up by whirling currents.

Whispering timorously in the light of the candle in the back room they soon broke the ice, and confirmed

one another in their doubts as once they had confirmed one another in their faith. Emanuel was now something worse to them than if he had been exposed as merely an ordinary man. He became their enemy, their evil demon. Emanuel had never approved of hymns.

"The fruitful simplicity of the teaching," he had said one day to Dominik in the presence of a number of people, "suffers from over-saturated feelings, which trickle away in boggy melancholy." His opinion was now construed as a crime. "Repentance?" he had also said, "What repentance? Do my words." This to Schubert who had come to him contrite, bemoaning his many secret sins. To Dibiez he had pointed out how the urge to the open confession of sins is nothing but a trap of Satan. "The devil sins as long as the devil is in you! May the devil forgive the devil his sins. But God, if He is in you, does not sin. Therefore He cannot forgive sins. Nor can He do penance in your souls."

They asked one another mutely with their horror-stricken eyes whether that was not heretical, a devilish doctrine.

But the thing that gave the disciples the greatest offence was Emanuel's intercourse with an increasing number of cultivated men. After the manner of sectarians like themselves they held culture and science to be the devil's work, and nourished that hatred of better clothes, of finer appearance, and superior manners peculiar to the pariahs of society. Moreover, there was a residuum of faith left in them which made them fear they might be cheated by those educated men of their first place in the kingdom to come. Also they were jealous lovers of Quint and afraid of being re-

placed in his affections. As a result they were violently excited against their master, and decided to take definite steps.

"There is no help for it," said Krezig the rag-picker. "We must tell him we want a definite answer."

However three or four days passed before they ventured to approach Quint.

In the meantime Emanuel for the most part remained alone, refused to see the few people that still came to seek his advice in their distress, took long walks by himself and sometimes with Dominik, but only once with his disciples, who had to remain at a distance behind, and were honoured by scarcely a word. He seemed to be absorbed in cares and gloomy reflections.

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Quint and his disciples were taking a midday meal at a country inn about six miles from the city. At Quint's suggestion the table was spread on a small dancing floor freshly strewn with sand giving upon the garden. The disciples while walking up and down under the chestnuts mutually encouraged one another in low whispers. Their voices grew louder, and Krezig had just prepared to put a preliminary question to Quint when to their great amazement, even to their joy, they saw Bohemian Joe enter the garden by a small back gate.

After the storm of greetings was over, and Joe had given somewhat desultory answers to the questions with which he had been plied, the whispering began anew. Emanuel, giving him a penetrating look, had shaken hands with his stray sheep apparently returned to the fold. He could not fail to notice how his disciples moved farther and farther away from him in lively,

gesticulating groups, until finally he was left to himself inside the garden, while the disciples strolled about outside.

He seated himself and listened to the bees buzzing, to a little spat among a clan of sparrows and to the whirr of the swallows' wings. He breathed in the perfume of mignonette and honeysuckle and watched a lady-bug crawl over his hand. Finally the lady-bug flew away, Schubert, the Scharfs, blacksmith John and the others appeared, and Quint suddenly felt again the old infinite compassion for these people who followed him with canine devotion.

Bohemian Joe had helped them screw up their courage and return to the doubts he had expressed in the brickyard. Now in solemn assemblage they went up to their seducer and idol and besought his permission to put a number of questions to him. He unhesitatingly granted their request.

"Who art thou?" asked the first speaker, Krezig the rag-picker.

"He that speaks to thee."

"Is it true that thou hast been sent by God?"

"Think ye that Satan will arm himself against his own kingdom?"

"Thou hast said thou art Christ. Art thou He in truth?"

"Thou hast said it, and thou hast spoken well."

Nearly all of them turned pale and talked at the same time.

"What sign showest thou then, that we may see, and believe thee? What dost thou work?"

"Know ye not what is written in the Bible? It is a wicked generation which seeketh after a sign, which cannot discern the signs of the times, and there shall

no sign be given unto it. Why search ye not in the Scriptures wherein ye yourselves think ye have eternal life?"

But blacksmith John said:

"At the Saviour's word devils left men and went into a herd of swine. He raised the daughter of Jairus, the youth of Nain and Lazarus from the dead. And Lazarus had been lying in the grave four days. His corpse had even begun to stink. Jesus performed wonders. He made the blind see, the lame walk, and cleansed lepers."

"Fools," said Emanuel. "Ye who are yourselves a sign from God desire signs. That is the work of the enemy. He has made you blind to the signs of God everywhere in heaven and in earth. Would ye believe if I walked with dry feet over the Oder? It is written in the Bible that the Son of man fed five thousand men, women, and children with five barley loaves and two fishes; and twelve baskets full of the fragments that remained were gathered up. He walked with dry feet on the wind-tossed sea toward Capernaum. And yet they believed not in Him. For in the sixth chapter in the Gospel of St. John, verse thirty, immediately after these wonders are described, it is written, 'They said therefore unto Him, What sign showest thou then, that we may see, and believe thee? What dost thou work.'"

The men cried:

"We would believe, we would believe. Try it."

Quint continued:

"Hearken. The tempter one day said to me, 'Command that these stones be made bread.' But the Son of man answered and said, 'Man shall not live by bread alone.' The Son of man never fed five thousand men

with five barley loaves and two fishes. Ye children of the devil, why tempt ye me? The Son of man has given you bread from heaven to eat, and has handed you the true bread from heaven, but you have thrown it into the mud."

"Show us that bread," they cried impatiently.

With horror in his eyes as if he were unexpectedly beholding a ghost or an apparition, that eternal arch-enemy from the depths of time, Quint said:

"I, I, I am the bread of life."

There was an embarrassed pause. Finally Krezig summoned the courage to say he could not recall ever having received any bread from Quint, not to mention that they had never thrown bread in the mud. All, with the exception of the Scharfs, stuck to it that the Saviour had performed wonders upon others as well as upon himself — the third day after his crucifixion he had arisen from the dead.

"The Son of man said, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.' But he never rose from a grave as a bodily corpse," said Quint. "He that hath the understanding let him understand. To whomsoever the Father has granted that he understand these words, he and the Father, he and the Son, he and the Ghost are one."

"Lord," said Martin Scharf, "speak to us plainly. We are poor ignorant people and do not understand your puzzling words. If thou hast been sent by thy Father it cannot be thine earthly father, but the heavenly Father. Open the heavens to us for one single moment, and show us thy Father in His glory. We will fall down and worship thee."

"Martin," exclaimed Quint, "have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me? How sayest thou then, Shew us the Father? He that hath

seen me hath seen the Father. Believest thou not that I am in the Father and the Father in me?"

"Show us the smallest sign and we will believe in thee. Show us the smallest wonder and we will fall down and worship thee."

"Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed," replied Quint. "And he that seeth me, seeth not me but Him that sent me. But whosoever seeth not Him that sent me, seeth not me. Whosoever seeth Him that sent me, worshippeth none other but the Father and none other than the Son; and his prayer is the strength of truth and the Ghost. Satan is a doer of violence, but the Father is no doer of violence. And since ye still worship and lie in the dust before doers of violence, before the kings that are children of Satan and before Satan himself, ye shall not worship the Father. Either the Father or the enemy is in you and if the Father is in you, He knoweth what ye have need of in eternity."

Now Anton Scharf raged in precipitate embarrassment.

"We believed and we followed you. We converted what we had into cash, and many of us neglected our work and our home. Day by day we hoped, trusting firmly in a revelation. Why did you bring us to the city? Why did we have to lose our money? Why did we descend into those pits of vice? Why do you surround yourself with the learned and the aristocratic? Why did you kiss the hand of that ruffian who struck you instead of calling down the fires from heaven and burning him and destroying all the dens of lewdness?"

"Know ye not," said Emanuel Quint, "of whose spirit I am the child?" It was astonishing how the carpenter's son driven to bay by those disillusioned men

nevertheless could not doff his Messiah robe. "It is true ye have given me your earthly bread to eat, and in return I have given you neither gold nor earthly bread. Curse me, deny me. And if ye hear my words, but do not believe them and reject them, I will not judge you. I came not to judge the world but to save the world. I have neither silver nor gold nor bread to bequeath, but peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you, and not as ye have given unto me. But whosoever taketh what I give, let him take and have my peace."

It is readily conceivable that the faith of the peasants wavering, indeed almost completely destroyed, was not strengthened by Quint's words.

"Give us a sign," they all cried together. "Give us ever so slight a sign that we may know that thou art really sent by God."

Emanuel arose from his chair and said:

"O ye of little faith, the Son of man is no wonder-worker, that is, no doer of violence. The wonder-worker is a doer of violence. Behold, God's justice envelopes you like a garment to protect you from the cold. It is like a roof over your heads to protect you from rain, hail, snow, and falling rocks. God's justice is like a firm house. It causes you to walk upright and preserves you against dizziness and madness. The wonder-worker is the doer of violence. The enemy alone will break down the walls of God's justice and tear away the dams before the flood, the flood in which ye shall all drown. The enemy alone, I tell you, will do wonders. The Son of man is no doer of wonders, therefore no doer of violence, but a doer of good. Should He destroy the beneficence of God's justice?

Would ye arm the Son against the Father, when the Father carries the Son in His heart?

"The prince of this world is a doer of violence. But God is no doer of violence. If ye have eyes to see and ears to hear, ye would hear a wailing and gnashing of teeth throughout the thousands of years in the hell of this world, the hell of the doers of violence. The doers of violence hate me because I bring peace. But because I bring peace, they hate me without cause. Ye should love me and not reject me like the prince of this world, for I love you. Become children of God.

"I say to you, kindle your light at the light while the light is with you. Yet a little while is the light with you, then the old darkness will come upon you again. While ye have light believe in the light that ye may be the children of light."

All this made not the slightest impression on Quint's disciples. Too long had their hopes been deferred, too often their expectation and curiosity deceived.

"Speak plainly. If thou really art what thou sayest thou art, the king of the New Jerusalem, the king of the millennium, thou canst prove it to us by one word, by one wave of thine hand."

"Destroy those churches the steeples of which you see there in the distance," said Quint smiling, "and within two days I will erect a new church which will cause you to think of the old churches with horror."

"How can we destroy the churches?" cried his disciples.

"There it is," Emanuel Quint concluded turning serious again.

These words which they misunderstood made an impression on the eight disciples.

"Tell us at least," cried Schubert, "what is all this about the mystery of the kingdom of God that you keep from us?"

"And what do you mean?" asked blacksmith John. "We have sacrificed all this and in return darkness shall descend upon us, as you say?"

Emanuel in despair clasped his head in both hands and looked up to heaven.

"It is not in my power," he said, "to enlighten you. I will beseech my Father to clarify your hearts. But if ever ye shall be converted and see as ye now walk in darkness, ye shall recollect and will know and understand that which I have said unto you."

"Shall we die or shall we that have followed thee behold the glory of God and the New Jerusalem with our bodily eyes?" some asked.

"Have I not said to you again and again, Except ye be born again, ye cannot see the kingdom of heaven? And have ye been born again? Have ye, hallowed by the Ghost, become holy men of God? For your sakes I have hallowed myself through the Ghost and the truth, that ye also might be sanctified through the Ghost and the truth. But ye have not been sanctified, and have not sanctified yourselves. Therefore ye are servants of the world. But I am no servant of the world. And I am no longer in the world while I speak with you who are naught else than children of the world. Verily, ye have served the Son of man, but ye have served him for the sake of the enemy. Ye have served him for the sake of the prince of this world. But the Son of man has served you for God's sake. For I am come not to rule, but to serve. I am come into the world to bear testimony to the Spirit of truth. But only he that is the Spirit of truth hears my voice.

Eyes have ye, but ye see not; ears have ye, but ye hear not. That is why my words do not take root in you."

"It isn't true," they raged. "His words did take root in us — only too firmly. Each of us served him for God's sake, not for the devil's sake."

"Perhaps without knowing we served you for the devil's sake — perhaps you yourself are the anti-Christ?" cried Krezig.

"He is a fool, he is a cheat, he is a crazy loafer. He has made paupers of us," called Bohemian Joe from the background. Bohemian Joe was thin and greatly changed.

"He that serveth me," resounded Emanuel's firm voice, "serveth not me, but Him which sent me. I repeat, No one hath a portion in the Son of man except he be born again of the Father. That which is born in the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. But God was not born of the flesh. God is spirit. The first man was made in the natural life, and the last man, the Son of man, was made in the spiritual life."

Thus Quint spoke, spreading before them in a comprehensive, urgent whole all the scattered bits that he had ever taught them. But they pressed him hard and charged him with having kept them in suspense, and having held them off with evasions, with having spoken to them in nothing but ambiguous parables. And they kept demanding of him, as it were, a certificate of identity from God.

If God were really his Father, it must be an easy thing for him, they said, to let them see something of His glory.

"Show us the Father," they cried.

Emanuel wrung his hands.

"Are ye yet without understanding?" he sighed. "Have I not said unto you, He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father? Have I been so long time with you and yet ye know me not? Know ye not that the Father is in me? The Father is spirit, and nobody can see the Father except he that is of the Father. Nobody cometh to me except the Father draweth him to me. Nobody seeth the Father except he hath been enlightened by the Father. Should I show a blind man the Father, pointing with a bodily finger? The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst thou tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth?"

CHAPTER XXVIII

Some villagers were peeping over the garden fence. They did not know what to make of the queer men who one minute were whispering among themselves and the next minute were breaking out into a storm of excitement. All of a sudden weaver Schubert was summoned by the host to the front door, where he found his daughter Martha pale and breathless.

"The police have made a search in Quint's room in the Green Tree. There is a big crowd outside yelling for him. They say he is a murderer. He must make his escape. He mustn't come back to the city, or they'll kill him."

While Schubert stood outside talking with his daughter, Emanuel continued his speech in the garden.

"Strive not, dear children. Love one another. Do not bicker with me who love you and have loved you from eternity. Hath any man greater love than this, that a man lay down his life for his enemies? Verily, the time will come and hath come when you will leave me alone. But I am not alone, for the Father is with me. The hour will come and hath come when ye shall be scattered, each going his own way, and because of the love that I have borne you, will swear at me and curse and deny me. Come, let us sit down and eat. For the hour cometh, and now is, when I must take leave of you and the world. The world killeth and stoneth the prophets that were sent to gather together the children of the world. Farewell! Let us pass this last

hour together in peace. Behold, even as I speak to you I am no longer in the world. But ye are in the world. Have no fear. The world cannot hate you: but me it hateth, because I testify of it, that the works thereof are evil. Oh, what I could say to you! But your weak souls cannot bear it."

The words of the Fool in Christ overflowed with such a wealth of pure goodness and tenderness that for an instant the mutiny was quelled. Quint took Anton Scharf's hand in his and laid his free arm about blacksmith John's shoulder. Tears of emotion ran down the strong man's rough, hairy cheeks.

Emanuel now led the way around the gay, fragrant, box-bordered flower-bed, and seated himself at the table which the innkeeper and his wife had just finished setting.

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For some reason Bohemian Joe was attracted to the front door to hear what the news was that Martha was giving Schubert. His manner on hearing the news was strange. He tried in vain to make some comment.

The three had just entered the house again when Dominik and Elise came running up. They had heard of a man and wife who had appeared at the Green Tree with a detective. It seemed that a young girl had disappeared several days before, and strange to say her parents had come to Quint for information regarding her whereabouts.

But the report that Dominik and Elise brought could not have been as recent as Martha's, according to which the girl had been murdered. A few moments later Therese Katzmarek came to confirm both reports. She was breathless with a mad race across

the fields of three quarters of an hour, and fell exhausted on the stone bench outside the house.

She had gone to the factory that day as usual and while working at her machine she heard the girls about her discussing the police report of a horrible murder. They said a girl of about fifteen apparently of the better classes had been found lying dead under the alders near a brook not far from the suburbs of Breslau. The corpse showed no mutilation, but undoubtedly there had been a murder under the foulest circumstances.

All of them, Therese Katzmarek, Dominik and Elise Schuhbrich, Schubert and his daughter, and Bohemian Joe also, instantly realised that the suspicion had fallen upon their master. But they knew that their master could not have been the murderer. Since there was no imminent danger of his being pursued they decided to keep the matter from Quint for the present. It was Dominik who had insisted upon this action and who also insisted that nobody but Emanuel was to tell those who did not yet know.

The meal in the garden had already begun when the newcomers entered. They only added to the feeling of constraint that had prevailed from the beginning. Quint exchanged cordial greetings with Dominik and Elise Schuhbrich, who looked like a thoroughbred lady in her light summer dress. There was something unmistakably festive and solemn in the manner of the two lovers. They seemed to be filled with both a deep seriousness and a great happiness. Upon Quint also, but upon none of the others, there hovered the same quiet, serious festivity alternating with a mysterious joy. Dominik seated himself at Quint's left, Elise Schuhbrich at his right.

They had not been at the meal long when the first rumbling of distant thunder was heard.

Now in truth the disciples seemed to be members of a fellowship of the mystery. The one who carried the gravest mystery within him and over whom another mystery was gathering like a dark cloud, the Fool in Christ, was the frankest and freest of the whole company. Nor did Dominik and Elise betray by their manner that a fateful event was impending over them, an event which they were bringing on themselves of their own volition. The rest of the company looked at one another with unsteady eyes, fearfully, timidly, like condemned men. They did not brighten up until Dominik had wine brought in at Elise Schuhbrich's expense.

Suddenly Dominik with a radiant look in his face rose from his chair, held up a glass of wine and said:

"The world is evil, the world rests on crime, and what men call virtue is almost always nothing but their idle comfort. The world is shaped by the hangmen and is supported by the gallows and the cross. It was Caiaphas who advised the Jews, that it was expedient that one man should die for the people. It is not true that they sang Hallelujah. I have listened day and night, for months, for years. But it was like a million-voiced storm which broke upon me on all sides, 'Crucify! Crucify!' There is estrangement between man and man. I myself was an alien in the home of my parents. I do not understand their life and they do not understand that life which drew me with all the strength of my soul. I would give up everything else, but not the untainted possession of my soul, to live comfortably among the children of the world. I have been thrust into prison, and hard-hearted wardens have tried to mutilate my soul. They

laid rude hands upon me. They wanted to force me to crawl in the vile slime of their own miserable existence. I have wings and a sense of honour. They have neither wings nor a sense of honour. They are pariahs before God and the powers that be. Pariahs were my teachers. They tried to clip my wings and turn me into a pariah before God and men. I have had wicked, cold-blooded, indifferent, malicious, evil, corrupt, low, godless teachers before I had this sublime teacher who is sitting beside me here." He spoke with naïve young enthusiasm. "This man has taught me the free use of life to the honour of God, the Father in me. This man has disclosed the mystery of liberty to me and to my love, who were languishing in slavery. The whole world calls us visionaries. If only the world were full of such visionaries! Every man aglow with great human feelings is a visionary, an extravagant enthusiast, to the Philistine in his flat stale feelings. We are neither draught horses nor cab horses nor automata who work in offices nor brakemen on railways, we are not practical nor do we fall under the heading of useful articles. The Philistines call us idle enthusiasts. And yet the little that makes life possible and bearable to all has been wrested by enthusiasm and the intellect. In their opinion we are not efficient. But I do not hesitate when I have to decide between efficiency in the world's sense and efficiency in God's sense. Thou, master, hast taught me, unhampered by men's chains or the fear of men, to be free in God, and look in gay disdain upon the world and death. Therefore I will use my wings, and she whom I love will fly with me."

He drank the glass of wine. Quint's disciples did not understand him. But Quint himself and Elise

Schuhbrich responded to the toast, evidently comprehending.

Schwabe, who had drunk a bit, now jumped up. It was the first occasion in a long time that he was moved to utterance. He spoke of how he had first met Emanuel in the hut where the old woman was dying and had then followed him faithfully on his way; what hopes Quint had fostered in him, and how all of them for the sake of those hopes had done their best. He spoke with growing passion, and following the suggestions of his heated brain he departed from the truth and maintained that Quint had comforted them from week to week, from month to month with the fulfillment of their hopes and his promise — with nothing less than the revelation of his heavenly glory. They had waited and waited, but nothing happened.

"Do you think," Dominik cried indignantly, "that this man of God has come into the world just to remove the cataracts from the eyes of the eight of you?"

The Valley Brethren one and all began to rage and fume as if a long pent-up torrent of wrath, anxiety, disillusionment and despair had broken down the dam and were flooding the land. Like a pack of hounds which has been on a blood-scent for hours and has been duped of its prey, they yelped and barked and howled. Krezig the rag-picker was least able to contain his fury. It was as if they had all been sobered simultaneously and then had been seized with a new form of madness. To all appearances they were passing a dreadful judgment upon their master of old as upon a common cheat.

"He has blasphemed against God, he has dishonoured the Scriptures, he has desecrated churches, he has broken communion cups," they cried.

Who knows but that the indignation of his disciples might have ended in the maltreatment of Quint, Dominik, and Elise Schuhbrich, had not a terrific peal of thunder, which no flash preceded, come down at the very moment that the false prophet first attempted to calm them with a commanding gesture. Intense silence fell, while outside a light rain began to patter.

"May God forgive you, for ye know not what ye do," said Quint, and in the silence that continued he took up a basin of water and quietly went about performing a ceremony which is customary in many places among both Greek and Roman Catholics, the so-called washing of the feet. The superstitious disciples had been intimidated by the thunder-clap and wavered in their disbelief. They were held in a sort of gruesome spell, which turned into helplessness and shamefacedness at the master's treatment of them. It was evident that the peculiar power of his personality was again at work.

When it came to Bohemian Joe's turn, he stared at Emanuel with frightful eyes, and when the first drop of water touched his feet he ran away in horror as if molten lead had dropped on him.

These were Emanuel's last words when he ended the traditional ceremony:

"Ye called me master and lord. If I then whom ye called lord and master have so debased myself, the lords, masters and higher powers of this world ought to debase themselves before one another. So ought ye also to debase yourselves before one another. For I say unto you, the servant is no less than his lord, and the lord is no greater than his servant. And he that is least in the world will see the eternal day of the kingdom of God arise within him. But he that is the most powerful in the world, his sun will set."

CHAPTER XXIX

Emanuel walked out into the garden which was steaming in the warm spring rain. After Dominik and the others settled the account in the inn they followed him. The entire company now left the place and falling into their usual pace started off, but not in the direction of Breslau.

When they had passed the village limits Quint began to stride so rapidly that all except Dominik were left behind. Elise Schuhbrich walked by herself in order not to disturb Dominik in the disclosure he had to make to Quint. The larks were singing overhead.

"Men do not put new wine into old bottles, else the bottles break and the wine runneth out. What I did and said in the presence of those men, I did as the Son of man. If they did not understand what I did and said as the Son of man, how could they hope to understand if I had spoken to them as the Son of God? Their flesh is willing, but their spirit is weak. I love you and I know what you intend to do. Behold, I am new and young in God, but in the world I am weary. I have spoken to deaf ears, and the noise of the world is like a sea which drowneth the voice of the shipwrecked sailor. I am strange to the world, and the world is strange to me.

"My life in this world is useless, but my life in God is not useless. I have awaited the call which is to go from the Father to the Son of man that he may accomplish His mission. Again and again I have

asked, When shall I shed my blood? When shall I pour forth my strong love upon the eternal flame of hate in this world? I have asked, 'Now? Now?' Yet was my sacrifice not accepted.

"God will be with thee. For whithersoever thou goest the yearning for God impels thee. But I grieve for them that I love and leave in suspense. But all is in vain. My words have no effect on them. They cling to violence, superstition, and servile worship of God."

He ceased. And Dominik began, at first cautiously, then more definitely, to tell what had happened at the Green Tree. Emanuel called Martha Schubert and Therese Katzmarek, from whose accounts it probably became clear to him that the missing or murdered girl was Ruth Heidebrand, and that it was her parents who had been seeking him at the Green Tree.

Contrary to the agreement Schubert had told the disciples of the suspicion against Quint and how the mob had surrounded the Green Tree clamouring for revenge. And when Emanuel turned to beckon to them, he saw some men at a great distance running away across the fields. He realised that beside Dominik and the three women and Martin and Anton Scharf, none had remained with him. Anton and Martin stepped up to Quint, whose face bore an expression of goodness at once bitter and compassionate, while his eyes followed the fleeing disciples full of sorrow.

"What do you think?" he said to the Scharfs. "Can you believe that I am guilty of what the enemies charge me with?" But the Scharfs seemed to be out of their wits with terror. They made no answer. Quint smiled a sad, fatherly smile, and put an arm about each, clasped them to him several times and cried,

"What is the matter with you?" There was a tinge of pathetic gaiety in his voice. "To have had to waste so much love, fidelity, faith, hope and energy upon a Fool in Christ!"

"Run away, Emanuel, run away!" was all they could say.

"Will you not take up your cross likewise and follow after me?" Quint asked. They trembled and did not reply. He withdrew his arms from them and turning to Dominik, said, "He that is not for me is against me." And turning back again to the brothers, he said finally, "Get ye hence! Go, and leave me alone!"

But still the two men could not come to a decision, though they saw in Emanuel nothing but the prince of hell, the anti-Christ, who instead of leading them to the gates of heaven had enticed them to the brink of hell. After following Quint about a quarter of an hour more the distance between them widened, and later, when Quint looked back, he could see no traces of those his first and last disciples.

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At a milestone between two poplars not far from the wall of an estate Quint took leave of Dominik and Elise, kissing Dominik and shaking hands with Elise. The girl did not want to part from Quint.

"He wishes it to be so," said Dominik, "and we must obey the Son of God."

"Farewell," said Quint, "and yet the time will come when this old, glorious earth dishonoured by servile, creeping things will be inhabited by sons and daughters of God."

Emanuel's face now darkened with a severe expression, and his commanding words frightened off Therese

Katzmarek and Martha Schubert, who fell behind and stole after him at a distance.

Emanuel straightened his shoulders and held his head defiantly aloft as never before. He faced about resolutely as if drawn by something long desired, and walked toward the city where his severest fate awaited him. There was a vast mysterious triumph in him, as he impatiently hurried back to Breslau.

"Ye lukewarm in the land," a voice said within him, "know ye not that the Holy Ghost will come with a rushing and a roaring?" And when he entered the streets, "Enemies, enemies, wherever I look. I am worthy to be a victim."

In short, he was filled with satisfaction at the impotence of the world when his own soul was crying for tortures and martyrdom.

As he was passing the gate of a beautiful garden he was unexpectedly held up by Bernhard Kurz and Hedwig Krause. Before he knew how, they had led him through the gate into the garden up to a tea table under a mighty beech tree, and had introduced him to a spectacled gentleman and a well-dressed, middle-aged lady — Dr. and Mrs. Mendel — who now had their wish realised to become acquainted with the new Messiah. But there was no trace of a Messiah delusion or of fanaticism in the man who stood there easily, looking at the green lawn, the guinea hens, the rose hedges, and the flaming flower beds. Within at the utmost twenty minutes a garden idyll was compressed which the little circle often spoke of later. There was a little jackdaw with clipped wings which hopped about Quint eyeing him most curiously. Quint took some tea, and Dr. Mendel told him good-humouredly that Hedwig Krause was the best nurse in his hospital. It was

evident that the Mendels and still more Bernhard Kurz liked to have Hedwig in their home. Later Bernhard and Hedwig were married.

Mrs. Mendel showed Quint over her house, pointing to the fine paintings on her walls and various objects in her large collection. On returning to the garden she took with her a tiny casket of gold filigree which sparkled in the sun. When she pressed a spring a gay little bird about the size of a pea popped out to the surface and bowing to the right and the left began to trill melodiously. When its song was done it vanished with lightning rapidity, and the gold lid snapped shut. The little marvel gave Quint transports of delight.

Often Bernhard Kurz and Hedwig Krause spoke of the impression the casket had made upon Quint and the reason it probably stirred him so. He made the bird appear again and again and sing its blithe song. He seemed to be listening with peculiar tensity, as if the casket and the song concealed something of the profoundest mystery.

CHAPTER XXX

All of a sudden Quint took abrupt leave, and continued on his way to the Green Tree. He managed to pass unrecognised through the mob surrounding the inn. When he entered, he was immediately arrested and led back through the mob, who shook their fists at him, and struck him and spat upon him, because they thought he was one of those ravening wolves that come in sheep's clothing, wearing the mask of pious hypocrisy. They took him to be the unnatural murderer of Ruth Heidebrand.

At the detective bureau Emanuel was confronted with Ruth's parents, who of course immediately recognised their former lodger. They looked completely broken down, and the sight of their anguish stirred Quint to the depths of his soul, though there was no trace of emotion on his serene, pallid face. As he did not answer any of their questions, his silence was of course construed against him.

All the neighbours in and about Miltzsch had been relieved as of a great weight when the Fool of the Gurau Lady disappeared from the district immediately after his sermon in the field. Some said his mother had taken him home, others that a Methodist minister had carried him off to America where religious enthusiasts like Quint were held in high esteem. Within a few weeks the talk about Quint died down except occasionally among the Heidebrands and the Krauses.

Ruth returned to her parents' home. Her manner continued to be constrained and veiled, and greatly troubled her parents. Impenetrable in her reserve she dashed every attempt of Hans Beleites to restore their intercourse to its old intimate footing, and the boy's passion increased the more dreamy and mysterious the air she wore.

One morning they found her room empty, her bed untouched. They could discover no trace of her anywhere about Miltzsch, in the park, the barn, the stables, or the lofts.

Ruth had been fond of solitude and reading undisturbed for half a day at a time in out-of-the-way places. One of her favourite spots was on a beam under the roof of a wheat granary. There she would sit with her legs crossed, reading by a narrow ray of light coming through a loop-hole in the roof a gilt-edged New Testament illuminated with large pious-looking initials, which Pastor Beleites had given her at her confirmation. Her parents knew most of her favourite haunts and hunted for her in all of them, but in vain.

Since the worst that was possible — the girl's death — was in everybody's mind, it naturally occurred to them that she might have gone to sleep on the beam, fallen into the wheat, which was thirty yards deep, slid down among the spaces between the sheaves, and been covered up. They had the men and maid servants lift away thousands of sheaves. It occurred to them that she might have gone out at night in the boat, as she occasionally did, to feed the swans, and been upset in the deeper part of the lake, or in a fit of melancholy she might have committed suicide; and they had the lake dragged. The woods, too, were searched because Ruth

sometimes read for hours seated on the branch of a tree.

Finally everybody hit upon Quint. It was considered probable that Ruth in her enthusiasm had left home to seek her idol.

Unfortunately, as usually happens in such cases, they did not seize the one circumstance that might have led to Ruth's discovery and rescue. A number of weeks previously a horribly ugly fellow had presented himself at the office of the Miltzsch estate and been engaged as a workman. They should have recognised him, because it was the same man that had once come to the gardener's house to bring Quint news, and one of the men that they had noticed near Quint on the day of the great scandal. But since he was a quiet, efficient workman with nothing against him but his conspicuous ugliness, and since the scandal had ceased to be discussed, no notice was taken of him.

Ruth's flight occurred on a Sunday morning, and it did not strike anyone that the ugly little gnome, who had received his week's pay on Saturday evening, like the rest of the workmen, did not show up again the following Monday. There was always a change of workmen going on, three or four sometimes taking the place of one that had left. If only Bohemian Joe's absence on Monday morning had been connected with Ruth's disappearance, they would probably have got on his traces the very same day, and, as appeared later, would probably have found Ruth still alive. Thus they knew nothing of him or Ruth or Emanuel Quint when a telegram came announcing the murder of a girl near Breslau. All doubts gave way to horrid, cold certainty.

It was of course in a state bordering on madness that

the parents and Hans Beleites read the telegram which left no doubt as to the girl's identity. It gave a detailed description of her clothing — black buttoned boots, brown stockings, white garters, a green woollen jacket and short skirt, brown gloves, and a brown hat. Even her under-garments were described. Her age was given as between fourteen and seventeen, and her figure as slim and of medium height. Lying near her corpse a New Testament had been found with an inscription in it stating it was the gift of a pastor Beleites to a Ruth Heidebrand.

Each word in the telegram was like a fearful iron hammer-blow. One of the garments mentioned was a collar of squirrel. Mrs. Heidebrand rushed upstairs to Ruth's wardrobe. The collar was gone. The mother saw the child's joy on her eleventh birthday when the modest little fur collar lay with the other presents on the table, among the eleven lighted candles and the so-called lamp of life. Now that lamp of life and all the candles had been extinguished forever.

Since Emanuel remained silent to all the questions the Heidebrands asked him, the suspicion was confirmed that even if he himself was not the murderer he was at any rate somehow connected with the murder. It was heart-rending to see Mrs. Heidebrand ask her daughter back of Quint in a voice running the gamut of despair and agonised rage. The father was quiet and composed. He looked upon this fearful visitation, he said, as a merited punishment from heaven.

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Emanuel was sent to the house of detention where he was given a bath and put into a cell by himself. The judge who had charge of the investigation of the case

could not even get him to tell his name, his birthday, and the place where he was born.

"If you don't speak," said the judge, "you can do yourself great harm in case you are innocent."

Had Emanuel mentioned the name of only one of his disciples, it would have hastened the investigation. The more accurately and fully he would have made his statements the sooner would his innocence have been proved. But it almost seemed as if he wished to be declared guilty.

Since Emanuel refused to employ a lawyer, an assistant district attorney took up his defence. But even the district attorney could not get anything out of Quint. Quint, it is true, did not state he was guilty. Yet he said nothing to the contrary. The public prosecutor believed in his guilt. He cross-examined a number of witnesses and succeeded in throwing some light on Emanuel's curious career. He questioned the Scharfs, the Hassenpflugs, Kurowski, Brother Nathaniel Schwarz, miller Straube, Pastor Schimmelmann and Pastor Schuch. He gathered a great deal of evidence that was not very favourable to Quint.

His opinion of Quint summed up was this:

The prisoner came into the world out of wedlock. His mother did not say who his father was. It is known that the great majority of illegitimate children go to ruin in various ways, especially through crime. His first tendency to crime was shown in his laziness. Quint's step-father and brother and even his mother confirmed the fact of his unwillingness to work. The idler not caring to remain at home, probably because he was afraid of being kept at work, began to tramp the country. But tramping, too, became distasteful to him, and instigated perhaps by bad company he said

to himself that he would exploit the credulous simplicity of the people by some hardy imposture. He succeeded beyond his own expectations and cynically foisted himself on the Scharf brothers, living upon them like a parasite. By a system of frauds he turned the credulous weavers to his own purposes, and was able by and by to cheat them of all their earnings. He was arrested and taken back to his own village. In some way or other he had acquired the reputation of a healer. Born charlatans when exposed are never at a loss for new means of deception. He went still further. In his cynicism he did not hesitate to profane what was holiest. He announced himself as a wonder-worker, an apostle, even Christ come back to earth again, thereby taking rank, though in a narrower sphere, with the greatest impostors of all times. But the healthy spirit in his native village was revolted, and he had to pay a penalty which unfortunately was not severe enough.

A lady held in general esteem now took his part in a Christian spirit, and many fine, respectable persons were long-suffering in their efforts to lead him back to a modest, decent existence. It was in vain that so much love was expended upon him in Miltzsch. In the meantime the natural tendencies of this resolute parvenu — that is what he was in those days — found further support in Socialistic, Anarchistic and Nihilistic ideas. By way of thanks for benefits received this peasant hypocrite seduced the daughter of his benefactors (sic! To make out the strongest case possible for himself the attorney did not hesitate to besmirch the dead girl's character) whom he got in his power in his usual way by playing upon her childish credulity and lack of judgment.

It was from the latter part of Quint's career that the

prosecuting attorney concluded he was a dangerous character. He had carefully gathered a number of statements of an Anarchistic nature which he had made in the presence of a great many witnesses. The attorney had them grouped under the headings:

Against the monarchy.

Against religion.

Against the church.

Against the state.

Quint had declared himself in favour of free love, and most decidedly against private property, all the time however under the cloak of Christianity, which only aggravated the offence.

Among those examined had been the publicans of the Green Tree and the Grove of the Muses. It was Black Charlie's deposition that was most incriminating. The feeling of even this man, who was not exactly a model Christian, had revolted against the blasphemies of the prisoner, as the prosecuting attorney said.

Neither the investigating judge nor the attorney who was defending Quint was convinced of Emanuel's guilt, although a letter had been found over Ruth's heart signed, "Emanuel Quint," in which in bombastic, extravagant phrases with some drivel about the approach of the New Jerusalem the girl was invited to come to Breslau to Quint. The prosecutor admitted that the letter had probably not been written by the prisoner, since the handwriting was awkward and did not resemble the specimens of Quint's handwriting in his file; but he was of the opinion that Quint had dictated it, and he considered it characteristic of Quint's deep-seated perversity — apart from the murder, which may have been the result only of fortuitous circumstances — that he had the wretched courage to lure the

well-bred child to those dens of vice, which in the city had been the element of his existence.

The letter was shown to Quint. His response as usual was silence. One day Salo Glaser, Dr. Mendel and Bernhard Kurz offered themselves as witnesses to testify that they did not think Emanuel Quint capable of murder. Salo Glaser had consented to do this although his son under Quint's influence had completely lost his head that evening in the Grove of the Muses. The day after, he had received a lengthy letter from Benjamin in which the boy formally renounced his vast inheritance. Salo Glaser immediately travelled to Breslau and found that his son in his fit of renunciation had already given away half the contents of his prettily furnished apartment. The father had laughed and had bundled Benjamin off with one of his friends, a young physician, to the Hague and later to Scandinavia holding the physician responsible for Benjamin.

Dominik and Elise Schuhbrich had been found dead in a grove not far from the Oder. They had agreed to end their lives together. Dominik had shot first Elise, and then himself. When some Polish raftsmen discovered them several days after the deed, Dominik was lying with his forehead on Elise's breast.

The onus of this incident naturally fell upon Quint. Later the prosecution thought it had found sufficient facts to prove that Quint had misled and ruined those young people also, and one day confronted Quint with Dominik's father, who showed no signs of mourning except a band of black crepe about his right sleeve. He spoke drily and harshly of his son.

When he had looked at Dominik's corpse he had seemed not so much saddened as relieved of an anxiety. While Dominik had been alive the father had had to

sacrifice his own comfort by spending a portion of his small salary on Dominik's education — a constant cause of irritation to him and a fact that he made quite clear to his son on every occasion. After the man left with his manner of the correct official, Quint gave himself a little shake as if he had been physically disgusted. His guards reported that he had muttered:

"Nothing makes men so low and contemptible as concern for their daily bread."

In reporting another incident the same attendants could not contain their indignation within the proper official bounds. It was when Quint spoke to his despairing mother in the reception room. The mother screamed and wept and asked her son again and again, "Tell me, did you really do it?" Receiving no answer one way or the other, she assumed he was guilty and overwhelmed him with complaints and reproaches for his disobedience. Everything had happened that his step-father, his brother, even she herself had prophesied, she said.

"You have yourself to blame if your poor mother goes to her grave in sorrow and disgrace."

"Woman, who art thou? I know thee not. I am from above; thou art from beneath. Wilt thou take again the corpse that thou hast borne? Then be patient. Soon I shall cast behind me the last of what is earthly in me."

He asked his attendants to take him back to the cell.

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In the prison in which Quint was detained, the inmates spoke to one another by rapping on the walls of their cells, the method prisoners often employ for communicating with one another. Thus the whole of

wing B was for a time amused and excited by the strange news signalled from above, from below, from the right, and the left, that Christ himself was in one of the cells.

The laughable proceeding gradually became known. The warden reported it to the inspector, the inspector jokingly mentioned it to his son-in-law, the chaplain of the prison. For some time the attendants were unable to find out in what cell the thing originated. It was the same with the blessed name of the Saviour as with the ghost in Hamlet. "Hic et ubique? Old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast?" It was here and there and everywhere, yet nowhere.

It occurred to the chaplain to have Quint brought to him in his office in the prison — an extremely comfortable room. The chaplain was fond of the prison fare and seldom failed to have himself served with some of the barley soup which was fed to all the prisoners. He was just conveying a spoonful to his mouth, his handkerchief stuck in his collar, when Emanuel appeared between two guards.

"Children," he cried, "such soup! You have no idea how good you've got it here. Formerly they used to give you bare boards to lie on and fed you with dirty water and mouldy bread."

He jovially tried to elicit from Emanuel whether he was not the originator of that Christ nuisance which was turning the whole prison into a mad-house. Perhaps the obstinate fellow with that religious bee in his bonnet, the chaplain thought, would confess all to him.

But before taking up Emanuel's case he had to finish with a girl who had been sentenced to twelve years in the penitentiary for child murder. It was by a hair's breadth that the girl had escaped hanging. She had gone around seeking a shelter for herself and her child,

and in five or six villages the communities had roundly refused her a home. Society and the state were alone responsible for the peasant girl's need and her consequent crime, though in their indolence and indifference they were as unconscious of wrong-doing as an unscrupulous individual. The state paid its debt to the girl by a new crime sanctioned when committed by itself.

The girl had been crying for weeks. She had tried to commit suicide in various ways. Before the chaplain she merely kept repeating her one contrite, despairing question — was there any hope that she would see her child in the life to come? To everything else she seemed to be indifferent. It was nothing but the yearning for her child that brought fresh floods of tears to her eyes almost blinded with weeping.

A convict employed as a general factotum in the prison removed the soup, and the chaplain, already with Quint in his thoughts, turned to the girl.

"I don't know why fate has hit me so hard," she sighed.

"What fate hit you?" thundered the chaplain, bringing his mighty fist down with a thump on the table. "I can hit a table but fate cannot hit a human being. God did not give fate that power. He has given men a free will. He has placed punishment behind wrong-doing, reward behind right-doing. It is not fate that is responsible for your crime before God and men. You alone are responsible. Your child will bear testimony against you on Judgment Day."

The chaplain took an ivory toothpick from one of the pockets of his high-buttoned black waistcoat and cleaned his glorious white teeth as sound as a negro's, while the girl who had killed her child in despair shrank

back in horror, her eyes suddenly dry. A year before she had been a beautiful blooming young creature of twenty. Now she was shrunken, bony, unlovely, with the hollows of old age in her cheeks.

Why was it — was it because the large, strange, knowing eyes of the other prisoner, Emanuel Quint, had rested upon her unwaveringly, or was it that she had a confused need to implore somebody for mercy — why was it that as she was being led away she unexpectedly pressed her burning lips hard on Emanuel's chained hands?

The chaplain was speechless. He held his toothpick in his hand like a finger pointing to heaven. It seemed to him as if somebody had distinctly said:

"Woman, thy sins be forgiven thee!"

"A nice state of affairs," he burst out, "when here in the chaplain's own office a rascal who has almost been proved guilty of murder has the monstrous audacity to profane God's words! Do you understand me, you scoundrel?" He brought his clean-shaven face with its broad cheek bones and broad chin close to Quint's. "Do you understand me? We are not in the habit here of dragging the holiest things in the mud. Get out! That's more than I have ever had to take from any prisoner in this room. Lanek,"— he turned to one of the guards —"lead this girl away and remove that fellow from my sight. I can't bear to look at him. Shall I let that scum of humanity throw dirt on what is to me holiest and sublimest? No, that's more than the duties of my office demand." When he was alone with the factotum he said quite calmly, "Please go see whether my wife is with the inspector. She was coming to call for me to go to an open-air concert in the 'Zwinger.'"

The convict left the room and the clergyman comfortably lit a cigar.

For several weeks the news still went from cell to cell that Christ himself was in the prison. The walls quivered with vibrations from some mysterious source which kept pouring forth the words of the genuine Saviour. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." "Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted." The stones spoke, "They have despised Christ, hated Him, denied Him, persecuted Him, cursed Him, mocked Him, they smote Him, they spat upon Him, they imprisoned and crucified Him. He was hung up among murderers and counted among criminals."

Thus the stones spoke, but the superintendent of the prison thought it best to pay no attention to the harmless nonsense.

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Meanwhile certain facts were made known to the authorities by a factory girl named Therese Katzmarek, which gradually deflected suspicion from Quint. One day he was asked whether he knew a man by the name of Bohemian Joe, and whether he regarded him as capable of having committed the murder. Quint replied that he knew him, but that he was certain he was not guilty of the murder. Despite the silence in which he persisted and which had been necessarily construed as indicating his guilt, the prosecution began to have its doubts, and after investigations were for some time conducted in another direction, evidence was gathered which almost completely established Quint's innocence.

They succeeded in accounting for the way in which Bohemian Joe had spent every day for the last few weeks before the murder. He had been seen slinking around the apothecary's house where Ruth was staying. He had got work at Miltzsch. A number of witnesses offered to testify who had been struck by the sight of the lovely girl in the company of the ugly little creature when he led her to Breslau, chiefly along by-ways across the fields. Other witnesses were able to prove an alibi for Quint.

When Quint was acquainted with the favourable turn of affairs and was told he would probably be set free soon, to the prosecutor's horror and embarrassment, the Fool confessed to the murder.

His confession, however, did not hold water, and the prosecution had fully decided to give the Fool his liberty when Bohemian Joe's corpse was discovered hanging from a willow branch at the spot where Ruth had been murdered. There was scarcely any need of the clumsy, circumstantial self-accusation found in Joe's pocket to remove all doubt of his guilt.

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The news that the real murderer had been discovered of course immediately reached the Heidebrands and thence was conveyed to the Krauses. There was an immediate improvement in Marie's condition. Since Emanuel's disappearance she had spent her days in seclusion, and when she heard of the general suspicion that he was a murderer her health had completely broken down. Physicians and the shepherd of Miltzsch were called in, and the so-called prayers for health were tried. But her condition grew worse. She could not retain food. She suffered from extreme anæmia. And

her faintness and heart-throbbing almost prevented her from taking the few steps from her bed to a willow chair by the window, where she sat a few hours every day for the fresh air.

Here in the country Quint's former friends had got an idea that he was leading a low, irregular life in the capital and so had gone down to his ruin. When Quint's innocence became known they modified their views, and Marie began to eat with some appetite and talk more freely. A little colour came into her cheeks, and soon she undertook short walks. She wrote a letter to her sister Hedwig asking the day when Emanuel would be released from prison.

Hedwig in turn wrote to Quint putting Marie's question to him and telling him that her sister Marie, she herself, and her fiancé Bernhard Kurz would be awaiting him at the prison gate. In his answer Quint was untruthful. Though he had been informed that the date of his discharge was the first of October, he wrote to Hedwig that it was the second of October. Thus Bernhard Kurz and the two girls had a long wait in front of the prison. After much questioning they were finally convinced that they had missed Emanuel and thought they would discover him somewhere in the city the same day. But they sought him in vain that day and many days after. In fact they never saw Emanuel Quint again.

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The day before, Quint had stolen away quietly. Since his case had never been tried in court and had not attained great publicity, he had long been forgotten.

On the first of October near the spot where Ruth had found her end, several people noticed a tall, lank,

scantily clad, pale, red-haired man. He wandered about the place a long time. Finally he knocked at the sexton's door. The sexton's wife thinking a beggar was outside opened the door.

"I am Christ. Give me a night's lodging."

The woman in her fright banged the door shut in his face.

Several days later the same thing happened at the school where Emanuel Quint had listened to Brother Nathaniel's sermon. The teacher and his wife were sitting at table. A chilly autumn wind was rushing in the dark outside. They heard footsteps, and then a tapping at the door. The teacher's wife did not want to open the door. She was afraid. But the pious teacher for some reason felt pangs of conscience, and recommending his soul to the Lord, went to the door, held it slightly ajar, and asked through the crack:

"Who is there?"

"Christ!" was the faint answer.

The door fell shut with a crash that made the whole house shake. The teacher came back to his wife, his teeth chattering.

"There's a madman outside," he said.

About a week later the Berlin newspapers published the following item:

"The residents of the eastern section of the city have for some time been stirred by a peculiar incident. A beggar has appeared there who never asks for money, but only for bread and shelter. When questioned who he is, he always answers he is Christ. The alarm he produces wherever he turns up can readily be imagined, although he seems to be quite a harmless lunatic. He cannot be doing a very brisk business, for the housewives usually slam the door in his face the moment he utters

the ominous name, and quickly secure it with lock and key and bolt and whatever other means of safety they possess."

A week later the same thing gave the people of Frankfort-on-Main something to talk about for a little while. On the way from Berlin to Frankfort hundreds and hundreds of doors had flown shut in the face of the Fool and beggar who called himself Christ. A man in Frankfort satirically remarked that God in heaven must undoubtedly have had his attention drawn to our affairs here on earth by the unusually loud noise of slamming doors. One thanks heaven that the wanderer was only a poor, human fool and not Christ himself. Otherwise hundreds of Catholic and Protestant clergymen, workmen, officials, physicians, lawyers, merchants, bishops, noblemen, and middle-class men and peasants, in short, numberless pious Christians would have brought down upon themselves the curse of eternal damnation.

And yet, he added, how do we know — though we pray, " Lead us not into temptation "— whether after all it was not the true Saviour who had come in the poor Fool's cloak to see how far His seed sown by God, the seed of the kingdom, had ripened.

If so, Christ then continued his wandering, as was learned, through Darmstadt, Karlsruhe, Heidelberg, Basel, Zürich, Lucerne as far as Göschenen and Andermatt. Everywhere he had nothing but the same slamming of doors to report to his Father in heaven. The Fool who called himself Christ shared his bread and night's lodging with two merciful Swiss mountain shepherds above Andermatt. After that he was never seen again.

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The chronicler who followed on Emanuel Quint's tracks thinks it probable that the man who, abandoned and alone, dragged his Christ mania through Germany and Switzerland was the poor carpenter's son who had disappeared from Silesia. It was he in all likelihood who was found after the spring thaw above St. Gothard's Hospice lying a rigid, crouching corpse. Undoubtedly Quint had lost his way in a snowstorm, had missed the pass down to the hospice and had climbed up to the wilder heights of the Pizzo Centrale. There the night, the fog, and the whirling snow had probably engulfed him.

That must have happened in late autumn or early winter. For when the herdsmen found him he must have been lying in the deepest stratum of ice and snow for at least five or six months. A sheet of paper was found in his pocket on which were still legible the words:

"The mystery of the kingdom?"

Nobody heeded or understood the phrase. But when the chronicler saw the sad document he could not restrain a feeling of emotion. Had Emanuel Quint died convinced or doubting? The bit of paper holds a question, surely. But what does it mean: "The mystery of the kingdom?"

THE END

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